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Collier's

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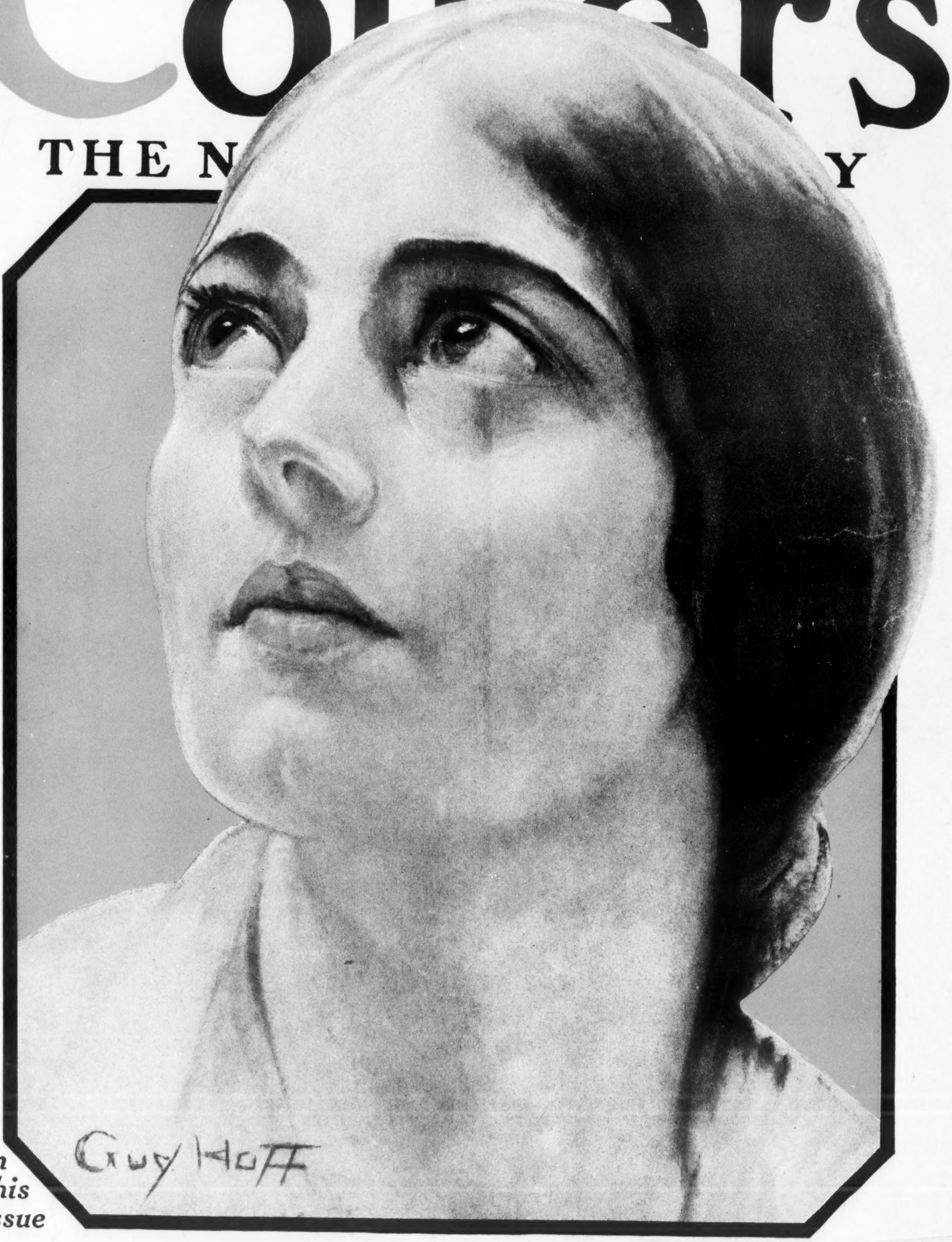


In this issue

Brig. Gen. LeRoy Eltinge—H. A. L. Fisher—Mi
H. G. Wells—H. I. Phillips—Henry Williamson—Ra

Whispering Mileage

stays only as long as your oil will let it

LOOK out for the little signs of wear that start in your engine. They may come when you least expect them. They indicate fading power.

After the wear has developed your oil consumption and gas consumption increase. Compression suffers. Your engine response is never the same.

With less than Mobiloil protection the little noises of wear can show up and worry you during the first few thousand miles of running. They shouldn't.

With the correct grade of Mobiloil in your crankcase you will secure your full measure of quiet, powerful mileage from your engine.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

What is AD-sorption?

The real quality or "character" of the lubricant accrues from the presence of certain highly complex compounds within the crude stock used.

These petroleum compounds possess the property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of metal surfaces to be lubricated. This process is termed "AD-sorption."

Adsorption develops a tough semi-permanent lubrication surface independent of the liquid film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. This definite characteristic of Mobiloil is your real protection against rapid wear when the liquid oil film is unduly stressed by heat, by pressure, by excessive speed, or otherwise.

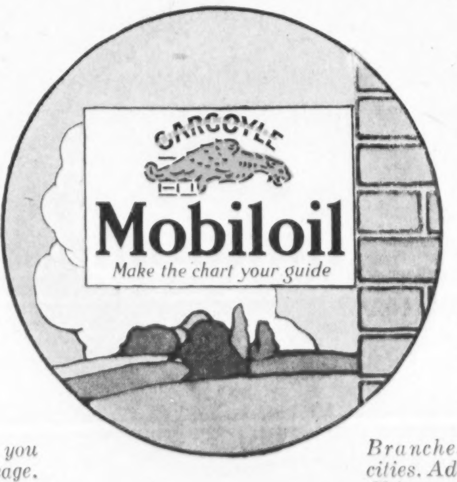
Not all crude stocks possess these adsorption-creating compounds. And like all petroleum compounds, these, too, can be broken down or "cracked" by many of the refining methods in common use today.

The retention of this valuable property in the finished lubricant requires careful crude selection and guarded manufacturing methods to protect these essential compounds against change or destruction.

More than half a century of experience assures these results and the economies they make possible to Mobiloil users.

Your Dealer Knows

The dealer who displays the Mobiloil sign and puts up the complete Mobiloil Chart on his wall, has exact science at his command. He stands prepared to lengthen the full enjoyment of your car—and to save you money.


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Let this sign guide you to Whispering Mileage.

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Does this apply to you?

HAVE you ever noticed how a "white coat collar" can mar the appearance of even the most fastidiously dressed man? We mean that shower of dandruff that spoils the good looks of so many dark suits.

It's more than a matter of mere appearance, too. Dandruff's a sign of an unhealthy scalp and a warning of possible baldness coming on.

And it's all so needless. The right attention to your scalp and hair will do wonders in combating dandruff.

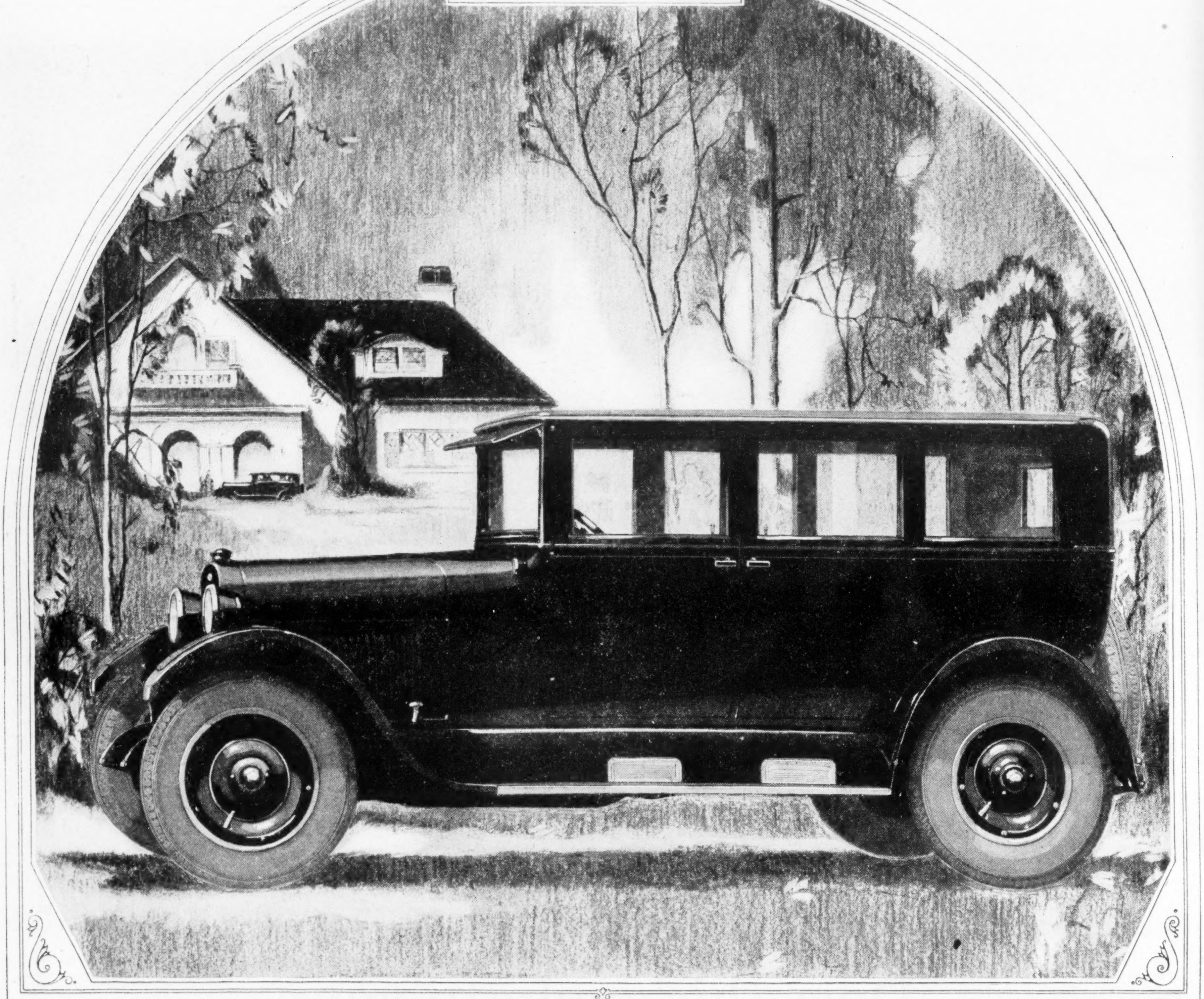
Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Apply it generously, full strength. Then massage vigorously. You'll be delighted with this new use for an old friend—because Listerine and dandruff *simply do not get along together*.

After such a Listerine massage, you *know* your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.

REO

The Gold Standard of Values



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$1595

At Lansing, plus tax

Four vital elements definitely established the fact that "Never before in automobile history has $1595 bought so much motor car." They are:

Chassis correctness, determined by twenty years of manufacturing.

A gracefully fashioned contour, low-hung and with straightly sweeping lines.

Studiously planned comfort qualities, evidenced both in chassis design and body fabrication.

Unusual roominess, providing spacious accommodation for five adult passengers.

Standard 120-inch Reo double-frame chassis. Six-cylinder engine; 50 h. p. Genuine balloon tires. Steel disc wheels. Reo Safety Control. Four wide doors. Large-dimensioned seats and backs, finely upholstered.

Reo Motor Car Company : : : Lansing, Michigan

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Testing our GIBRALTAR

NEXT Wednesday the joint Army and Navy maneuvers begin in the Pacific. Oahu, our Pacific Gibraltar, will be subject to an attack stronger than any foreign power is believed able to make. In this authoritative article, which outlines the purposes and describes the locale of the operations, General Eltinge says: "The maneuvers are not directed against, nor considered as applying to, an attack from any particular nation. . . . There is more than one nation that now or in the future might attack us across the Pacific; a European power might easily elect to send a fleet through Suez. . . . Hawaii is one of the most essential parts of our national defense, and it is the duty of the Army and Navy to make sure that it is adequate and ready, now and always."

One of the important questions to be answered next week concerns the war-time efficacy of airplanes. As General Eltinge says: "The Army will have a chance to prove the claims some officers have made that it can easily destroy a fleet."

© Harris & Ewing

By Brigadier General LeROY ELTINGE

General Eltinge will be the Senior Umpire, land side, in the maneuvers directed against Oahu. He is relieved from duty with the General Staff on April 18th, having served as Assistant Chief of Staff and Chief of War Plans Division, where he assisted in preparing the problem for the joint Army and Navy maneuvers.

WHEN the United States Fleet sails from San Francisco on April 15th there will begin the first real test ever made of the security of our Pacific coast against foreign attack. The basic factor in the protection of our coast from Alaska clear down to Panama is the little Hawaiian island of Oahu, with its fortifications along the southern shore protecting Pearl Harbor and Honolulu.

In the joint Army and Navy maneuvers which start with the sailing of the fleet these defenses will be subjected to a mock attack stronger than any foreign power is believed able to make. They must meet that attack without special preparation, with the men and the armament which are always on hand. The Hawaiian Joint Maneuvers will test the defenses much as they would be tried if war should suddenly break out of a clear sky.

The importance of the test can hardly be exaggerated. Oahu has very properly been called the "Gibraltar of the Pacific," for unless we hold it, and especially if it should be held by an enemy, the whole coast would be open to swift and easy attack. The enemy might descend upon us at so many points that there would be grave doubts whether the fleet could give real protection. Certainly it could not prevent swift raids and the incalculable damage they would inflict.

With the island firmly in our hands, however, the situation should be entirely different. Not because of that tiny fleck of strength and the few guns in the waters of the North Pacific, to be sure, but because they would give our fleet a safe and well-equipped base from which to operate. They move our "first line of defense" more than two thousand miles from our shores. Until the enemy had passed that line he could not attack our coast, and that line, because of the peculiar geographical location of Oahu, would stretch from the Behring Sea to well below the equator.

The strategy of any war in the North Pacific is simple. The theatre of operation is bounded by a vast triangle, with the short sides the coast lines of America and Asia, each more than five thousand nautical miles long, and the base of the triangle a line running west from Panama to the Asiatic shore near Hong Kong, and nine thousand nautical miles long. Any enemy seeking to attack us must come eastward within that triangle.

Hawaii, and particularly Oahu under the plan of defense the Army and Navy have formed, is the stumbling block in the way of such a voyage. The islands lie about two thousand miles off our shores, and a little south of midway between the tip and the base of the triangle. Our fleet, working with Pearl Harbor as a base, can cover an area within a 3,000-mile radius at maximum fighting strength; a floating gate of steel that can close the North Pacific at all points.

It is this that makes Oahu—and the present maneuvers—so important. Those islands must be held, in case of war, till the fleet can come. This might be three months, but the base must be waiting to receive it or the war could be carried right up to our own shores. Therefore the defense of Oahu is more important than that of any other point, except possibly the Panama Canal.

It should perhaps be explained, for the benefit of some who have misconstrued the Joint Maneuvers as a "warlike" move, that such maneuvers as these are not directed against, nor considered as applying to, an attack from any particular nation. They are warlike, of course; it is the business of the Army and the Navy to be warlike. But the defense of our Pacific Gibraltar is not a matter that depends upon the particular situation or tensions of any one time. There is more than one nation that now or in the future might attack us across the Pacific; a European power might easily elect to send a fleet through Suez. International relations, too, often change with amazing rapidity and there is no prognostication of any particular war in such maneuvers as these. The fact simply is that Hawaii is one of the most essential parts of our national defense, and it is the duty of the Army and Navy to make sure that it is adequate and ready, now and always.

It is planned to defend the island of Oahu on the same lines that would be employed for an isolated fortress; that is, to provide for observation in all directions, for protecting sheltered water areas (that is, the naval base) by the fire of a large part of all heavy fixed position guns, and for transporting quickly a large part of the mobile troops and mobile artillery to any threatened point not made immune by sea coast fortifications. An isolated fortress surrounded by land can be battered to dust by continuous fire of heavy guns, in concealed positions and sup-

Fort Ruger lies behind a volcano crater on Diamond Head, east of Honolulu. Across the crater is the fire control station

plied by rail with a flood of ammunition. The attacker of Oahu cannot conceal his guns, must depend for ammunition on supplies carried thousands of miles by sea, must fire from the rolling decks of ships so that guns must be sighted over again for each shot instead of being able to fire day and night with the original sighting, and, being on a lower level than most of the land defenses, has difficulty in determining whether he is hitting the target or not. Consequently, the protected water areas, which include all the easiest landing places, are practically immune from seizure.

In order to operate Oahu as a fortress, observation stations have been scattered along the coast, and more are yet needed; these stations must connect directly with the guns, the mobile troops and headquarters; many powerful seachlights must be provided to sweep the sea and air at night, and there must be roads and transportation by which troops can be hurriedly moved to any point threatened by enemy landing forces. All these things are expensive. One of the objects of the maneuvers will be to determine, in the interests of economy, just how little need be spent to provide a fair degree of security. This does not mean to make the island "impregnable," but only to give "reasonable security," which is enough to make the probable cost of capturing the fortress greater than an enemy can afford.

Some of the other matters on which the maneuvers are expected to give valuable information are:

The adequacy or inadequacy of the Army and Navy forces assigned to the defense, of the fixed fortifications, of the plans for aircraft and anti-aircraft defense, of the facilities and arrangements for the transportation of troops to meet a threatened landing and of the system of communications between the different elements of the defense forces.

It is also expected that the maneuvers will settle some of the disputed points about the powers and limitations of aircraft in coast defenses, which have been causing so much discussion recently. Anti-aircraft artillery will also have an opportunity to demonstrate its new powers, for there will doubtless be attempts by the Navy to fly over fortifications. As a part of this there will be at the close of the maneuvers a practical demonstration by firing with regular ammunition at aërial targets towed by airplanes.

The general plan of the maneuvers will be that which has become customary; it is assumed that two countries —Black and Blue—with imaginary boundaries and arbitrarily assigned forces are at war. In this case the Hawaiian Islands are Black, together with the submarines and minor naval craft assigned to aid the defense; the fleet and the Marine Expeditionary Force which goes with it are Blue. Since the problem is to find how well the fortress can defend itself without aid from the fleet, the Blue forces are vastly superior in naval strength to the Black.

The fleet will sail without orders, but some time after he leaves San Francisco the commander-in-chief will receive orders to attack the Hawaiian Islands. It is expected that operations will center around the naval base at Pearl Harbor, though just how the Blue commander will conduct his campaign is a matter for him to decide. He might make a direct attack involving a bombardment of the forts or keep his fleet beyond the range of the guns, attempt to force a landing at some other point and thus take the fortifications from the rear. He may, or may not, seize one of the other islands as a temporary base.

He will not have an easy task. Oahu is a small island, about 35 miles long on the eastern side and 20 miles long on the western, and never more than 25 miles across. On the coastal plain at the south lie Pearl Harbor and Honolulu, about 8 miles apart. Scattered along the southern shore are forts, most of them carefully concealed, in which are mounted sixteen, fourteen and twelve-inch guns. Any fleet coming in their range will be taking serious risks.

Nor would it be easy to force a landing. To be sure, much of the shore of the island presents good beaches, but down both the east and west coasts are sharp mountain ranges with so few and poor roads that it would be practically impossible for an attacking force to cross them. The southern shore is well protected by long-range artillery. A landing can probably be made only at the northern end of the island about 20 miles from Pearl Harbor, whence it would be possible to advance down the central valley between the ranges.

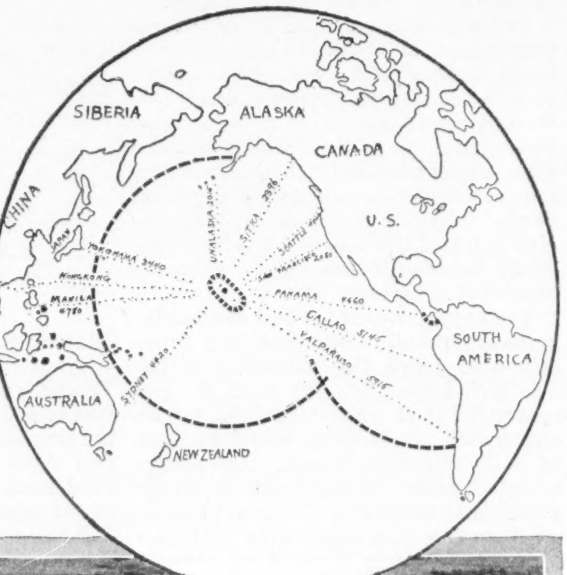
But there is a division of infantry (at peace strength about 9,000 men) which includes two regiments of field artillery with motorized 75's and in addition one of motorized howitzers, a regiment and three battalions of heavy tractor artillery, several heavy railroad guns, and a regiment of anti-aircraft artillery. All these forces can be rushed to any point where a landing might be attempted; recent trials show that the motor guns could easily cover the length of the island in two hours and thus be on hand in plenty of time to repulse a landing force. In addition, there are several squadrons, a total of ninety-one airplanes (Army 67, Navy 24) divided between the different branches—pursuit, bombardment, observation and so forth. They should be able to bring word of the landing in ample time, and to help materially in stopping it.

There is one minor feature of the defense which is worth special mention, not for its artillery value but for its pictorial interest. This is what is probably the most picturesque observation station in the world. It is on Diamond Head, a great pinnacle that juts out into the Pacific to the east of Honolulu, and it is in the crater of an extinct volcano. To enter it one must go through the crater itself—tourists are allowed to go so far—but the actual observation post is hidden away in the great rock wall which falls sheer into the sea, much like the pictures of Gibraltar itself.

This is formidable strength in Oahu. The question is whether it is enough. There are weaknesses. There are points in the ocean where ships could come in and fire at the most vital utilities, such as the naval base at Pearl Harbor and the city of Honolulu, without coming under the fire of guns powerful enough to destroy armored ships. How dangerous is that? What can hostile aircraft do? Are there enough guns of large caliber? Is the mobile force really strong enough to prevent a landing resolutely pushed home? Can the forts be put out of business?

The attack may reveal defects not otherwise ascertainable in regard to fortifications, disposition of troops and defensive arrangements in general. With places of vital importance to the defense of the country, such as Panama and Oahu, it is essential that all defects be found and corrected before the test of war. The expenditure of money for joint exercises or for other means of determining them is true economy, for the correction of these defects may insure success in war, where otherwise defeat would be inevitable. Any machine must be tested before it is ready for operation. There will never be a time when the economy practiced by our government is so stringent that we can afford to neglect these means of "taking out fire insurance" for our national defense.

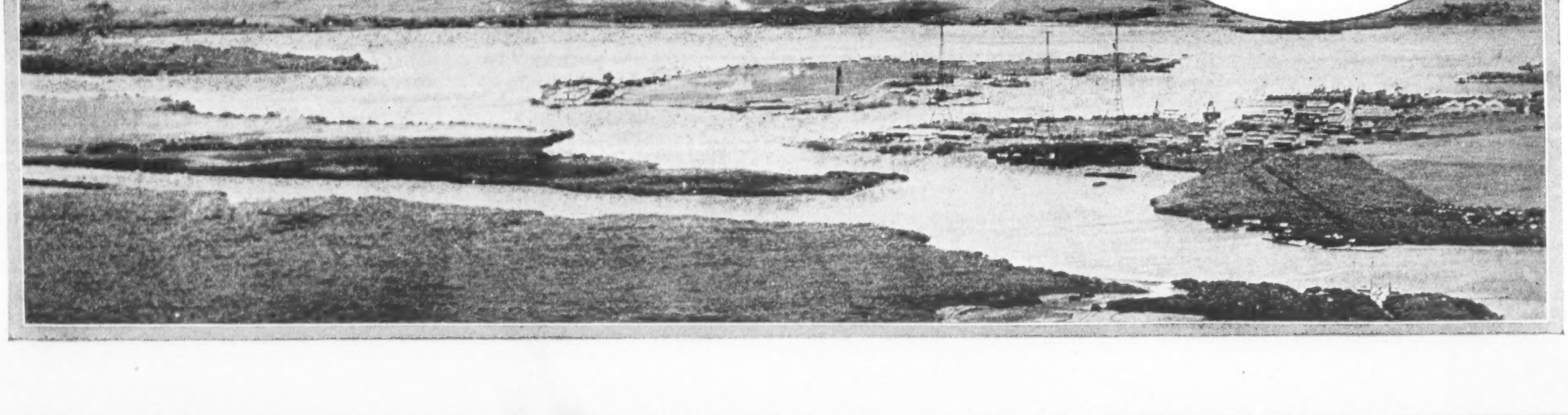
Are there enough troops? The Army would like to have more but cannot spare them from other duties. Under the National Defense Act the Army must provide for the instruction of the National Guard, the Reserve Corps, the Reserve Officers' Training Camps, the Civilian Military Training Camps, as well as garrison Alaska, the Panama Canal, the Philippine Islands and Oahu. Further, it must provide for its own instruction and for the supply of all components (*Continued on page 44*)



The area of aircraft observation is bounded by this line ·········
The area of visit, search and seizure by naval vessels is shown by this line — — —

This tiny fleck of strength in the North Pacific moves our first line of defense more than 2,000 miles out

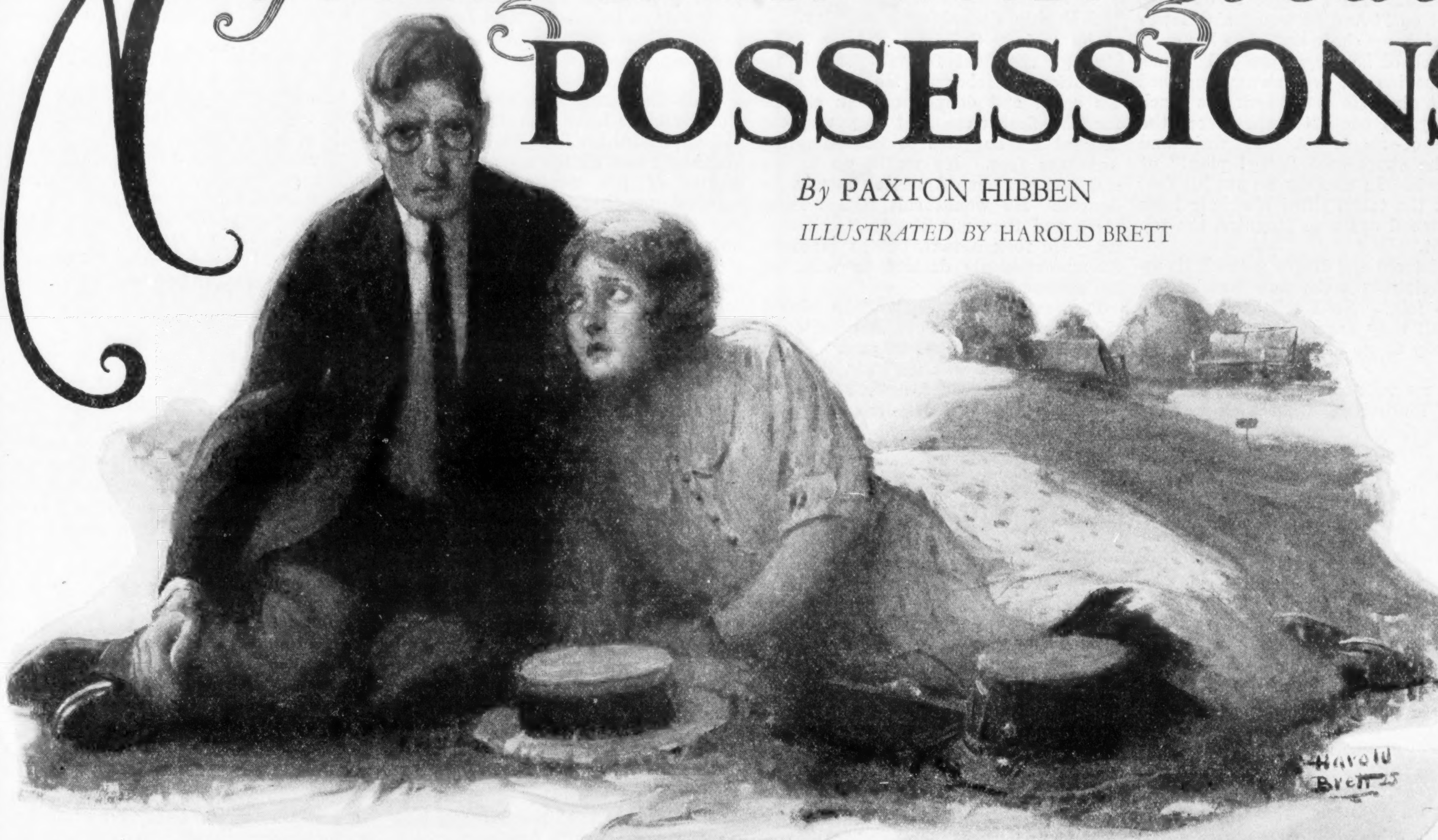
Pearl Harbor, below, is a safe base from which our fleet can swing 3,000 miles



A young man with great POSSESSIONS

By PAXTON HIBBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT



"Maybe you won't understand," he said. "But it may help to get myself straight to tell you"

THERE was a certain background for what happened to Wallerand Voorhuis 3d. There had to be, of course. Things like that simply do not drop out of a clear sky. It did not come out at the time because Wally did not care, and everybody else wanted the whole business hushed up. But the judgment of the day was really unfair; sex, greed and selfishness are not the only motives in men's lives.

It all began, as nearly as anything ever begins at a fixed point, when Wally Voorhuis went to the O. T. C. in 1917. He could have pleaded Agnes and his two little girls as an excuse to stay out of the war altogether. But it did not occur to Wally to do anything of the sort. Old Wallerand the First, for all the vast fortune he had amassed in early railroads and land speculation, had been a stickler for civic righteousness, and Wally was brought up in that tradition. Probably his grandfather had got a sardonic humor out of serving on social betterment committees. But Wally got no humor, sardonic or otherwise, out of anything. Not even the most complaisant lawyer could have called Wally's wife and daughters "dependents" with a straight face. So off went Wally to the war, and by the time his neighbors and business associates were being made commanders in the navy, assigned to their own yachts, Wally was in France dragging field pieces up and down mountains and liking it immensely.

For there was none of the popularly conceived heroic self-sacrifice about Wally's service. A strong streak of old maid in him had full play in his rôle of battery commander. He adored fussing over his men, keeping them amused, foiling the canny French shopkeepers bent on exploiting them. In the eyes of his commanding officer he was neither a source of pride nor concern. Until the armistice, neither the men under him nor his brother officers knew him as one of the richest men in America, or would have cared a rap if they had.

As this is not a war story, the fighting can be skipped. It was in December, 1918, that a passing inspector dined with Wally's colonel and, over a bottle of Liebfraumilch apiece, spilled the beans.

"Your Captain Voorhuis isn't Wallerand Voorhuis 3d, by any chance?" he asked.

"That's his name," the C. O. replied. "Good man too."

The inspector whistled. "By George, Reed, you have all the luck! Don't you know who your young B. C. is?"

Naturally, within a week Wally's colonel, with practical visions of future station in New York, was trying to force a promotion on the commander of F Battery. For the first time in eighteen months, Wallerand Voorhuis 3d took hasty stock of what his service had meant to him.

"If you don't mind, sir," he told the colonel, "I'd rather not. I've been with the battery since the beginning, and I'd rather see it through. Besides, the men wouldn't like it."

Strangely enough, this was true. No one would have called Captain Voorhuis a popular officer, but he was a painstaking one.

"Look at Voorhuis, buttoning up the drawers of the drivers!" the cannoneers would grumble. But not in contempt. Rather in dispassionate, grudging appreciation. They knew that he would be doing the same for them in due time. For to Wally the care of his hundred and eighty men was a passion. He knew them, in mass and individually, as they did not know themselves and as St. Peter himself might never come to know them either. Their letters—inconsequent, sniveling, pitiable, exalted, petty, revealing of all that lies below the surface of a man's soul—had gone through his hands for censorship and he had read them all. He would do that as conscientiously as he would see that they had clean latrines. He knew the malingerers, the hypocrites, the blackguards, the fainthearted, quite as well as he knew the steady plodders, and he made no distinction between them. He knew what they thought of the war and the army and of himself too. Like deity, he was dealing with men, in omniscience. It enthralled him.

FOR all his life Wally Voorhuis had never touched anything real. In college his way was smoothed for him so astutely that he scarcely sensed it. Then he went into the Voorhuis Trust Company, where everyone was deferential and there were no problems save those of routine, carefully set aside to keep him occupied. He had known Agnes from childhood and married her as a matter of course, without thrill or misgiving. Paternity followed in the same well-ordered sequence. He was master of nothing. Scores of clerks, secretaries, servants, physicians, lawyers, chauffeurs and mere friends were always popping up to suggest what he should do about this or that with such intense conviction that he could not dream of thwarting them.

"Fine!" "That's a good idea—do that." "Thanks, old man. I'd never have thought of that. I'll do it." "Yes; you're right. Go ahead." He might just as well have had a set of cards printed with these phrases, and passed them out.

So that the talk with his C. O. about promotion brought squarely home to Wally a knowledge he had been struggling to keep in the background; the war was over, and with it, sooner or later, the fascinating business of ordering the lives of one hundred and eighty men for their own good. He returned to the battery in somber misery. There was something pathetic about the way he threw himself into the task of "keeping up the morale of the enlisted men," as superior orders called it. More and more he messed with his men and let his brother officers seek wound stripes in the battle of Paris, if they liked. Their very absence brought him closer into that human companionship that entrapped him like an addiction.

During this period he came to one conclusion only: he would not return with the battery. There would be too much fuss about the home-coming; and the wrench would be too great, he felt. So when the outfit was ordered home he had himself turned into a maverick casual and departed unheralded. At the last formation of the battery before he left, he planned to say something to the men. They knew he was going and were all drawn up in expectation.

"At ease!" he shouted.

Then he stood there for a very long time. The silence grew oppressive. Everyone was uncomfortable. Suddenly he turned to the first sergeant.

"Dismiss the battery!" he snapped, and strode off.

They never saw him again.

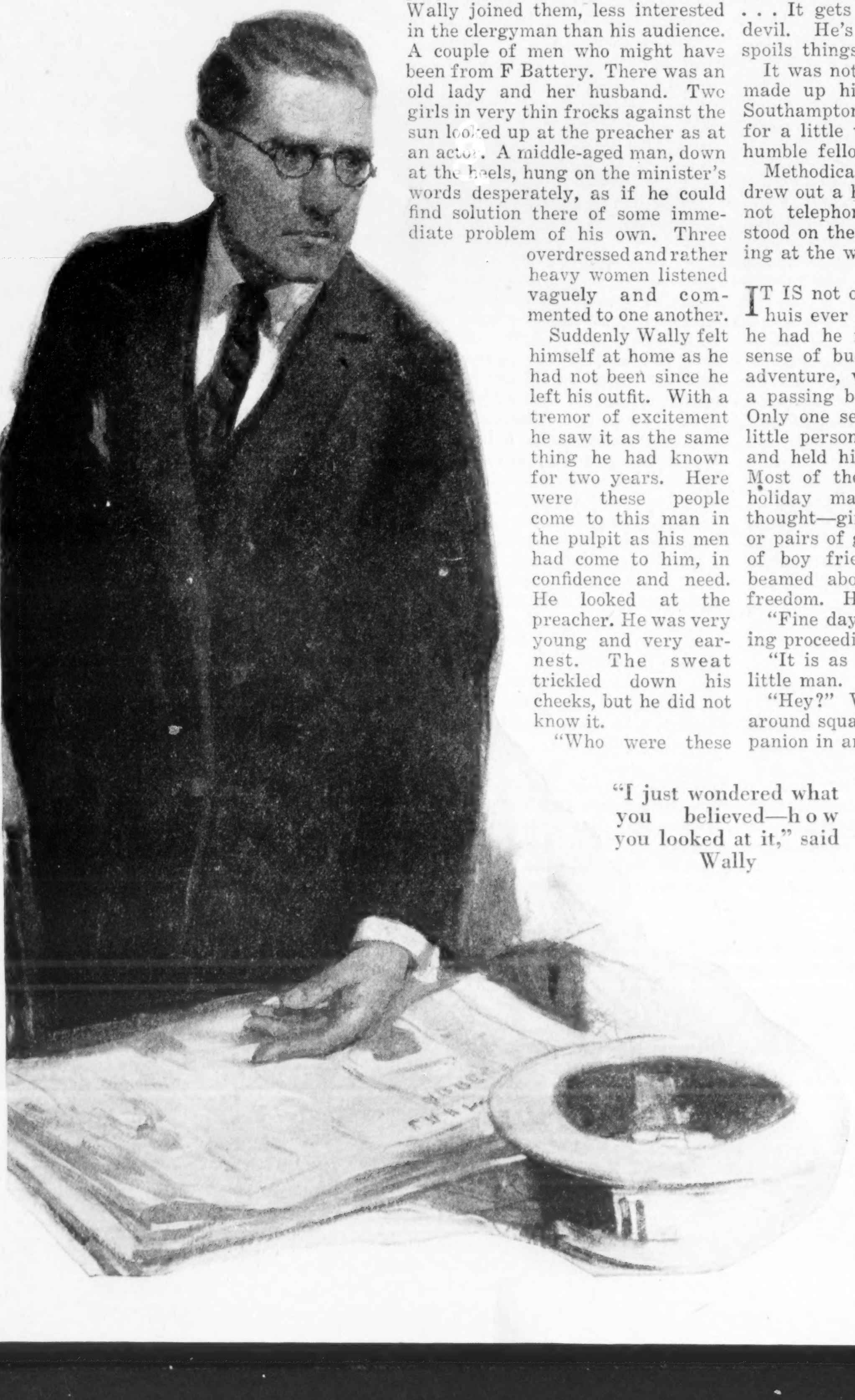
On the voyage home, Wally thought over the past two years, obsessingly. He had told no one he was coming, Agnes least of all. No one knew him on the ship and he sought no acquaintance. He felt that he had two years of unique experience to digest, and he needed more than a paltry week to do it in.

"I've a perfectly good mind," he said to himself. "All I've got to do is to think it out." And he would sink lower in his steamer chair and close his eyes. The smell of horses on the picket line, of ammonia and wet straw, replaced the salt air. He could hear the crack of the guns, one after the other; the whistle of shells. A long wait and then the suppressed "plog! plog!" of the bursts. In memory he put his feet against the table, tilted his chair back and listened again to Maguire, the top sergeant.

"Lindstrom and Barry gets all lit up like Christmas trees and wrecks the Heine's joint. So I tells 'em prohibition's all they deserve, 'n they better get ready to go home. How about it, sir?"

"Let me talk to them, Maguire."

And Lindstrom, whose heart hungered to riotous misconduct for a little girl in Bar-sur-Aube, he gave leave to go fetch her. And the incorrigible Barry's County Clare craving for raw liquor he cooled in the guardhouse. But they stayed with the battery. Were they not his men? All day, every day, these little, human things. And a hundred and eighty men coming with them to him, Wally Voorhuis, not in affection, perhaps, but in confidence at once unquestioning and exigent. . . .



"I just wondered what you believed—how you looked at it," said Wally

THE ship docked early Sunday. A letter from Colonel Reed saw Wally through the final formality of demobilization at Hoboken. He returned to his cabin and donned civilian clothes for the first time in two years, expressed his baggage to Southampton, and was free. He would go to his club and get some American money, he figured. He would call Agnes from there and then run out to Southampton. He took a taxi, but at Madison Avenue suddenly decided to walk up the avenue.

It was stiflingly hot. The closed shops gave the air of an abandoned city, a strange, unknown city. Wally loitered. There was no train till evening, anyhow. Besides, he had adjusted nothing in his mind. Reluctance to take up his life where he had left it two years ago persisted.

"What the devil will I do?" he groaned.

At a corner a little knot of people stood on the sidewalk listening to a preacher who occupied an extemporized pulpit within the fence of a church. Wally joined them, less interested in the clergyman than his audience. A couple of men who might have been from F Battery. There was an old lady and her husband. Two girls in very thin frocks against the sun looked up at the preacher as at an actor. A middle-aged man, down at the heels, hung on the minister's words desperately, as if he could find solution there of some immediate problem of his own. Three overdressed and rather heavy women listened vaguely and commented to one another.

Suddenly Wally felt himself at home as he had not been since he left his outfit. With a tremor of excitement he saw it as the same thing he had known for two years. Here were these people come to this man in the pulpit as his men had come to him, in confidence and need. He looked at the preacher. He was very young and very earnest. The sweat trickled down his cheeks, but he did not know it.

"Who were these people who followed our Lord?" he was saying. "They were fishermen and small farmers, wretchedly poor and ignorant. To this group of social outcasts came the young man who had great possessions and asked what he should do to be saved. And Jesus said to him: 'Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me.'

"But the young man couldn't do it. How could he leave everything that he had known all his life—his friends and his family and all the myriad responsibilities of his wealth and follow a barefoot preacher to eternal life? The ties of great possessions are like the threads that bound Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians. They are tiny, but there are so many of them that they hold the worldly powerless. Material bonds. Meaningless bonds, in the long run. But keeping us all enslaved and blindfolded. 'He went away sorrowful. For he had great possessions.' "

The words went on, but Wally did not hear. He walked on up the avenue, his hat still in his hand as when he listened to the preacher. At first he said no definite thing to himself. It was as if he were afraid to put his thought into words. Finally, half apologetically: "There's nothing wrong with it," he said. "It just gets in the way. . . . It gets in the way like the very devil. He's right about that. . . . It spoils things. . . ."

It was not then that Wally Voorhuis made up his mind not to go out to Southampton that night. Once more, for a little while, he would be of that humble fellowship of human beings.

Methodically he went to his club and drew out a hundred dollars. But he did not telephone. As he came out, he stood on the steps of the building looking at the world with new eyes.

IT IS not on record that Wally Voorhuis ever played hooky as a boy. If he had he might have recognized the sense of buoyancy, of excitement and adventure, with which he swung onto a passing bus and climbed to the top. Only one seat was left, beside a prim little person who wore gold spectacles and held his hands folded in his lap. Most of the other passengers seemed holiday makers, very young, Wally thought—girls with their boy friends or pairs of girls in giggling expectancy of boy friends to be found. Wally beamed about him, in ecstasy at his freedom. He beamed at his seat mate.

"Fine day," he said, by way of opening proceedings.

"It is as God made it, sir," said the little man.

"Hey?" Wally exclaimed, swinging around squarely and looking at his companion in amazement.

"It is!" the man repeated, with authority.

"Yes, yes. Of course," said Wally. He took off his hat and let the wind blow his hair. "Yes, no doubt." But he felt uncomfortable, none the less. When the bus turned into Riverside Drive, he climbed down and got off.

"Funny old boy!" he mused, as he made his way among the exuberant children of the poor who cluttered the sidewalk. Fat, foreign-looking women nodded on the benches or cried shrilly to their children. Over the wall, on the grass of the slope, men lay in their shirt sleeves, newspapers over their faces, sleeping. In the winding paths groups of girls maneuvered with groups of boys in the ancient game of sex. On a little knoll Wally descried two sailors, somewhat forlornly looking out over the river. Here at last was something that he knew. These lads, his own men—all of the same stuff. He climbed over the wall and went and sat down beside them.

"What ship?" he asked, genially enough.

"Sinsebaugh," one of the men said, after a pause in which the two looked slyly at one another.

"Down there," said the other, jerking his head vaguely toward the river where several destroyers lay.

"Were you over?" Wally persisted.

"Over where?"

"France. During the war, I mean."

"Hell, yes. I'll say we were—hey, Lefty?"

"Uh-huh."

CONVERSATION languished. Wally produced cigarettes. All three lit up. But no intimacy was stimulated. The intense heat of midday began to abate. The two sailors watched with practiced eye the coverts of bushes lining the winding paths below them. At last one of the sailors clutched the other's arm.

"D'y' git them two down there t' th' left, Red?"

"In yellow?"

"Uh-huh. What y'say?"

"Sure."

In a second the two men were running down the slope toward the half-hidden path, where Wally could just discern a fragment of yellow hat above the shrubbery. Hot after their quarry, they had not even said: "So long!"

Wally arose, disconcerted, and made off across the grass.

"Something wrong with me," he said to himself. In the back of his mind a suspicion germinated. Was it possible that this thing he had had with his men in the battery, and that had come to mean so much to him, was not a fellowship at all, but existed—if it did exist—only because he was their commander? Had his men created about him the illusion of a relationship that, to them, was only a way of getting what they wanted? Incredulous, Wally frowned as he studied over it. Walking with head down, he almost stumbled into a lunch basket. Surrounded by six children, an enormous woman was seated on the ground, while a short, stocky man with drooping white mustache bustled about.

"Hey! Look vere you're going!" shouted the man. But there was no sharpness in his voice, only good-humored raillery. "Von step more und de frankfurters is kaput!" The children shrieked with laughter at the comic grimace he made. Wally turned to the huge woman with a low bow and stammered apologies. She tried to scramble to her feet.

"No! No! Please!" Wally insisted.

"Vell, sit down den, yourself. You got your supper yet?"

Suddenly it occurred to Wally that he had had no lunch. He sat down. The woman thrust a rye-bread sandwich into his hand. The man gave him a dill pickle.

"Id ain'd vat it used to be," he announced cheerily. "Ve got no beer. But I got a home brew vat I made, myself. Id's better as noddings, but id ain'd goot." He shook his head solemnly. Wally drank. The concoction seemed to him quite good. He said so.

"No. Dot ain'd vat you get in de Megingau, by Münster-Maifeld. Ach! Dot's fine!"

"But the wine there is better," said Wally.

The old man looked at him with bulging eyes.

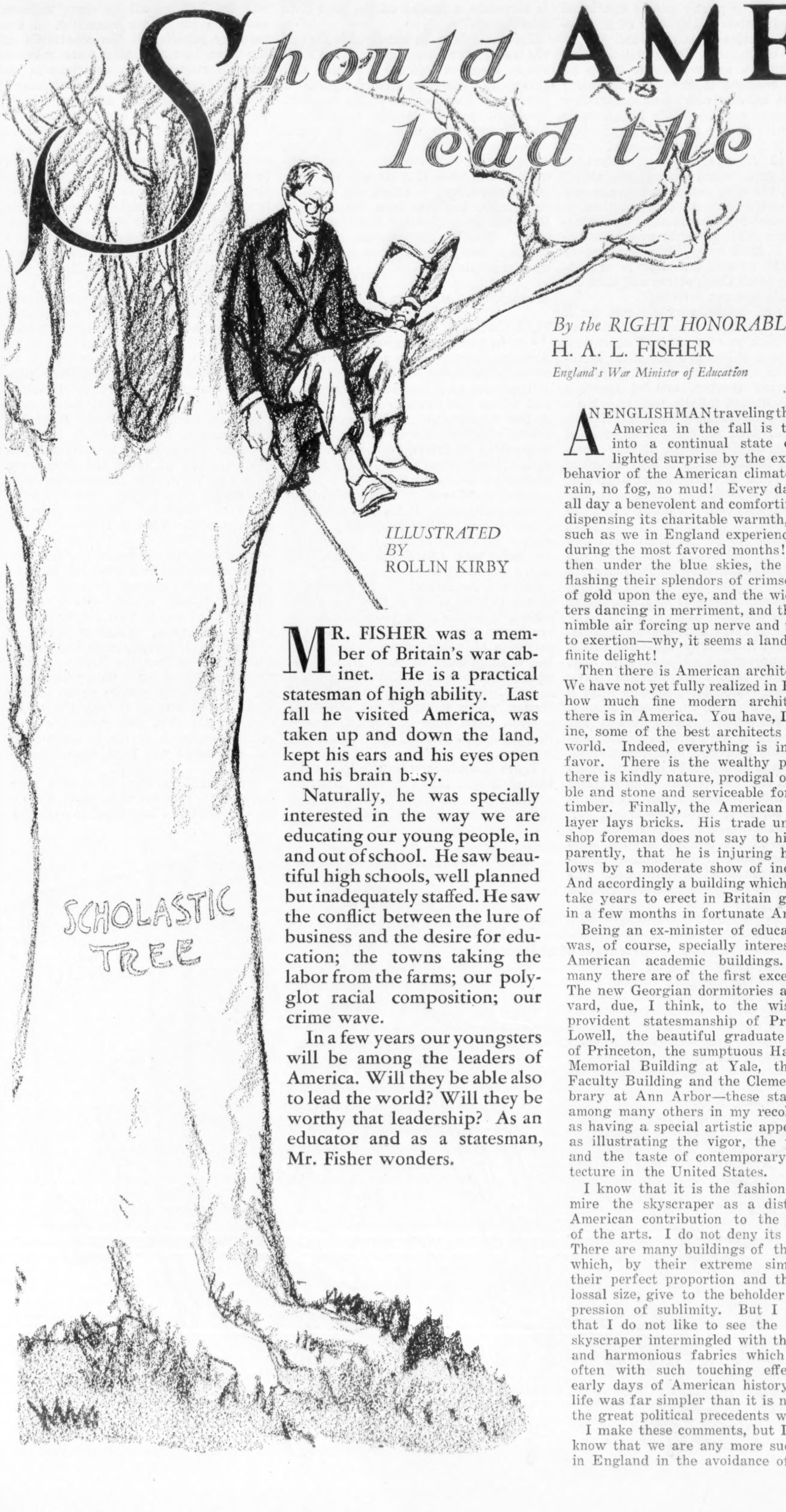
"Vat! You know dot Mozel land vere I vas

(*Continued on page 37*)

Should AMERICA lead the world?

By the RIGHT HONORABLE
H. A. L. FISHER
England's War Minister of Education

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROLLIN KIRBY



MR. FISHER was a member of Britain's war cabinet. He is a practical statesman of high ability. Last fall he visited America, was taken up and down the land, kept his ears and his eyes open and his brain busy.

Naturally, he was specially interested in the way we are educating our young people, in and out of school. He saw beautiful high schools, well planned but inadequately staffed. He saw the conflict between the lure of business and the desire for education; the towns taking the labor from the farms; our polyglot racial composition; our crime wave.

In a few years our youngsters will be among the leaders of America. Will they be able also to lead the world? Will they be worthy that leadership? As an educator and as a statesman, Mr. Fisher wonders.

AN ENGLISHMAN traveling through America in the fall is thrown into a continual state of delighted surprise by the excellent behavior of the American climate. No rain, no fog, no mud! Every day and all day a benevolent and comforting sun dispensing its charitable warmth, a sun such as we in England experience only during the most favored months! And then under the blue skies, the woods flashing their splendors of crimson and of gold upon the eye, and the wide waters dancing in merriment, and the dry, nimble air forcing up nerve and muscle to exertion—why, it seems a land of infinite delight!

Then there is American architecture. We have not yet fully realized in Europe how much fine modern architecture there is in America. You have, I imagine, some of the best architects in the world. Indeed, everything is in their favor. There is the wealthy patron; there is kindly nature, prodigal of marble and stone and serviceable forms of timber. Finally, the American bricklayer lays bricks. His trade union or shop foreman does not say to him, apparently, that he is injuring his fellows by a moderate show of industry. And accordingly a building which would take years to erect in Britain goes up in a few months in fortunate America.

Being an ex-minister of education, I was, of course, specially interested in American academic buildings. How many there are of the first excellence! The new Georgian dormitories at Harvard, due, I think, to the wise and provident statesmanship of President Lowell, the beautiful graduate school of Princeton, the sumptuous Harkness Memorial Building at Yale, the Law Faculty Building and the Clements Library at Ann Arbor—these stand out among many others in my recollection as having a special artistic appeal and as illustrating the vigor, the pliancy and the taste of contemporary architecture in the United States.

I know that it is the fashion to admire the skyscraper as a distinctive American contribution to the noblest of the arts. I do not deny its merits. There are many buildings of this kind which, by their extreme simplicity, their perfect proportion and their colossal size, give to the beholder an impression of sublimity. But I confess that I do not like to see the modern skyscraper intermingled with the lowly and harmonious fabrics which recall, often with such touching effect, the early days of American history, when life was far simpler than it is now and the great political precedents were set.

I make these comments, but I do not know that we are any more successful in England in the avoidance of architectural discords. Sometimes we achieve harmony, but then, as often as not, by accident, as at Blandford in Wiltshire, where a perfect little red-brick town has arisen from the ashes of a conflagration in the middle of the eighteenth century. But of recent years more attention has been given to this point by our architects and town planners, and London can now display some very good examples of concerted design.

When I was in Pennsylvania I was, of course, made to read "The Americanization of Edward Bok," a remarkable story of self-improvement and self-advancement told with the discerning and ingenuous candor which is one of the secrets of literary success. Mr. Bok, a poor boy of Dutch parentage, made his way by his own efforts. He owed little to schooling and speaks, indeed, in somewhat contemptuous terms of the help which the schools were able to afford him. His experience no doubt tallies with that of many able boys all the world over. The primary school can offer them little which they cannot by reading pick up for themselves. Nevertheless, it would be a great error to infer that the public-school system in America is a failure. It is, on the contrary, speaking quite broadly, a huge success. Without it America would not be a nation, but would reproduce all the discords and painful historical contrasts which are the legacy of time to the continent of Europe.

Then in all fairness to the American

"You're at the top, but it's the wrong tree" system of education it must be admitted that it labors under enormous handicaps. There is the great difficulty of securing able teachers in view of the alluring competition of business life. There is apparently the impossibility of securing male teachers at all for the primary schools. There is the large influx of immigrants of differing races and discordant tongues whose children have to be taught the English language and the elements of American citizenship. There is the fierce industrial pressure upon the schools for child labor. There is the difficulty of providing school places of sufficient numbers and with sufficient paraphernalia for a growing population. There is, again, the quite distinct problem of educating the colored population for the tasks which it is fit to perform in the scheme of American society. All these difficulties must be taken into account if we wish to form a fair estimate of the work which is being accomplished by the American schools.

High School Ideals

IF THE attractions of the business career injure the public system of education by depriving it of able teachers they do, on the contrary, act as a stimulus to the continuation of schooling beyond the age of fourteen. There is nothing of which the American educator is prouder than of the wide diffusion of free high school education in the country. And he has a right to be proud.

But here it is helped by exceptional advantages, for in so wealthy a community there is necessarily a larger proportion of adolescents who can afford to forego earnings. And I venture to think that the wealth of America has helped this prolongation of education in another way. There is a great demand for the lower forms of commercial education, stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping and the like, and to meet this demand private schools and colleges have sprung up all over the States. Now the public schools have taken up the challenge. They too provide commercial courses, and, seeing that these are offered free of charge, the number of boys and girls who follow them has grown by leaps and bounds.

I have not the latest figures by me, but as an illustration let me remind the reader that the number of commercial students rose from 1,500 in 1893 to 2,000,000 in 1918. It is therefore safe to assume that a good many young people continued their education in the hope of improving their business qualifications.

Far be it from me to criticize this very human motive, which is by no means confined to the United States; but the number of students attending commercial courses in the high schools does raise in my mind this question: What is the educational value of these courses? How far are they compatible with a good, sound general education? Should the wise parent encourage any considerable amount of school time in adolescence to be consumed by such occupations as stenography and typewriting? I have very little doubt that American educational experts are attending to all these points and that the last word has not been said.

It is, of course, very difficult for a foreigner to form a confident estimate of the position of American education. The system differs in every state. Moreover, the quality of teaching differs with every teacher, and of teachers there is almost infinite variety. Even when I was Minister of Education in England, with all the resources of a government department at my command, I found it very difficult to make up my mind as to the exact degree of excellence or deficiency attained by our state-aided schools. Some were admirable; others, on the contrary, very poor. All that could be predicted with certainty was that over a period of years there would be a steady improvement, in buildings, in the reduction of classes, in the qualifications of teachers, in the nature of the curriculum.

No doubt there has been marked improvement in America also—but has it been improvement all along the line? It is here that I have heard many doubts expressed by men who have a far better right to an opinion than I. It was, for instance, freely alleged that the quality of the teachers in the public schools had not been maintained, that it was in many places deteriorating, and that ability was being steadily squeezed out of the schools. If that is indeed so, it is a serious thing. In education everything depends on the teacher. If the teacher is good, education is good; if the teacher is indifferent, education is indifferent. The recruitment of the teaching profession is therefore a matter of the first civic importance.

How is this to be improved? One of the most distinguished educational leaders in England told me the other day this story. He was sitting next to a prosperous business man at a banquet. The talk ran on material possessions. The plutocrat spoke of his deer park, his country mansion, his stud of horses, his train of automobiles. The headmaster confessed that he was not even the possessor of a small car. "Sir," replied the business man, "you are at the top of your tree, but it is the wrong tree." That is the eternal judgment which in every age the flesh has passed upon the spirit.

Were I an American Millionaire—

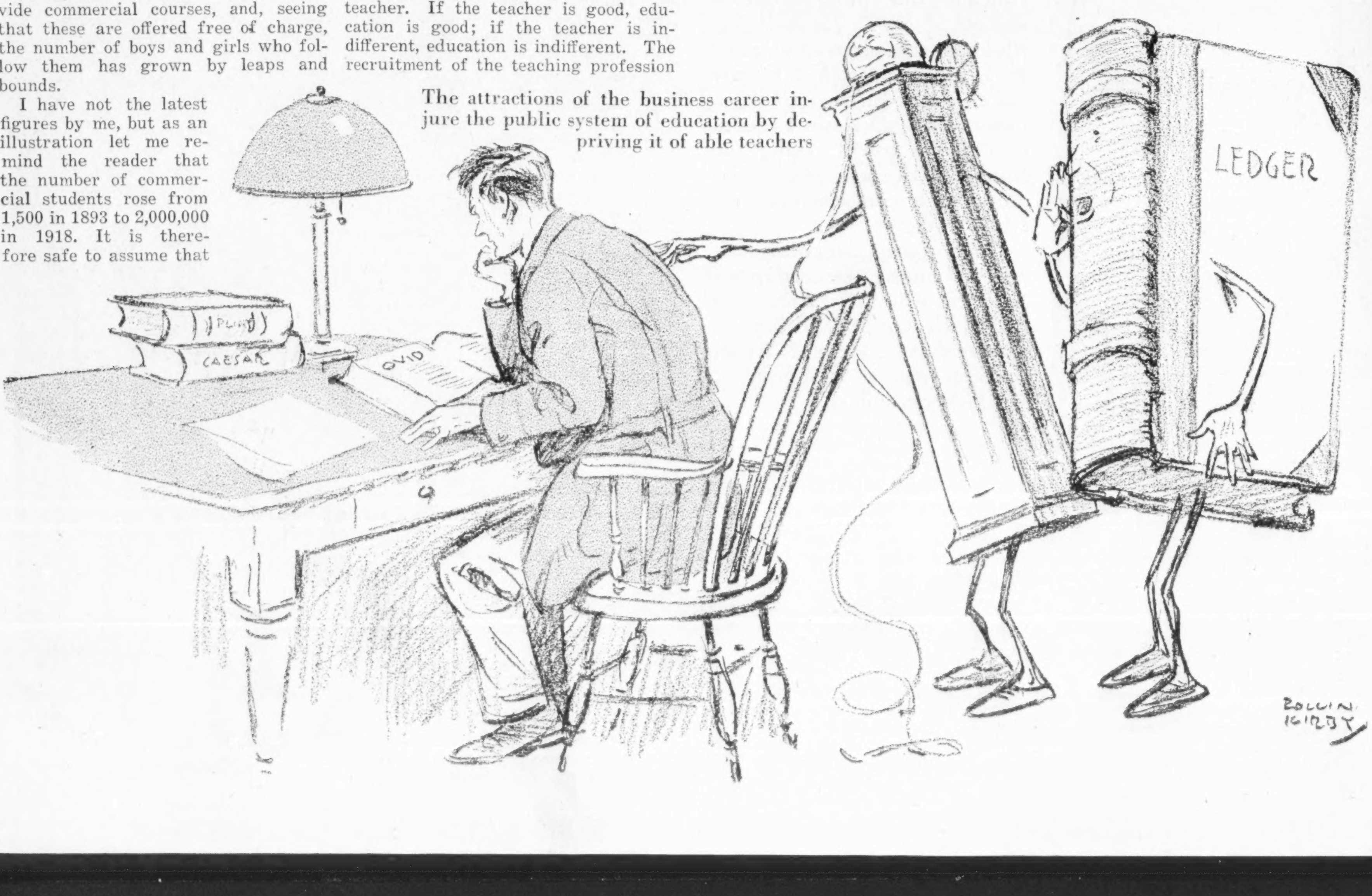
WE CANNOT altogether neglect the flesh, and my impression is that in America, where so much interest is taken in the dollar, and where so many dollars have gone into school equipment and school buildings, too little regard is had to the human beings without whose effective agency for good all this outlay of bricks and mortar is in vain. Somehow or other, the teaching profession seems to stand on a lower plane of public esteem in America than it does in Britain. It has less prestige; it attracts a smaller proportion of the ability of the country; it is, proportionately with average earnings, less well remunerated.

Were I an American millionaire, I should try the effect of creating a few scholastic prizes for high school teachers in my state. My belief is that the existence of a very considerable number of high-salaried posts in our old endowed schools in Britain has given a certain prestige to the teaching profession which it would not otherwise possess. And what is, I think, true of Britain might possibly be true also of America.

There is a common impression in the United States that whereas America educates the many, Britain only educates the few. This, of course, is not so. In Britain all children without exception are under education in the primary schools till the conclusion of the term in which they have reached their fourteenth year, and there is besides a liberal, though not yet sufficient, supply of state-aided high schools in which boys and girls can obtain an education either without payment of fees or at a low charge. Moreover, in our newer universities the students tend to come from artisan families. Our British system is now just as comprehensive as the American, but, containing as it does, owing to historical reasons, a large number of privately endowed schools with ancient traditions, it offers special advantages to those who attend them.

Now, what are those special advantages? The first is that those schools, which you would call private and which we call public, are able, by reason of their wealth and various amenities, to attract able and even brilliant university men to their service. I visited an American high school which was recommended to me as being above the average, and I found much in it to admire. The building was clean, commodious, well planned; the classrooms airy and light, the laboratories well equipped. Everywhere there was a trace of provident, efficient business management. Then I listened to the lessons, for the most part given by overworked women teachers on low salaries, and I contrasted this with the kind of teaching which is made available in an English public school, where every master has taken a high honors degree at the university. There is really no comparison in thoroughness and grasp. The marvel is that the American university can do so much with young people who come to college on so inadequate a grounding. Indeed, I imagine that for the first two years the university teacher is trying to make good the defects of the high school training.

My belief, however, is that a step has recently been taken in many American universities (*Continued on page 41*)

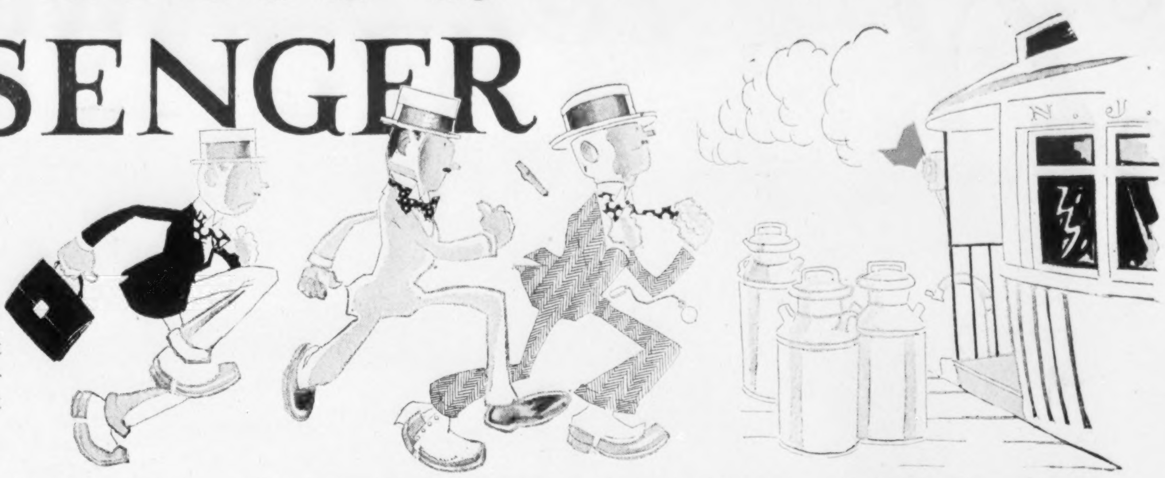


The attractions of the business career injure the public system of education by depriving it of able teachers

THE 7.58 *loses a* PASSENGER

By H. I. PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HELD, JR.



"The race is to the swift, but the 7.58 is to the swifter—and I am not quite fast enough"

A soapy-eared slave of the time-table reads his emancipation proclamation

A COMMUTER is a man whose life is divided into two principal parts: coming and going. He is a goat in antelope's clothing. He feeds on time-tables, asterisks and footnotes. He thrives on duplicated scenery. His life is one long series of 200-yard dashes.

He shaves at a trot, eats his "two eggs and toast" at a canter, bids his wife good-by while single-footing and makes the 7.58 in a gallop. He is the only type of citizen that can kiss his wife good-by in midair, both feet off the ground.

A commuter is easy to spot. Is there soap in one ear? Is one shoe lace untied? Is he talking to himself in denunciatory tones? Is there between his chin and cheek a little thatch that he skipped while shaving? *He's a commuter!*

I know. I've been a commuter. I've been one for three years now, and I'm quitting. I'm tired of running. The race is to the swift, but the 7.58 is to the swifter—and I am not quite fast enough.

I am tired of dressing like a member of Hose Company No. 67. I am tired of having to dress, shake down the furnace, take out the ashes, put on coal, adjust the drafts, wash shave, have breakfast, find my rubbers, look for the umbrella, read the headlines of the morning paper, start for the station, realize I have forgotten something, return to the house, look for what I have forgotten, find it and breeze for the station again, all between 7.42 and 7.58. I am weary of missing trains by the length of my forearm. I am tired of freezing in a day coach in winter and sweltering in one in summer. I am tired of being held up in unattractive freight yards from fifteen minutes to one hour and a half while the engineer gets off to attend a meeting of Local No. 1876.

I am tired of håving to begin figuring around 4 P. M. what train I may catch with fair luck if I leave the office at 4.45 and what train I can get if I don't. I am tired of fretful-looking fellow beings toting rakes, lawn mowers, evergreen shrubs, snow shovels, spades, bulbs, paint, wire netting, young chicks, radio parts, and garden truck. They have a perfect right to tote them, I know. Nevertheless I am tired of them.

I am tired of rushing to the railroad station at the close of the day, plunging, pushing, elbowing, darting, squirming, skipping and sidestepping through a broken field of fellow victims of a Great Delusion in a frantic effort to get the train that is predestined to pull out just as I get near enough to lasso it.

I am tired of having gatemen slam the iron gates in my face with a peculiar glee and a stern resolve. Why should they insult me when they don't even know me?

I am tired of making a resolution about every three months to get to the station in plenty of time for the 5.16—of doing so and finding the station packed with an impenetrable mass of perspiring, peevish suburbanites unable to move one way or the other and knowing nothing more definite than that there is "another tie-up of some sort" and that no trains are moving.

I am sick of open drawbridges, openly arrived at. I am sick of coach windows that won't open and sick of coach windows that won't shut. I am sick of conductors who frowse through the same train every ten minutes demanding "All tickets, please," under the impression that some day they'll discover somebody who has sneaked aboard without a ticket. I am sick of wondering what these conductors intend to do on that happy day when they make the long-anticipated capture.

The commuting business has just about ruined me. I think I have made my resolution to stop it in the nick of time. Not that I'm right about it. There are several million persons who say they like it. They insist they wouldn't be back in the city again if you gave them a half interest. They insist they enjoy the riding to and fro, particularly fro. There are some who even say it is restful and that without it their crossword puzzle average would be nothing to what it is.

Welcome to it all, dear members of the American Fraternity of Galloping Time-Table Perusers! You may have my ticket, and there are still ten more punches in it. I'm going back to the great confined spaces where men are subway passengers and where jobs are within a reasonable distance of "Home, Sweet Apartment!"

I gave commuting a fair trial: nearly three years. I had known commuters. They never had struck me as looking any too happy and care-free, but I never had known one who hadn't insisted that commuting was the joy of his life, and anything short of his daily railroad trip in and out of the city would just about kill him.

"It's great!" they'd always insist. "Wouldn't live in the city for a million dollars! Railroad service splendid! Swonderful! Get from my house to the office in twenty-two minutes flat! Did it to-day in twenty! Express trains, y'know!"

I believed them. They had such honest faces! And I moved to, let us say, Hollyhock Manor, "thirty-two minutes from New York." Eddie Glynn, Wallie Linden and George Spottswood, friends of mine, had preceded me. "Swonderful!" they had declared. "Y'can make the trip in seventeen minutes express! Swonderful!"

"Swonderful!"

IT TOOK me a year to begin to see the joke. I swallowed the seventeen-minute stuff—took it for granted—and, although I generally caught nothing but locals which took me from thirty to thirty-five minutes to make the trip, I somehow assumed expresses made it in seventeen minutes. I even told curious city dwellers when they asked me how I liked commuting, "Swonderful, eighteen minutes from New York! Express! Swonderful!"

Not until I had been commuting many months did I time a few express trips and find no train made the trip in seventeen minutes and that only a couple of bona-fide nonstop expresses were run on the line. These did it, if lucky, in about twenty-two minutes.

Yet the seventeen-minute propaganda had become such a part of my fixed belief that only recently when a visitor asked me how much of a trip it was I replied, "Swonderful. Only seventeen minutes! Express! Swonderful!"

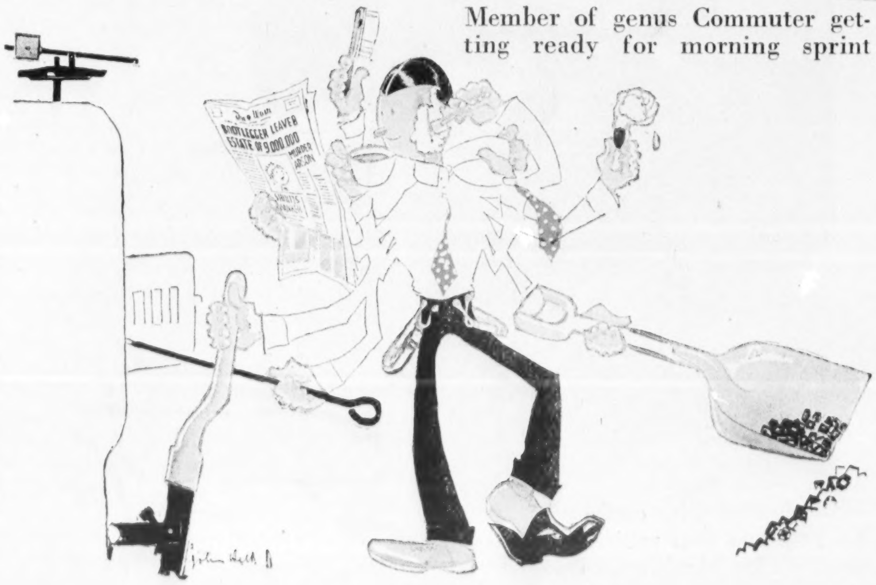
After you have once run a train through your mind between two given points in seventeen minutes it is very difficult to slow it up to a more reasonable schedule.

My first jolt came with the realization that the expresses were few and far between and that it is the habit of railroads on commuter lines to call any train that makes fewer than eight of the twenty to forty stops an express. I generally missed the so-called express and almost always caught the local. This was due to that strange and baffling mystery sheet issued by railroads as a time-table and patterned after the models laid down by Sam Loyd, the puzzle man. One of the first things you learn as a commuter is to note carefully, when you decide upon a train, whether there are any k's, x's, d's, j's, r's, w's and z's beside it. Asterisks, daggers, double f's and divers other marks must be carefully watched for. And then there is the matter of delays. Every line handling a big suburbanite cargo has them in large numbers. On my line a drawbridge was the chief cause of the holdups. It was an antique thing spanning a creek across which you could jump. This creek is navigated almost entirely by tows carrying ashes and refuse from the city to a dumping ground. For some unidentified reason these tows could be depended upon to go in and out of this creek about the time I was trying to reach my office or my home. I have reason to believe they lay in wait for me.

The second year of my rural life I dedicated a little Song of the Heart to the service. It ran like this:

(*Continued on page 44*)

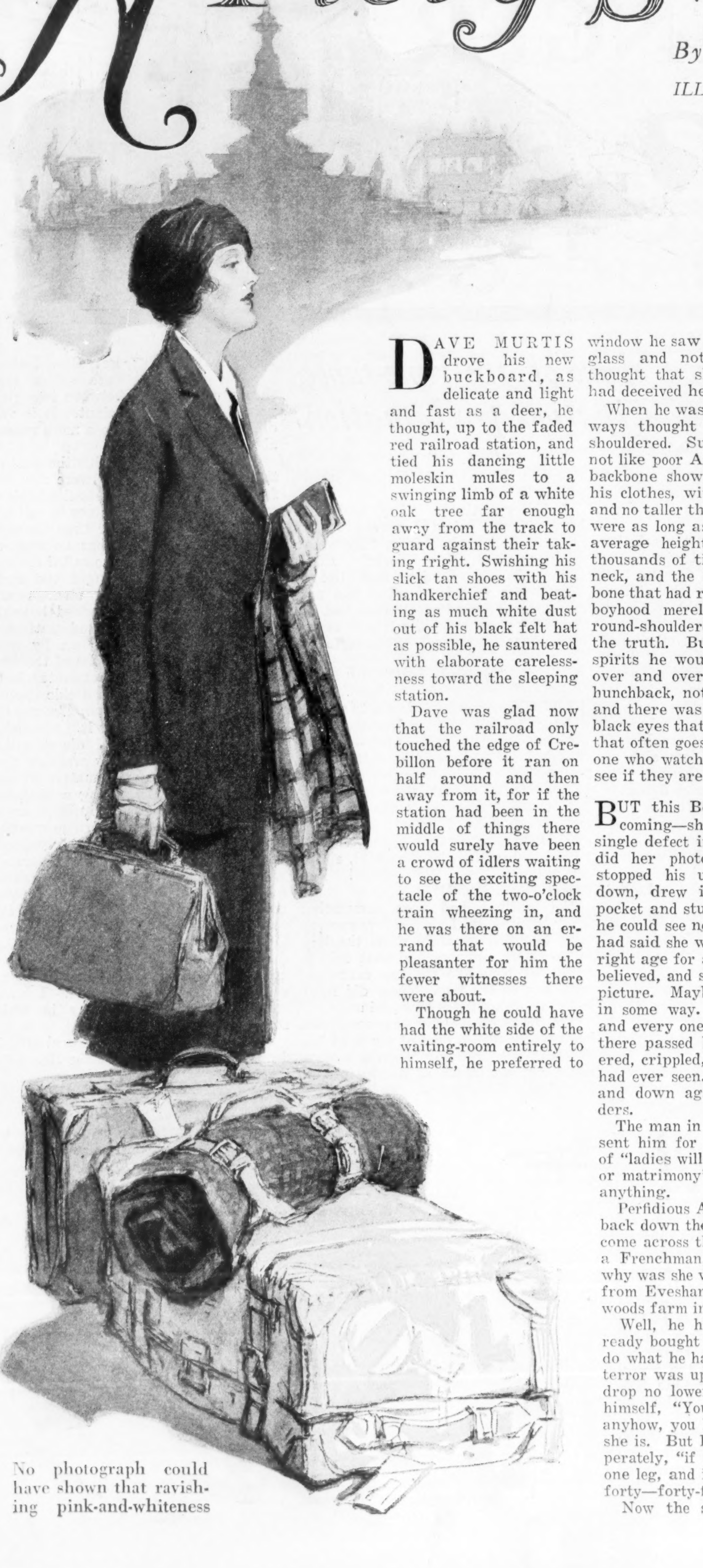
Member of genus Commuter getting ready for morning sprint



A Fiery Sweetness

By BARRY BENEFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BURNE



No photograph could have shown that ravishing pink-and-whiteness

DAVE MURTIS drove his new buckboard, as delicate and light and fast as a deer, he thought, up to the faded red railroad station, and tied his dancing little moleskin mules to a swinging limb of a white oak tree far enough away from the track to guard against their taking fright. Swishing his slick tan shoes with his handkerchief and beating as much white dust out of his black felt hat as possible, he sauntered with elaborate carelessness toward the sleeping station.

Dave was glad now that the railroad only touched the edge of Crebillon before it ran on half around and then away from it, for if the station had been in the middle of things there would surely have been a crowd of idlers waiting to see the exciting spectacle of the two-o'clock train wheezing in, and he was there on an errand that would be pleasanter for him the fewer witnesses there were about.

Though he could have had the white side of the waiting-room entirely to himself, he preferred to spend the hour or more ahead of him walking up and down on the cindered platform, for the nearer train time came the more certain he was that he would find himself swindled and shamed when it did come. Once or twice as he passed a station window he saw his dim reflection in the glass and noted his back, and he thought that she might well think he had deceived her.

When he was in high spirits Dave always thought of himself as round-shouldered. Surely, he argued, he was not like poor Andy Opperman, with his backbone showing in a point through his clothes, with no neck to speak of and no taller than a boy, though his legs were as long as a man's. Dave was of average height, he had told himself thousands of times, and he did have a neck, and the slightly dislocated backbone that had resulted from a fall in his boyhood merely showed him now as round-shouldered. And all that was the truth. But when he was in low spirits he wounded himself by saying over and over again, "Nothin' but a hunchback, nothin' but a hunchback;" and there was constantly in his round black eyes that piercing, appealing look that often goes with a deformity, as of one who watches always others' eyes to see if they are noticing it.

BUT this Bessie Graham, who was coming—she had never mentioned a single defect in all her six letters, nor did her photograph show any. He stopped his uneasy walking up and down, drew it from his inside coat pocket and studied it suspiciously. No, he could see nothing wrong there. She had said she was twenty-three, just the right age for a man of thirty-three, he believed, and she looked eighteen in the picture. Maybe her legs were crippled in some way. Maybe the photograph and every one of her letters were lies: there passed before him all the withered, crippled, vinegar-faced crones he had ever seen. He began stamping up and down again on the grating cinders.

The man in Cowosso, Mich., who had sent him for a dollar the printed list of "ladies willing to correspond for fun or matrimony" was not responsible for anything.

Perfidious Albion! In a history book back down there in the country he had come across that phrase. The teacher, a Frenchman, had explained it. And why was she willing to come all the way from Evesham, in England, to a backwoods farm in northern Louisiana?

Well, he had promised, he had already bought the license, and he would do what he had said he would do. But terror was upon him, his spirits could drop no lower, and he said fiercely to himself, "You've got no kick comin', anyhow, you hunchback, you, whatever she is. But I hope," he concluded desperately, "if she's crippled it's only in one leg, and if she's old she's not over forty—forty-five at the most."

Now the station was livening up. The ticket agent slammed open his window. The express office flared open and sent a truck out on the platform, and the baggage-room was ready for all business that might offer. Lon Old's primitive cab—its lumpy cushions vast sachet bags of ancient dust—drove up and discharged two drummers from the Cosmopolitan Hotel. A snorty little automobile brought one farmer from the Franco-American Hotel. Eight or ten other people came out on the platform to receive coming kinsmen or to welcome the romantic through train from New Orleans. It blew down by the Harfleur sawmill, and Dave, wrapping his long gray mackintosh about him, moved to the lower end of the platform and leaned against a post. He meant his attitude to say, "Oh, I've just come up to see the train go through."

But before the engine had come to a stop, as noisy as some huge fat rheumatic monster lying down, Dave was standing on the edge of the small crowd looking eagerly up and down the train. "She'll feel lonesome away over here," he thought, "whatever she is."

A hand touched his shoulder. "Is this Mr. Murtis?" He turned to see that the photograph had falsified by necessity. It could not have shown the tint of her brown hair or the warm gray of her great eyes or that ravishing pink-and-whiteness that comes out of English fogs.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Graham." Dave shook her hand up and down. He had dropped his eyes in guilt, and a red rush of blood swept up over his smooth dark face.

As if he dared not look at her, but answering all her questions with eager alertness, Dave got her bag and suit case and small leather trunk into the back of the buckboard, untied the mules and drove briskly down the hill toward town.

"Oh, I love your sunshine," she said. "I thought it would be like this. Fancy sunshine in November! And I love to be dry and warm. When I left home the fog lay all over the farm like a blanket, and when the boat crept out of Liverpool you couldn't see anything ten feet away, and the sidewalks were oozy with black slime."

"It's pretty hot here in summer time, though."

"I feel as if I could never get enough of the sun, Mr. Murtis."

DAVE marveled at the vigor with which she pronounced words, running syllables together where he would have drawled them out, and the mere difference of her enunciation was now a quality in his eyes.

He looked at her smart tailored suit, at her scarf with its broad green stripes crisscrossing over the tan, at her half-shoes as sturdy as a man's, at her thick-ribbed green stockings, at the swaggering little turban, draped with an impudent slant on her head.

Her voice was sweet and low for all its vigor and volume, and just now, when for the first time he had looked straight into her eyes, he saw in them a fear that almost cried out to him.

"*She's* afraid of *me!*" he thought, and was afraid himself no more: a wave of protective tenderness swept over him.

in the AIR

The daintily stepping little mules stopped in front of a dim gray house next to a red brick church.

"Oh, what place is this?" She touched his arm with the question and quickly drew it away.

"It's the preacher's house."

"Oh!" The pink died out of her cheeks and left them as white as her throat.

"Are you afraid, Miss Graham?"

"I said I would, so I must."

"I don't know what else to do either, now."

So they went into the old gray house and presently came out again, silent and subdued; and merely touching her hand as she got back into the buckboard, Dave eased himself up into the seat as if he wished not to disturb her and drove out of town and into the broad, white, sandy road that led to his home twenty miles away on Silver Shoe Lake.

FOR four or five miles Bessie stared straight ahead of her, her gloved hands gripped together in her lap, saying nothing. It was a Wednesday and few wagons were on the road. The wheels of the buckboard made a tiny grinding sound in the fine white sand, the harness slapped and jingled, and from time to time far above them in the ocean-blue sky black spearheads of wild duck went driving toward the south, trailing faint cries of ecstasy down the wind.

"Sister Addie went out to Australia," said Bessie as if talking to herself. "She was very happy. But she had known Robert all her life. And Sister Mary went out to India to marry too, but Jim was from our neighborhood, though we hadn't known him so well."

"Was she happy too?"

"Oh, yes, quite happy; anyway, she never said anything else. And my brother is in Hongkong, and there's a cousin in Canada."

The wheels ground the fine sand, and the harness jingled, and the wind whispered through the tall pine trees that marched with the road.

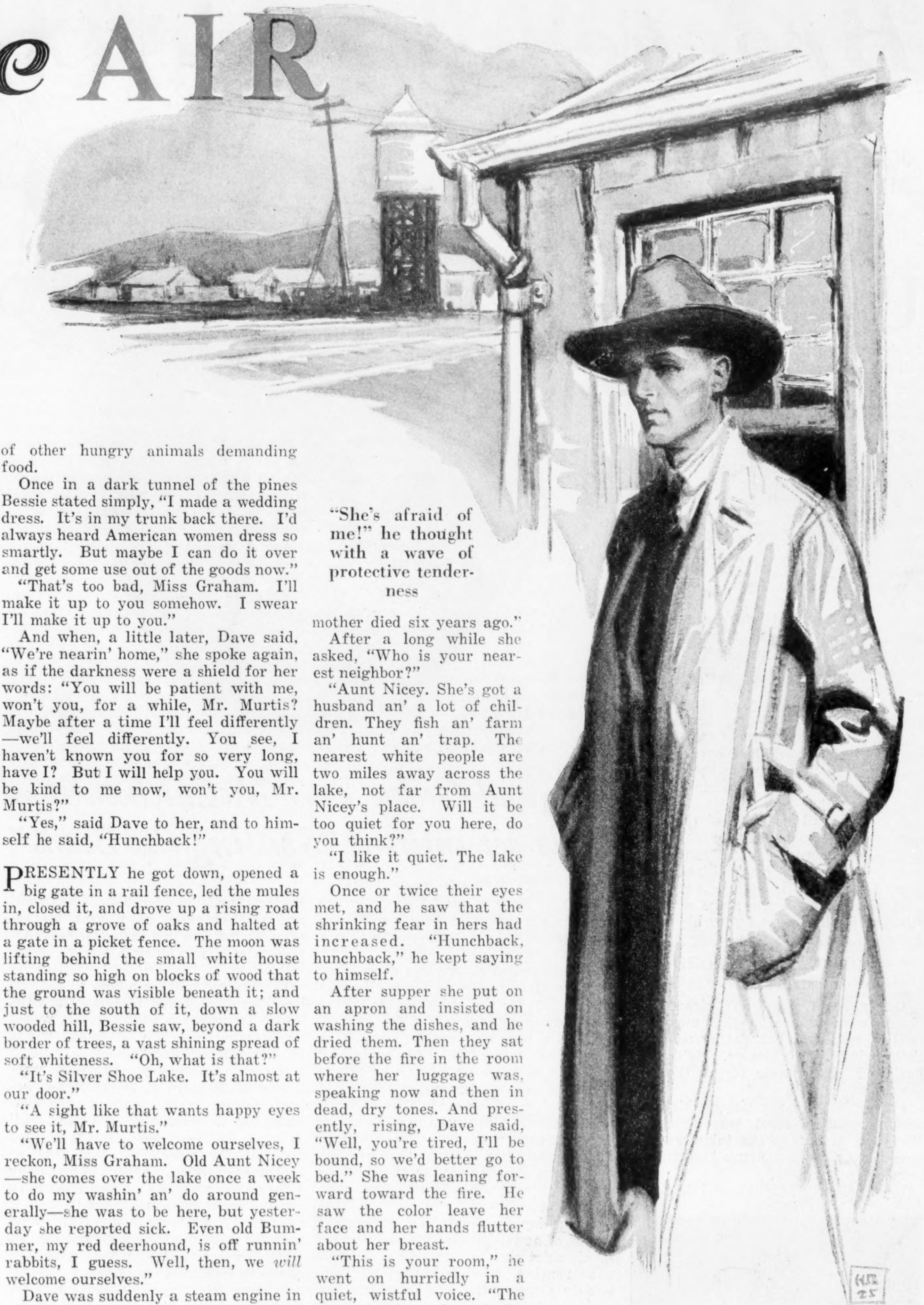
"It was lonesome for me," she went on presently in a flat voice. "All the young people had flown away that could, like the ducks up there. Father and Mother did not need me. They wanted me to go into service in London. Mother's sister Emma is in service there. She could have found me something. But I love the sunshine, and maybe we English like to go the far ways. I don't know; I don't know."

"Maybe it won't be so bad here." Dave wanted to say "Bessie," but somehow it did not seem to be the thing to do. "Am I different from what you thought?"

"Yes—a little." She did not look at him.

In his mind Dave stabbed himself with a word, "Hunchback!"

Night slipped early out from the deep woods and lay gray against the white road, and still the far faint cries of the wild ducks came coasting down the wind. Along about six o'clock Dave turned off the main road, and for nearly an hour the buckboard went slowly through a tunnel in the pine forest, passing three times only by rail fences and dim open spaces dotted with little yellow squares of light and lively with the thin glad voices of children, the solid sober voices of grown-ups, the barking of dogs and the various voices of other hungry animals demanding food.



"She's afraid of me!" he thought with a wave of protective tenderness

Once in a dark tunnel of the pines Bessie stated simply, "I made a wedding dress. It's in my trunk back there. I'd always heard American women dress so smartly. But maybe I can do it over and get some use out of the goods now."

"That's too bad, Miss Graham. I'll make it up to you somehow. I swear I'll make it up to you."

And when, a little later, Dave said, "We're nearin' home," she spoke again, as if the darkness were a shield for her words: "You will be patient with me, won't you, for a while, Mr. Murtis? Maybe after a time I'll feel differently—we'll feel differently. You see, I haven't known you for so very long, have I? But I will help you. You will be kind to me now, won't you, Mr. Murtis?"

"Yes," said Dave to her, and to himself he said, "Hunchback!"

PRESENTLY he got down, opened a big gate in a rail fence, led the mules in, closed it, and drove up a rising road through a grove of oaks and halted at a gate in a picket fence. The moon was lifting behind the small white house standing so high on blocks of wood that the ground was visible beneath it; and just to the south of it, down a slow wooded hill, Bessie saw, beyond a dark border of trees, a vast shining spread of soft whiteness. "Oh, what is that?"

"It's Silver Shoe Lake. It's almost at our door."

"A sight like that wants happy eyes to see it, Mr. Murtis."

"We'll have to welcome ourselves, I reckon, Miss Graham. Old Aunt Nicey—she comes over the lake once a week to do my washin' an' do around generally—she was to be here, but yesterday she reported sick. Even old Bummer, my red deerhound, is off runnin' rabbits, I guess. Well, then, we *will* welcome ourselves."

Dave was suddenly a steam engine in boots. Soon the house poured lights from all its four rooms. In the front room on the lake side of the broad central hall Bessie was busy with her luggage before a jolly young blaze in a fireplace. The kitchen stove was roaring. And Dave had gone out to the stable to look after the stock. When he came back and called her there was on the table in the dining-room cold duck and ham and many other things that he had set out at four o'clock that morning, with hot coffee, and baker's bread from town.

They both made desperate efforts to be briskly cheerful, but their conversation did not flow.

"Did you really cook all this yourself, Mr. Murtis? It's quite splendid."

"Yes, I've lived by myself since my mother died six years ago."

After a long while she asked, "Who is your nearest neighbor?"

"Aunt Nicey. She's got a husband an' a lot of children. They fish an' farm an' hunt an' trap. The nearest white people are two miles away across the lake, not far from Aunt Nicey's place. Will it be too quiet for you here, do you think?"

"I like it quiet. The lake is enough."

Once or twice their eyes met, and he saw that the shrinking fear in hers had increased. "Hunchback, hunchback," he kept saying to himself.

After supper she put on an apron and insisted on washing the dishes, and he dried them. Then they sat before the fire in the room where her luggage was, speaking now and then in dead, dry tones. And presently, rising, Dave said, "Well, you're tired, I'll be bound, so we'd better go to bed." She was leaning forward toward the fire. He saw the color leave her face and her hands flutter about her breast.

"This is your room," he went on hurriedly in a quiet, wistful voice. "The next one there through the door is mine. You stay in bed in the mornin' till I say it's time to get up. I'll come in an' make your fire, then I'll start the kitchen stove, an' after I've done for the stock I'll come back an' we'll get breakfast together. I know where everything is. If you want anything in the night, call me; I mean if you get scared or sick or anything."

She had put her head down in her hands.

"This has been my guest-room," Dave went on gently. "You are my guest now, you know."

"I'll be your helping guest then." Her voice was little more than a whisper. "I've always worked."

"Well, good night, Miss Bessie— It sounds funny to you to hear me callin' you that I reckon, but somehow it sounds right to me, now."

"Good night." Without raising her head, she held her hand out to him. He shook it, held it for a moment, and then walked into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him.

Dave took out of a dresser drawer a suit of gorgeously pink-striped pajamas that he had pridefully ordered by mail from Chicago, and laid it tenderly on his bed; then, blowing out the lamp on the mantelpiece, he sat by a window and stared down across the white lake, which he did not see. He tried not to listen to the

(*Continued on page 41*)

Brothers under the PEN

By
JOHN T.
McCUTCHEON

and
GEORGE BARR
McCUTCHEON

John and George—a valuable old relic

John then (as now) was fond of checks

John and George Barr McCutcheon in a little act entitled "Spilling the Beans"

Brother John Says:

UNTIL George was ten and I was six we lived on a farm. George was a sober-faced boy, gray-eyed like my father. Perhaps he inherited some of his story-telling gift from that parent, for Barr McCutcheon, Captain of Company K of the 15th Indiana Volunteers, was a master of narrative.

When I was ten and George fourteen our family moved to a suburb of La Fayette out on the road to the Wea Plains and the Shawnee Prairie.

It was at this period that George developed the acquaintance of a character who wielded a fascinating influence over him—Cousin Charley, who conducted a photograph gallery in La Fayette. George assisted.

Charley's soul was not in his art, however. He lived and dreamed and thought of nothing but a theatrical career, and his enthusiasm in this direction was soon shared by my brother.

We didn't suspect that the spirit of High Adventure was stirring in George until he ran away from home. A few days later we heard that a band of strolling players had opened in a little town a few miles to the west in a play called "Linna." Cousin Charley had written it.

I don't recall the plot of the piece except that Cousin Charley cast himself in the hero rôle and sang some songs of his own composition. Just what George did is rather vague.

He had adopted the stage name of George M. Clifford, and upon his trunk, a cheap little affair, was boldly painted

GEORGE M. CLIFFORD
COMMEDIEN

Our parents were not pleased by George's adventure in this uncertain field of endeavor, but Father smiled a little grimly. "Let him go. He'll come back." I shall never forget the day George came back.

I think it was my sister's birthday and a bountiful meal was prepared. We were seated at the table when a tired, dusty, forlorn figure hesitatingly turned in at the gate.

It was George M. Clifford, late "commedien." Failure was writ in every inch of his travel-worn clothes, and there were gaunt lines of hunger in his face.

He was welcomed cheerfully.

His theatrical career was over—that is, his acting days were over. He was cured. But somewhere in his soul there was something struggling for expression. He began to write plays. One of the first, called "The Old Dominion," was sent to Minnie Maddern, or to one of her contemporaries, and was returned with a letter, which said, "The first act would require two weeks to play."

It was some years later, when he was about twenty-two or three, that he went on the La Fayette "Daily Courier" as a reporter, and subsequently was made city editor.

Each day he made his rounds in search of news. In the summer he went in his shirt sleeves. It was a monotonous routine, day after day, but, curiously enough, the genius which has given his romantic stories such a holding quality was developing. He could make the most commonplace event interesting in the telling.

At home he would write far into the night on stories or plays.

The "Waverly Magazine" accepted some of his short stories, but his long ones came back with disheartening regularity.

Father had died and I had gone to Chicago to work. In the eyes of our La Fayette friends it was something to be employed on a great Chicago paper, and as time passed and George continued in his path of disappointments, people began to refer to him as John's brother.

Then I went to the Far East and was away nearly three years. I brought back all the loose microbes of the Orient and was stricken, soon after my return, with a long and serious illness that necessitated my being taken to Asheville.

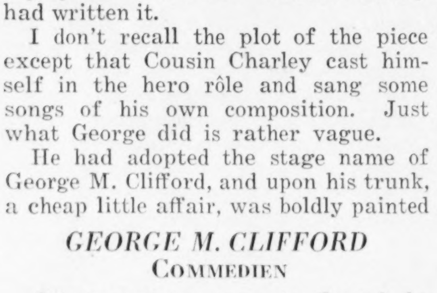
George had told me a book of his had been accepted—even told me the title, which I thought a poor one. It was a combination of two German words meaning "gray" and "strong."

To my amazement the book, published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., actually came to me while I was convalescing in Asheville. "'Graustark!' What a foolish title!" But I started out dutifully to read it as a measure of brotherly devotion. After the first page I forgot he was the author and didn't lay the book down until I had reached, regretfully, the very end. I think he received $500 for the story, the sale of which has reached over half a million copies in several languages.

"Graustark" was followed by "Castle Craneycrow" and then Dodd, Mead & Co. paid $15,000 for his third book, "The Sherrods."

His first publishers wanted a third story, but he felt it would be unfair to Dodd, Mead & Co. to have another of his books on the market to compete with "The Sherrods." Stone & Co. pleaded with him, and in gratitude for having given him his first chance he agreed to write a story under an assumed name. "Brewster's Millions," by Richard Greaves, was the result. I don't know how many millions of people have read it, or how many have seen it on the stage or on the screen, but the numbers must run into astronomical figures.

George is "John's brother" no more. For many years I have been "the brother of George Barr."



He was given to George as a Christmas present in May

Brother George Says:

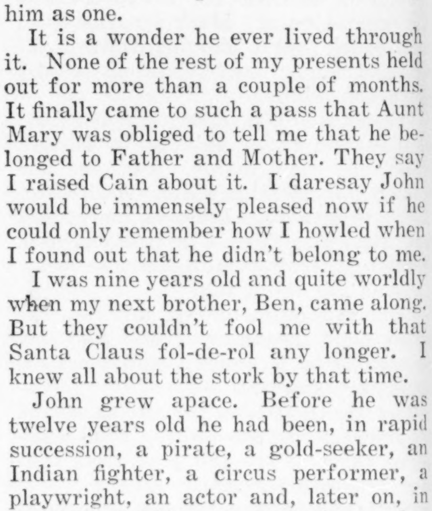
I NEVER saw my brother John until the sixth of May, 1870. For that matter, no one else had ever seen him, because he wasn't born until that day.

I was four years old and was, I may say, at that time making my home with my parents on the old farm south of La Fayette. My Aunt Mary, who lived with us, confided to me that Santa Claus brought John. It seems that I had been a rather good little boy and as a reward Santa was giving John to me for a Christmas present. My memory isn't at all clear on the subject, to be sure, but I am now of the opinion that he came at a time when I believed there was a Santa Claus. If I was impressed by the absence of snow and other Christmas trimmings on the sixth of May, I made no enduring note of the fact. For a couple of years at least I continued to regard John as a Christmas present and treated him accordingly. My mother told me long afterwards that she had to spank me every once in a while because I persisted in treating him as one.

It is a wonder he ever lived through it. None of the rest of my presents held out for more than a couple of months. It finally came to such a pass that Aunt Mary was obliged to tell me that he belonged to Father and Mother. They say I raised Cain about it. I daresay John would be immensely pleased now if he could only remember how I howled when I found out that he didn't belong to me.

I was nine years old and quite worldly when my next brother, Ben, came along. But they couldn't fool me with that Santa Claus fol-de-rol any longer. I knew all about the stork by that time.

John grew apace. Before he was twelve years old he had been, in rapid succession, a pirate, a gold-seeker, an Indian fighter, a circus performer, a playwright, an actor and, later on, in the fall of 1884, an energetic member of both the Democratic and Republican juvenile drum corps of Elston, the suburb in which we then lived. The Populists did not have a drum corps. He could make more noise with a drum than any other (Continued on page 26)



He was just "John's brother" until "Graustark" changed matters

Playing the WAR GAME

Uncle Henry says that croquet rules have been adopted and the penalty for shovin' will be enforced. Outside of chapped lips and ink stains there will be no casualties unless some low-down marine slips a horseshoe into his glove

"EVER had the jaundice?" asked Uncle Henry. "Then get it at once. Also any other protective colorin' you can lay your hands on. This summer, at high noon, the combined Atlantic an' Pacific fleets will attack the Hawaiian Islands, an' if they capture 'em, it means that we're at the mercy of Japan. Thank the Lord, no one ever heard me say a word against the Little Brown Brother."

"What do you mean they'll attack the Hawaiian Islands?" snorted Mr. Stubbs. "We *own* 'em."

"Oh, I don't mean a real attack," explained Uncle Henry. "The idea is to see if 40,000 men can be landed in the public square at Oahu in broad daylight, drop a handkerchief an' get back to the ships without bein' tagged. It's jes' part of the war game that the Army an' Navy are all the time playin', so that any sudden onslaught by Switzerland an' Siam will not find our gallant defenders unprepared or out of date.

"The importance of the Hawaiian campaign cannot be overestimated. Why, 'Lonzo, the loss of the islands would permit an enemy to use 'em as a base for attackin' the whole Pacific coast an' even the first two or three hundred miles of Los Angeles' city limits. Javanese could sail right into the Golden Gate, capture the California climate an' other basic industries, an' then put their ships on rollers for the bombardment of Denver, Topeka an' other ports that the Rivers an' Harbors Committee hasn't had time to develop properly.

"You can't blame the authorities for wantin' to put an end to suspense. Year in an' year out, the jingoes have used every means in their power to get Japan to start somethin', an' outside of prints, goldfish an' vegetable silk, the irritatin' little wretches have refused to take the offensive.

"For weeks the quarter desks of Washington have rung to the tramp of martial feet, an' the general staff has been breakfastin' at the White House in order to accustom themselves to the simple fare of the field. Plans for the attack have been worked out with the greatest care an' secrecy, only reporters bein' admitted. Congress did the Army an' Navy a terrible injustice by the charge that officers were muzzled durin' the recent investigations. It was simply the case that every mouth was full of red an' blue pins.

"The rules of the National Croquet Association have been adopted, an' the penalty for shovin' will be strictly enforced. The sofa pillows used by the landin' force, as well as the beanbags employed by the defense, will be examined by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, an' unless some low-down marine slips a horseshoe into his glove, there should be no casualties at all outside of sunburn, chapped lips an' ink stains.

"It has been decided to keep both Teddy Roosevelt an' Billy Mitchell in Washington, for there's no hope of silencin' a fort or ship if they're anywhere near at hand. In event that the question of a unified air force comes up at any time, the Army an' the Navy have agreed to protect themselves in the clinches. As gas is not to be used in the campaign, the Senate has not been called to the colors.

"Lord, but I'd love to be there! Although only 5,750 soldiers will be used as a landin' force, each doughboy will carry enough hats, caps an' false whiskers to give the appearance of seven men. By way of deceivin' the defense still further, small boats will make the same number of trips between the ships an' shore as though they were really carryin' 40,250 men. It does seem like a dirty trick to play, but you know what Sherman said about war.

"Directly after the grand march, the attackin' air force will try to drop a doughnut on the church spire, an' if a ringer isn't scored in eighteen chances, that will score three for the defense. Then the battle planes from the fort will be given the air, an' try to drop a beanbag on the deck of the flagship. If they succeed in breakin' up the dance, or throwin' anybody out of step, that's four points.

"After which comes the cavalry charge, generals an' admirals takin' turns tryin' to ride. The one that stays on longest counts for his side. Only an hour for lunch, for war is a grim business, an' they're at it again. Hell breaks loose. The air is thick with dropped stitches an' fallin' arches, an' men caught in croquet wickets are left to save themselves. The loss in spectacle cases mounts higher an' higher, but still the insensate struggle continues.

"'Hey there!' bellows the commander of the attackin' force, wavin' furiously at the general in charge of the forts. 'How many times do you want me to say one-two-three for you? Come on now! You've been dead an hour.'

"'G'wan!' comes back the defiant answer. 'I had my fingers crossed, you big boob.'"

Why We Need a Base

"HOW can you tell who wins in these war games?" Mr. Stubbs demanded.

"Oh, the points have been worked out quite precisely," said Uncle Henry. "Among the things that count in the scorin' are failure to replace divots, runnin' outside the base line, not lettin' a twosome go through, puttin' your ball in position, drivin' before the players ahead have taken the second shot, revokin', unpressed trousers, speakin' to a man who has come up from the ranks, foot faults, an' not knowin' the name of an Egyptian god in two letters.

"Wardrobes are examined to see that all have obeyed the command, 'Right Dress.' Dirty ears, walkin' on the grass, takin' the wrong turn on one-way streets an' tippin' caddies are also things that the referee takes into account.

"What do you mean is it right to waste money that way? We've got to have a naval base in the Pacific, haven't we?

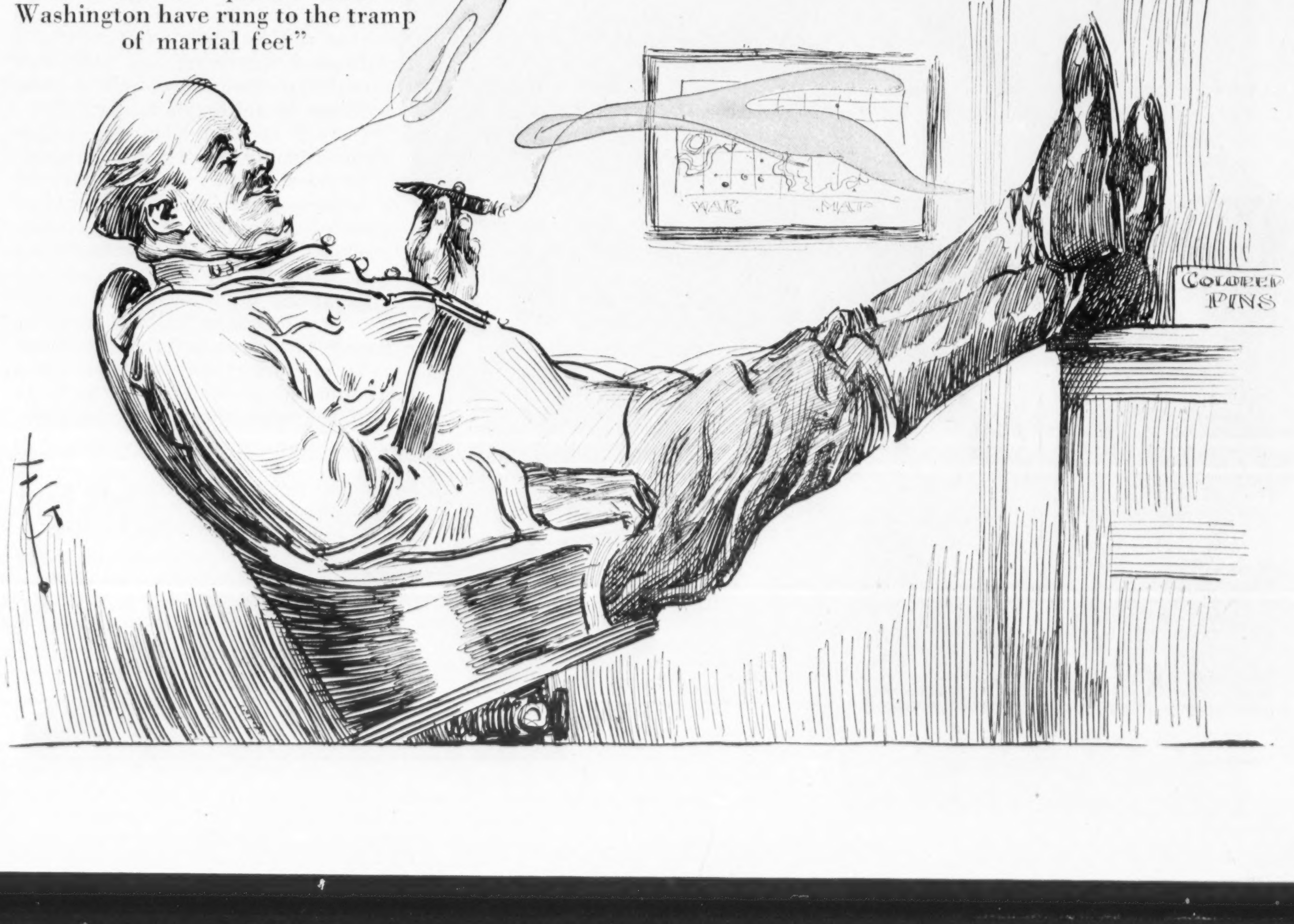
"What's the good of a navy if it hasn't got a base? Where would it give its dances? An' we can't take the islands in at night, can we? Then doesn't it stand to reason that we've got to defend 'em? Now don't go askin' me against whom? I'm not a graduate of the War College.

"The instant need is for thousands of General Mitchell's airships, that cannot possibly be hit by anti-aircraft guns, an' for thousands of Admiral Shoemaker's battleships that cannot possibly be sunk by a bomb. As the lives of both airplanes an' dreadnaughts are lamentably short, it can be seen that work must be commenced at once an' rushed if they are not to be obsolete before completion."

"Honest now," asked Mr. Stubbs, "do you think Japan will ever declare war on the United States?"

"I hope not," said Uncle Henry. "Our people would be awful mad if they ever found it out."

"For weeks the quarter desks of Washington have rung to the tramp of martial feet"



The Apach

By MICHAEL FIASCH

IN APRIL, 1922, four bandits crep up f basement of the Shattuck mansion in N City, locked the eight inmates of the ho wine vault, looted the place and depar d. T was headlined all over America. Mr. F aschet of the most successful detectives of recent worked on that case; and here he tells of on adventures which came out of it. It's the this series of true stories in which he d the most thrilling experiences of hi offic

AS SHE told me later, she was the victim of her active imagination and the false romance of the movies and the vaudeville theatre.

It is probable that she would have avoided the common American gunman as she would disease, but to her the French apache represented something quite different. She had seen the apache dances pictured in the movies and on the stage. She had no way of knowing that the Parisian thug, so romantically labeled, is in no degree a more desirable citizen than the cocaine-sniffing, gun-toting, pocket-picking sneak we call the gangster.

I first saw her in the Tombs and such was her appearance, her manner and her voice that it was clear to me that she was far from the usual run of visitors at the New York county prison. Yet there was a certain hard bravado about her; something which indicated that, right or wrong, she was going to stick to her course.

"What does she want?" I asked the guard at the door to whom she had spoken.

"Wants to see that French crook Diaset—the guy in the Shattuck case."

There was no question then that she held more than passing interest for me. I had that morning been detailed to the Shattuck case, one of the most interesting burglaries in the records of the New York police. Not long ago you were informed by your newspapers that one of the men involved, Mourey, was sentenced to the guillotine by a French court for his part in the affair. There was no murder involved, but that was not the fault of the robbers. And the French law decrees death when burglary is accompanied by murderous intent. However, Mourey's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

It was in April, 1922, that four men hid in the Shattuck mansion in Washington Square and, with non-American patience, lay for twelve hours in the basement, awaiting their opportunity.

They waited until all members of the household—Shattuck, his wife and the six servants—were so concentrated in one or two parts of the house that all could be held up at once and none be left to run to windows or doors to give the alarm.

Swiftly the quartet of burglars bundled the Shattucks and the six servants into an almost air-tight wine vault and locked the door on the outside. There was danger of suffocation—slow suffocation; but an even more ghastly fate promised. If not utterly air-proof, the vault was quite sound-proof. It is easily conceivable that the eight men and women, if not suffocated, might have starved to death in the concrete cubicle.

Fortunately, one of the prisoners happened to know that by manipulating a dime and a small knife blade the bolt on the door might be moved backward from the inside. Mourey had, several years before, been the Shattucks' butler. He had robbed them, then, of some forty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and had gone to jail for it. He knew the Washington Square house. He knew that wine vault.

It was necessary for me to outline the crime before going on with this girl's story. You have now a general idea of the character of the men who were her friends.

No matter what she had looked like, simply because she had come to see Diaset, I should have shadowed her. I too had come to talk to Diaset, but Diaset could wait. He was pretty sure to be in the Tombs whenever I should want him.

But, as I have said, the outward signs of "class" this girl exhibited added to the zest of the case. Clearly she had never been in a similar predicament before. There was that hesitancy in her manner which indicated the amateur in criminal associations. And there was, it seemed to me, something more of apprehension or even fear than of sorrow when she was told that she might not see Diaset nor send him a note.

I had attended to that.

"Tell her," I instructed the guard, "that she can't see him."

She left the Tombs, her face scarlet and her fingers twisting her handkerchief. I followed at a decent distance so as not to inform her that I was officially following her. Every few steps she would look around, fearful that she was being followed, and I gave her what we policemen call the "long shadow," a term which is self-explanatory.

As I strolled leisurely enough but keeping her always in sight, I tried to appraise her. An American, obviously. Well dressed and in excellent taste. Certainly she was not the conventional sweetheart or wife of the desperado.

The burglary had taken place only two days before. The Shattucks and their servants had managed to slide back the bolts of the wine vault. The burglars

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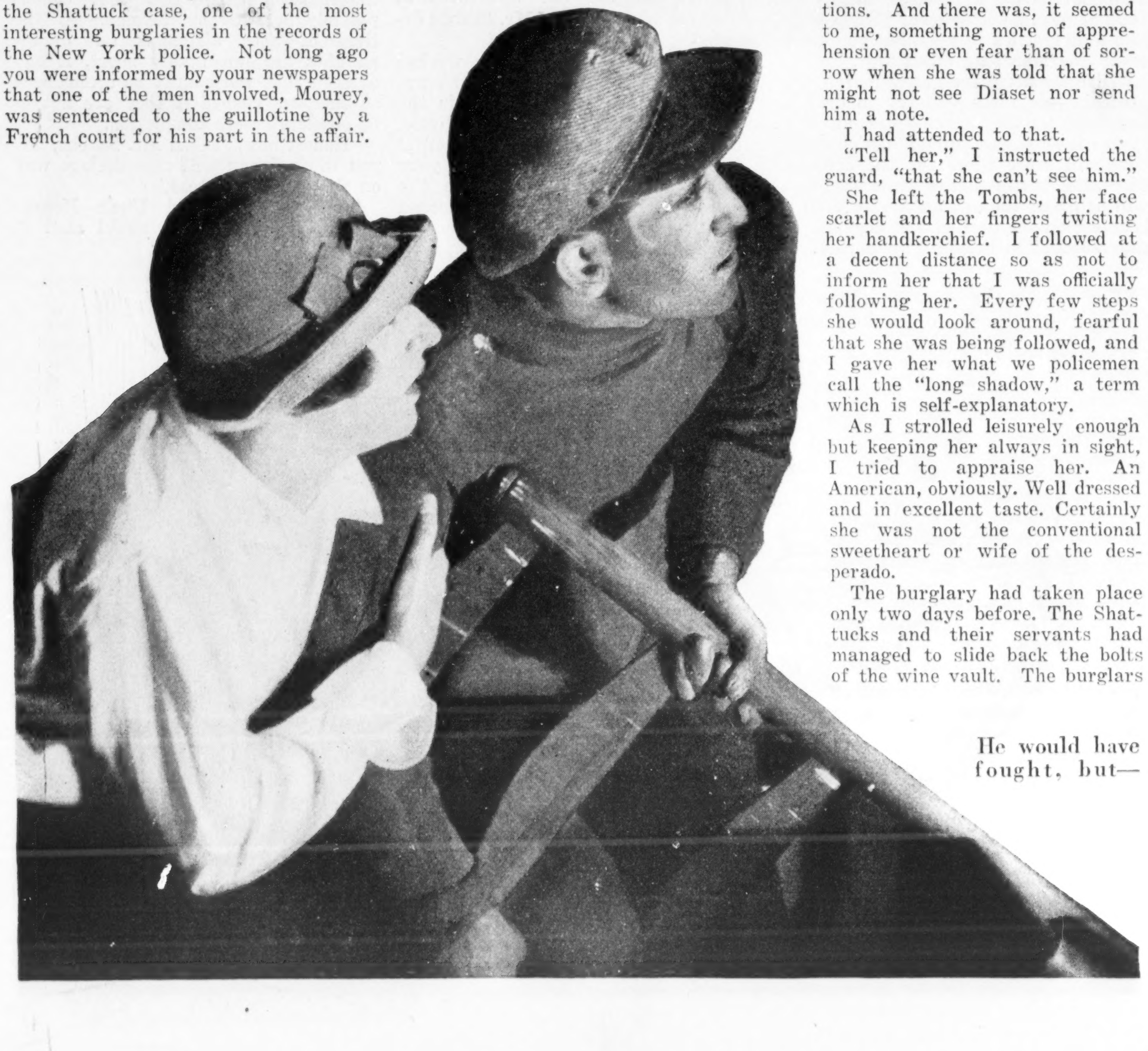


He would have fought, but—

Playing the WAR GAME

Uncle Henry says that croquet rules have been adopted and the penalty for shovin' will be enforced. Outside of chapped lips and ink stains there will be no casualties unless some low-down marine slips a horseshoe into his glove

employed by the defense, will be examined by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, an' unless some low-down marine slips a horseshoe into his glove, there should be no casualties at all outside of sunburn, chapped lips an' ink stains.

"It has been decided to keep both Teddy Roosevelt an' Billy Mitchell in Washington, for there's no hope of silencin' a fort or ship if they're anywhere near at hand. In event that the question of a unified air force comes up at any time, the Army an' the Navy have agreed to protect themselves in the clinches. As gas is not to be used in the campaign, the Senate has not been called to the colors.

"Lord, but I'd love to be there! Although only 5,750 soldiers will be used as a landin' force, each doughboy will carry enough hats, caps an' false whiskers to give the appearance of seven men. By way of deceivin' the defense still further, small boats will make the same number of trips between the ships an' shore as though they were really carryin' 40,250 men. It does seem like a dirty trick to play, but you know what Sherman said about war.

"Directly after the grand march, the attackin' air force will try to drop a doughnut on the church spire, an' if a ringer isn't scored in eighteen chances, that will score three for the defense. Then the battle planes from the fort will be given the air, an' try to drop a beanbag on the deck of the flagship. If they succeed in breakin' up the dance, or throwin' anybody out of step, that's four points.

"After which comes the cavalry charge, generals an' admirals takin' turns tryin' to ride. The one that stays on longest counts for his side. Only an hour for lunch, for war is a grim business, an' they're at it again. Hell breaks loose. The air is thick with dropped stitches an' fallin' arches, an' men caught in croquet wickets are left to save themselves. The loss in spectacle cases mounts higher an' higher, but still the insensate struggle continues.

"'Hey there!' bellows the commander of the attackin' force, wavin' furiously at the general in charge of the forts. 'How many times do you want me to say one-two-three for you? Come on now! You've been dead an hour.'

"'G'wan!' comes back the defiant answer. 'I had my fingers crossed, you big boob.'"

Why We Need a Base

"HOW can you tell who wins in these war games?" Mr. Stubbs demanded.

"Oh, the points have been worked out quite precisely," said Uncle Henry. "Among the things that count in the scorin' are failure to replace divots, runnin' outside the base line, not lettin' a twosome go through, puttin' your ball in position, drivin' before the players ahead have taken the second shot, revokin', unpressed trousers, speakin' to a man who has come up from the ranks, foot faults, an' not knowin' the name of an Egyptian god in two letters.

"Wardrobes are examined to see that all have obeyed the command, 'Right Dress.' Dirty ears, walkin' on the grass, takin' the wrong turn on one-way streets an' tippin' caddies are also things that the referee takes into account.

"What do you mean is it right to waste money that way? We've got to have a naval base in the Pacific, haven't we?

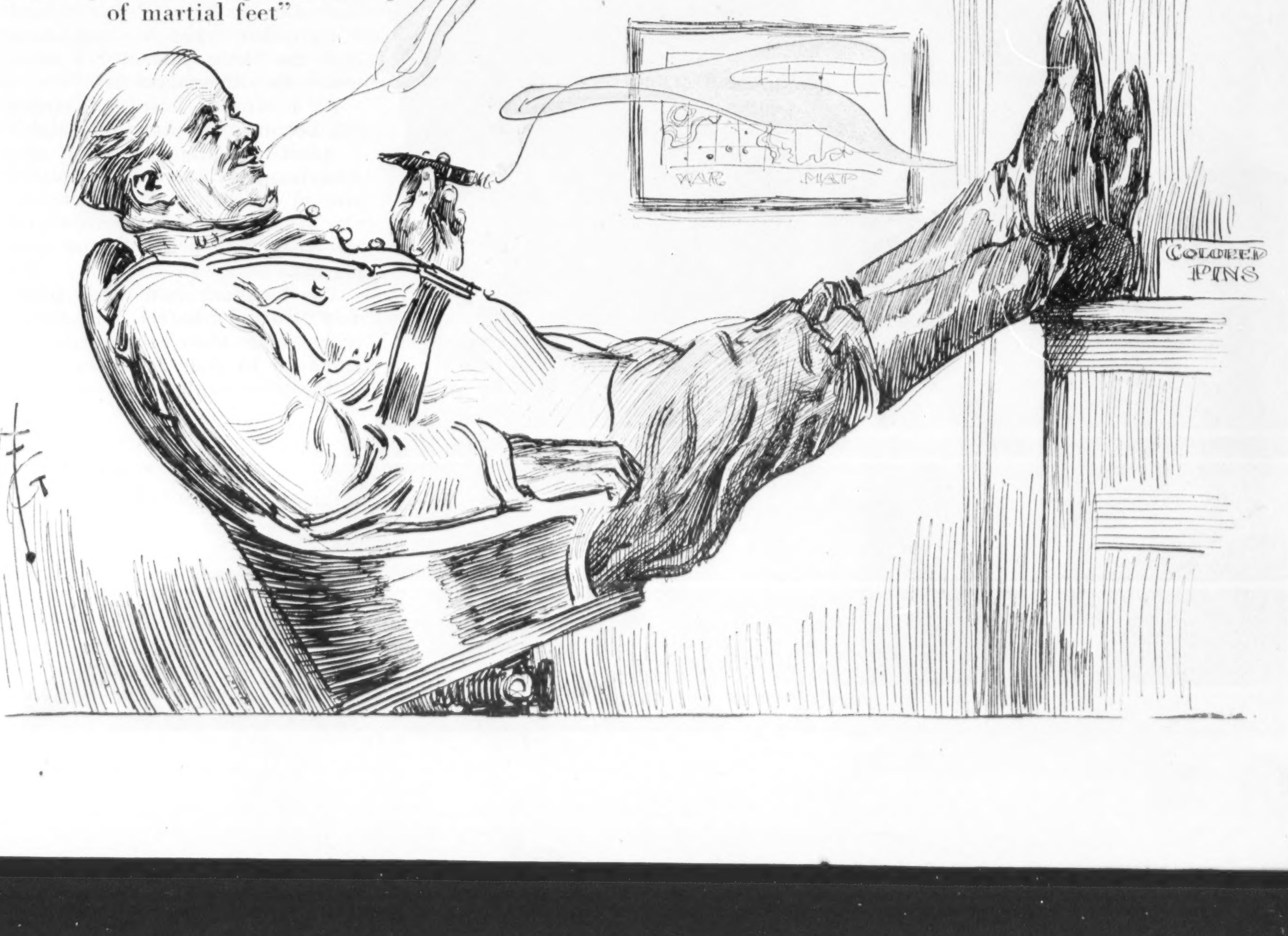
"What's the good of a navy if it hasn't got a base? Where would it give its dances? An' we can't take the islands in at night, can we? Then doesn't it stand to reason that we've got to defend 'em? Now don't go askin' me against whom? I'm not a graduate of the War College.

"The instant need is for thousands of General Mitchell's airships, that cannot possibly be hit by anti-aircraft guns, an' for thousands of Admiral Shoemaker's battleships that cannot possibly be sunk by a bomb. As the lives of both airplanes an' dreadnaughts are lamentably short, it can be seen that work must be commenced at once an' rushed if they are not to be obsolete before completion."

"Honest now," asked Mr. Stubbs, "do you think Japan will ever declare war on the United States?"

"I hope not," said Uncle Henry. "Our people would be awful mad if they ever found it out."

"For weeks the quarter desks of Washington have rung to the tramp of martial feet"



The Apache's

By MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

IN APRIL, 1922, four bandits crept up from the basement of the Shattuck mansion, in New York City, locked the eight inmates of the house in a wine vault, looted the place and departed. The affair was headlined all over America. Mr. Fiaschetti—one of the most successful detectives of recent years—worked on that case; and here he tells of one of the adventures which came out of it. It's the last of this series of true stories in which he describes the most thrilling experiences of his official life.

AS SHE told me later, she was the victim of her active imagination and the false romance of the movies and the vaudeville theatre.

It is probable that she would have avoided the common American gunman as she would disease, but to her the French apache represented something quite different. She had seen the apache dances pictured in the movies and on the stage. She had no way of knowing that the Parisian thug, so romantically labeled, is in no degree a more desirable citizen than the cocaine-sniffing, gun-toting, pocket-picking sneak we call the gangster.

I first saw her in the Tombs and such was her appearance, her manner and her voice that it was clear to me that she was far from the usual run of visitors at the New York county prison. Yet there was a certain hard bravado about her; something which indicated that, right or wrong, she was going to stick to her course.

"What does she want?" I asked the guard at the door to whom she had spoken.

"Wants to see that French crook Diaset—the guy in the Shattuck case."

There was no question then that she held more than passing interest for me. I had that morning been detailed to the Shattuck case, one of the most interesting burglaries in the records of the New York police. Not long ago you were informed by your newspapers that one of the men involved, Mourey, was sentenced to the guillotine by a French court for his part in the affair. There was no murder involved, but that was not the fault of the robbers. And the French law decrees death when burglary is accompanied by murderous intent. However, Mourey's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

It was in April, 1922, that four men hid in the Shattuck mansion in Washington Square and, with non-American patience, lay for twelve hours in the basement, awaiting their opportunity.

They waited until all members of the household—Shattuck, his wife and the six servants—were so concentrated in one or two parts of the house that all could be held up at once and none be left to run to windows or doors to give the alarm.

Swiftly the quartet of burglars bundled the Shattucks and the six servants into an almost air-tight wine vault and locked the door on the outside. There was danger of suffocation—slow suffocation; but an even more ghastly fate promised. If not utterly air-proof, the vault was quite sound-proof. It is easily conceivable that the eight men and women, if not suffocated, might have starved to death in the concrete cubicle.

Fortunately, one of the prisoners happened to know that by manipulating a dime and a small knife blade the bolt on the door might be moved backward from the inside. Mourey had, several years before, been the Shattucks' butler. He had robbed them, then, of some forty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and had gone to jail for it. He knew the Washington Square house. He knew that wine vault.

It was necessary for me to outline the crime before going on with this girl's story. You have now a general idea of the character of the men who were her friends.

No matter what she had looked like, simply because she had come to see Diaset, I should have shadowed her. I too had come to talk to Diaset, but Diaset could wait. He was pretty sure to be in the Tombs whenever I should want him.

But, as I have said, the outward signs of "class" this girl exhibited added to the zest of the case. Clearly she had never been in a similar predicament before. There was that hesitancy in her manner which indicated the amateur in criminal associations. And there was, it seemed to me, something more of apprehension or even fear than of sorrow when she was told that she might not see Diaset nor send him a note.

I had attended to that.

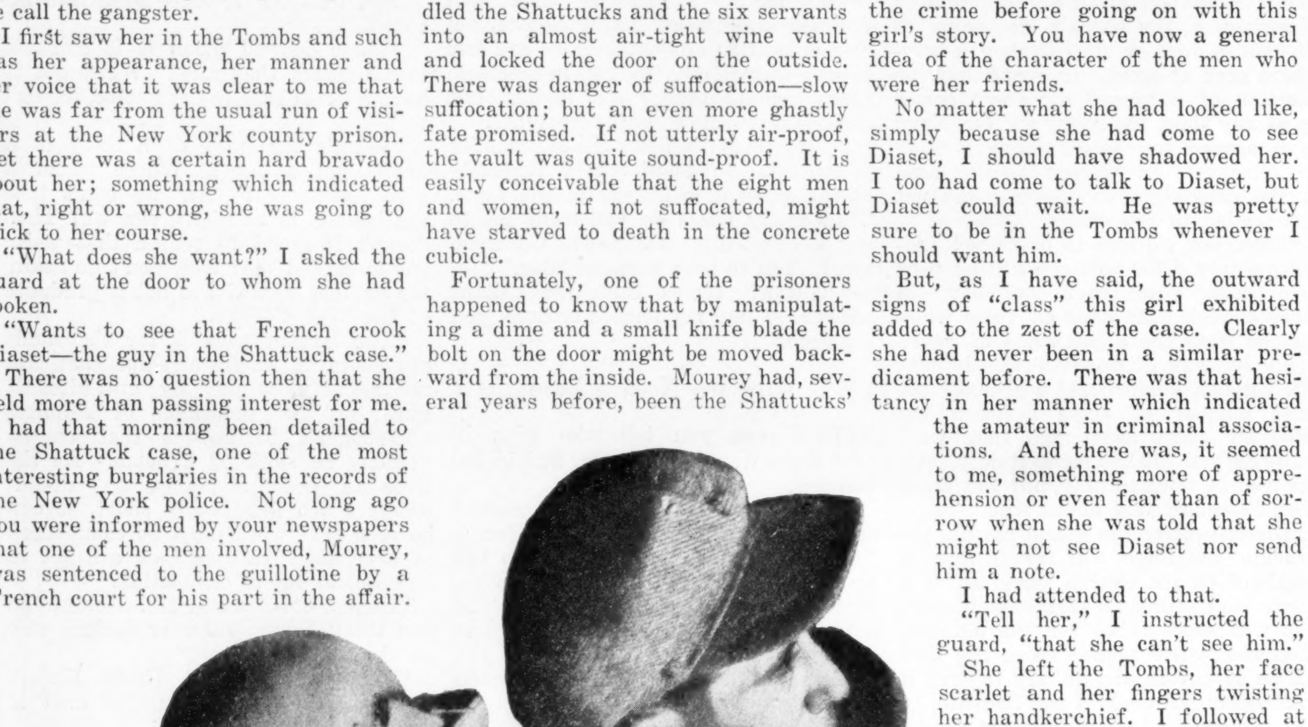
"Tell her," I instructed the guard, "that she can't see him."

She left the Tombs, her face scarlet and her fingers twisting her handkerchief. I followed at a decent distance so as not to inform her that I was officially following her. Every few steps she would look around, fearful that she was being followed, and I gave her what we policemen call the "long shadow," a term which is self-explanatory.

As I strolled leisurely enough but keeping her always in sight, I tried to appraise her. An American, obviously. Well dressed and in excellent taste. Certainly she was not the conventional sweetheart or wife of the desperado.

The burglary had taken place only two days before. The Shattucks and their servants had managed to slide back the bolts of the wine vault. The burglars had heard them when they released themselves and had fled. Only one of the robbers—Diaset—had been captured. And he had told what to us was an obviously false story. He had said that he had been sitting in Washington Square when three strangers had accosted him and forced him to participate in the robbery. I had been sent down to see him with instructions to "break down that fool story of his."

Now Diaset was a poor thing in all ways—a little, undernourished weakling. However, in spite of his seeming weakness, he had clung to his story and loyally had refused to give any hint regarding his confederates—a gangster's way.



He would have fought, but—

She Rises to the Bait

IT DID not seem to me to be reasonable that this fine-looking girl could have tender feelings for the miserable Diaset, although no one learns quicker than the policeman to accept no arbitrary rule where a woman is concerned. She might be a Helen or a Cleopatra and yet be passionately in love with this rat in the Tombs.

Presently she entered a restaurant on Broadway. A couple of minutes later I entered, taking a seat at a table opposite her and frankly staring at her. She returned my gaze for a moment only and then turned away with a fine disdain which only increased my flattering estimate of her.

Near by sat a tall, gaunt man working over a grapefruit, and he too was struck by her looks, for he tried vainly to win her smile. She did not seem to know he was present. Nervously she ordered. She was apparently worried. That much was obvious.

I caught her glance and smiled. She frowned but I noticed that she watched me out of the corners of her eyes. She was, at least, interested. And then I started to work.

I went to her table, to the huge disgust of the cadaverous man at the grapefruit.

"Pardon me," I began, "didn't I see you over at the Tombs a few moments ago."

"Perhaps you did," she replied, regarding me with cool interest. "I was there. I seem to remember seeing you. Are you an official there?"

"No, merely visiting a prisoner."

The girl was far from cordial. Why should she be cordial? Nevertheless hers was an increasing interest and I wore what I hoped was an engaging and disarming smile.

"Yes," I went on, "I thought I saw you and kinda wanted to talk to you. Fellow I know is in there for a big haul. I work with a lawyer who has a great many important cases. I have a couple

MOLL

of good friends in the warden's office." I tried to put wise inference in my words. The bait was acceptable and she was rising to it.

"I wanted to see a man," she said, "but they wouldn't let me."

"What's he in for?"

"He's Eugene Diaset."

"Who?"

"Eugene Diaset. Haven't you read the papers? They've got him in the Shattuck case. The robbers forced him to help them."

"Oh, yes. But listen, my dear young lady, you don't understand how this game works. You can't get anything unless you know people. Now I can have anything I want in the Tombs. Joe and Oscar are good fellows and they just about run the place. The warden too. One of my best friends. What you need is influence—pull. Then you get what you want."

I Play the Clod

SHE surrendered. She lost her formal attitude. There was something pathetic in her eyes. Yet she continued to weigh me, although not so unfriendly. Perhaps she took me for what I was trying to pose as—a district leader. In a manner of speaking, I let her have more line. One does not yank at a trout or bass the moment it takes the hook.

"Yes," I went on easily, "I know all the big fellows—got all sorts of friends in the district attorney's office and I've got the run of police headquarters. Commissioner Enright—everybody. It's simple if you know the ropes."

"Could you fix it so that—so that I could see Diaset?"

"Sure. You can see him if the thing is done right."

"What do you mean?"

"I like you. I like your looks. You're different from the girls I usually meet. Sure, I'll fix it for you. What do you want? To get a note to him right away?"

Of course this was frank, clumsy flirting; but that is precisely what I had planned. As I had sized the girl up it was my cue to let her think that I was a fool, but a valuable fool. I was going to fall in love with her and permit her to kid me along into doing what I could for her. And as she was doing that I would learn many things. I gave her a fountain pen.

"Dear Eugene," she wrote: *"Don't let anybody frighten you. Stick to your story. You are innocent of any wrong. Everything will be all right. Love from all. Yours, Lina."*

I read the note and made some fatuous remark about being almost sorry I wasn't Eugene. She regarded me closely and I think I detected a little disgust in her eyes—disgust that she should have to stand for such familiarities to accomplish her purpose. However, she smiled sweetly as I took the letter.

"All right, Lina," I said. "I'll see that he gets it. How about meeting me at the Hotel Astor at seven? I'll have an answer for you."

She agreed, not because she wanted to meet me at the Astor or elsewhere, but it was important to her that she get Diaset's reply.

I took her to a taxicab, held her hand a little, blundered in my compliments. She smiled understandingly. I looked up and down the street.

"I want to be sure," I explained, "that nobody is following you."

"Oh, I'm sure there isn't," she cried. "I made sure of that when I left the Tombs." A brave, clever girl!

In another cab I followed her home. She lived in an expensive apartment house. I talked to the janitor about her, mentioning merely that I had seen her enter and that she was such a fine-looking girl. He agreed with me that she was nice looking. Her parents were prosperous, cultured people.

"A fine, well-behaved girl," the janitor said. "But she is not as happy as she used to be, for some reason. She used to laugh all the time. She seems quieter now."

She was waiting for me at seven.

She had come prepared to play the game for what it was worth—to her. I was the simpleton who was to be used for all he was worth and at the same time, under skillful handling, kept in his place. But she was charming. A lithe creature in silver and black. A silvery frock which showed her youthful figure. Silvery stockings and shoes. A black mantilla over her shoulders. Her hair done high and topped with a pointed comb. Her eyes, cheeks and lips heavily done up. I'm afraid I'm clumsy at such description, but please believe me that she was wholly entrancing.

And I, poor, thick clod, was to be victimized. I in my unconventional business clothes was to be sacrificed to the game my charming lady wished to play. We went to a cabaret where we ordered wine and supper. I handed her Diaset's reply and she was almost beside herself with happiness. Or was it happiness? It lacked spontaneity.

But, when she recognized Diaset's handwriting, all the suspicion she may have had of me vanished. Thereafter it was for me merely to play my poor cards well—not overplay them.

"Lina, Lina," I groaned, taking her hand, "I'll do anything for you. What do you want? To see this fellow tomorrow?"

"I'd—oh, I'd like to," she breathed. And her eyes sparkled. It was too much. She was in wonderful luck. What a stroke of good fortune, to have this political heeler fall into her net so easily!

I took her to a telephone booth and as she listened I rang the Tombs.

"Listen," I said, "this is Jimmy. I want you to do me a big favor. A friend of mine wants to see this guy Diaset in the morning. See? She is a friend of his. See that she gets to him. See? Wait a minute."

"Here, Lina," I said, handing her the receiver, "you take his reply."

Holding Something Back?

THERE were times, later, when I wondered whether she felt just a little sorry for me. Even if I weren't the Valentino she might have desired, certainly she must have been a little flattered by my adulation. I was her slave.

We danced, but she was impatient. The music had hardly stopped when she said that she must be excused for a moment. I told her I hated to let her go. She laughed at my jealous protests. I had a waiter follow her. He reported back that she was telephoning. She was distraught when she returned. Her feet beat time to the music, yet she wouldn't dance.

"Listen, please," she said nervously, "do you think they'll let him go? Do you—can you—"

"Who? Diaset? Well, if it's handled right."

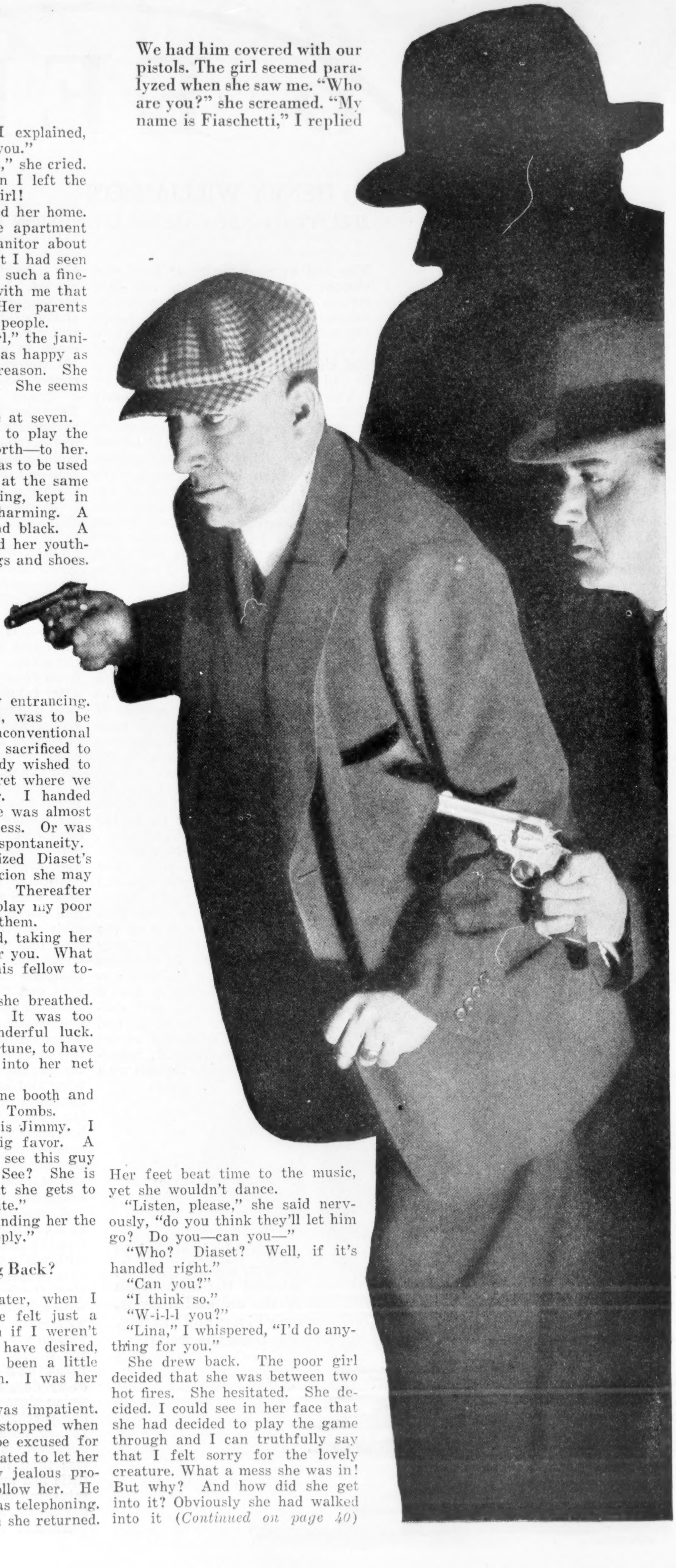
"Can you?"

"I think so."

"W-i-l-l you?"

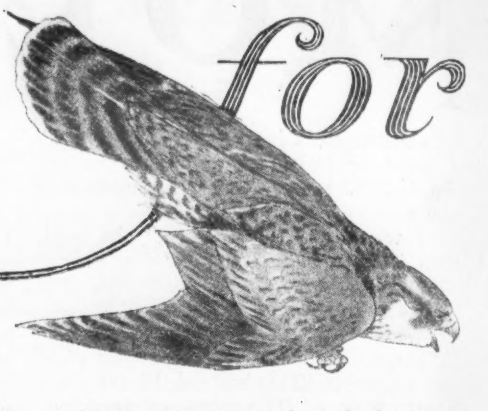
"Lina," I whispered, "I'd do anything for you."

She drew back. The poor girl decided that she was between two hot fires. She hesitated. She decided. I could see in her face that she had decided to play the game through and I can truthfully say that I felt sorry for the lovely creature. What a mess she was in! But why? And how did she get into it? Obviously she had walked into it (*Continued on page 40*)



We had him covered with our pistols. The girl seemed paralyzed when she saw me. "Who are you?" she screamed. "My name is Fiaschetti," I replied

No EEL for

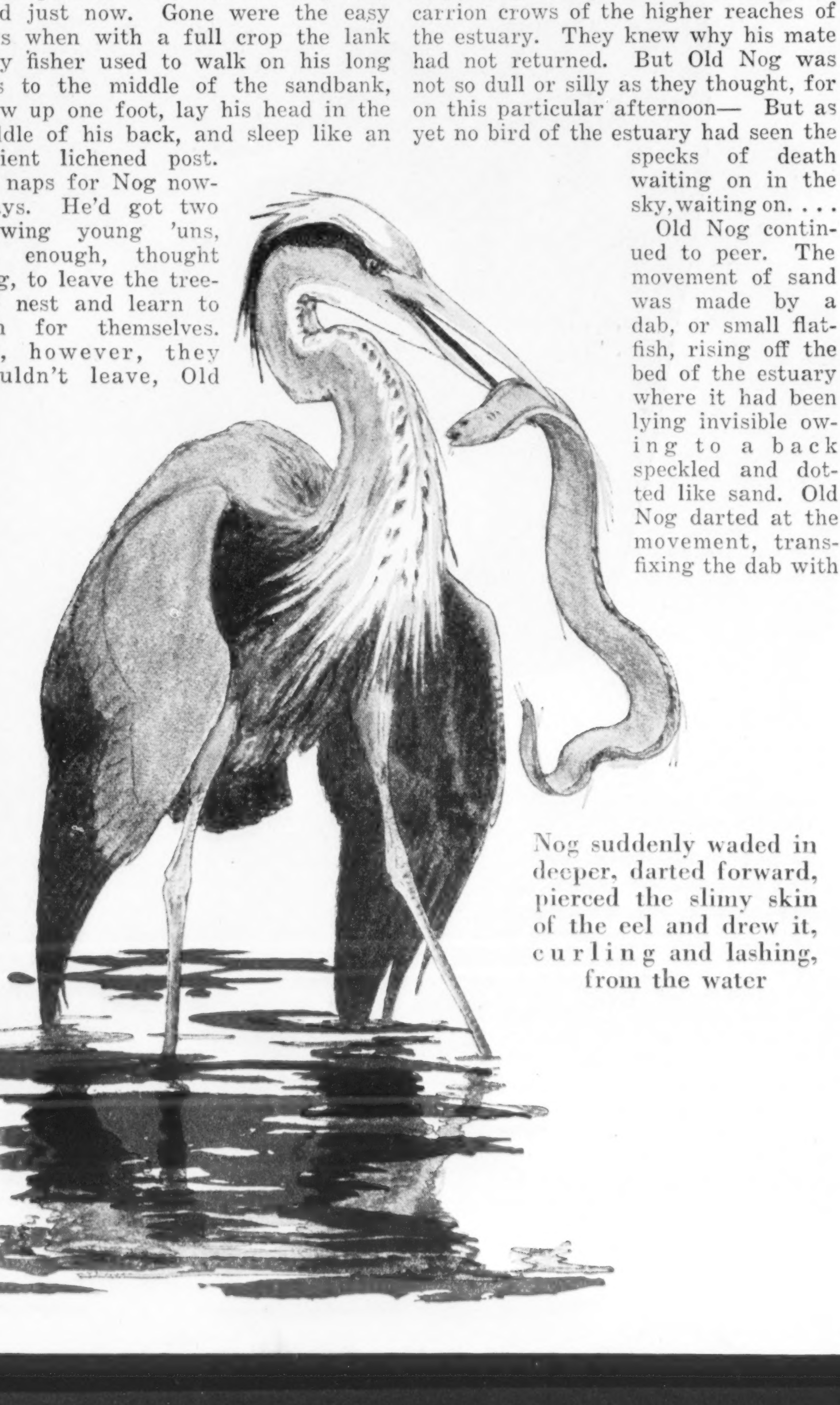


By HENRY WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ON a certain afternoon in the early spring a solitary heron was standing on an islet in the estuary near the overturned hulk of a gravel barge. The islet was formed of sand lodging against a tree uprooted in winter floods and partly reburied by the lapse and flow of a hundred salt-water tides. He had flown there from the heronry in the oak wood four miles away, and a strong east wind had swept him forward with hardly a thrust of his broad vanes. He was Old Nog, and for a living he speared fish with a long, sharp, dusky beak.

The poor old bird was working very hard just now. Gone were the easy days when with a full crop the lank gray fisher used to walk on his long legs to the middle of the sandbank, draw up one foot, lay his head in the middle of his back, and sleep like an ancient lichened post. No naps for Nog nowadays. He'd got two growing young 'uns, old enough, thought Nog, to leave the treetop nest and learn to fish for themselves. As, however, they wouldn't leave, Old Nog had to work thrice as hard, for, unknown to him, his mate had been struck down and killed by peregrine falcons a week ago as she was spearing her seven-hundredth yearling in a trout farm. He missed her very much, and since the moon had grown bright he had fished all night, being so hungry.



Nog suddenly waded in deeper, darted forward, pierced the slimy skin of the eel and drew it, curling and lashing, from the water

The tide on this afternoon was nearly slack, and he peered keenly at the water in which he was wading to his knee joints. The little light-colored eyes saw a disturbance of sand grains, the narrow head peered forward, while the wind stirred black plumes on the long neck that was scarcely thicker than his spindle-shanks. Many times he had been angered to see a wriggling and doleful specimen of a heron looking at himself out of the water. It had blue-gray plumage, streaked with black, and white in parts. Old Nog threatened it many times a day for coming on his island when it too had held out its ragged wings, danced on tottery legs and opened its beak. Fancy not knowing it was himself! A dull old bird, a silly old grieving bird, so thought the carrion crows of the higher reaches of the estuary. They knew why his mate had not returned. But Old Nog was not so dull or silly as they thought, for on this particular afternoon— But as yet no bird of the estuary had seen the specks of death waiting on in the sky, waiting on. . . .

Old Nog continued to peer. The movement of sand was made by a dab, or small flatfish, rising off the bed of the estuary where it had been lying invisible owing to a back speckled and dotted like sand. Old Nog darted at the movement, transfixing the dab with the two tips of his beak just opened. Lifting it, he threw it on his tongue and swallowed it with a shake of his head that scattered the water out of his eyes. Another movement, in water deeper by two inches. He waded on stiltlike legs, green as rushes, peered low, struck with hardly a splash and swallowed a shrimp. Thus he fished for several minutes, taking many dabs and shrimps, until five herring gulls, which had been patrolling the tide line, looking for carrion or fish, alighted on the water near the heron and paddled around the tree. None dared to swim near that spear of a beak.

OLD NOG had many fishing places in the mud creeks and dikes of the low marsh-land country of the Two Rivers estuary. He visited them one after another, beginning at dawn. Sometimes in moonlight he fished all night, when his harsh cry would come down from the stars. This afternoon he had just flown from the duck ponds a mile away, after taking a rainbow trout, a frog, a rat, a beetle and a duckling. The keeper had tried to stalk him, but the old heron had been standing where he could see approach of man beyond gunshot range.

The gulls paddled around the islet, ignored by Old Nog. At the tide line of the muddy shore four yards away a curlew was walking, thrusting a curved, delicate bill into craters small as pennies, drawing out worms that lay beneath and swallowing them without a jerk, with head still lowered. Neither gull nor heron, with their proportionately shorter beaks, could suck up the food like this. Every time the heron struck and withdrew with a head shake the gulls watched, lest the beak lose its grip and fling its prey aside. Every time the curlew bowed, keen and pale eyes watched for sight of wriggling worm. A blackpoll gull was near her when this happened and ran to steal it; the curlew lifted her brown freckled wing and ran, uttering a trill of notes ascending in scale. From the beak of the gull a raucous scream came, and he ran after the curlew, but when he reached her the worm was swallowed. His ferocious attitude fell from him, and both birds went on with the peaceful search for food.

A small bird piped a shrill *peet-peet* as it flew across the river to the islet. It was the size of a sparrow, but sturdier, with white throat, black beak, rich auburn breast, wings and back a greenish-blue, the head and neck being barred with brilliant azure. To the tree it flew with quick flutters, perching with pink feet on a weed-hung twig. It gazed at the water, being a kingfisher, and it fished the higher reaches of the estuary every day, as regularly as the heron, flying zigzag from bank to bank, from one perching rock or twig to another. It saw nothing and, restlessly piping *peet-peet*, it flew away, and had gone less than fifty yards when it saw a little fish and splashed into the water, returning to the tree to kill and swallow its catch.

Another bird was fishing near, like a large scarecrow of a duck turned pirate, black as coal with a greenish sheen on its oily feathers. Its beak was as long as the beak of Old Nog, only black, and hooked at the top. It was Oylegrin, the shag, one of the pelican family. He paddled with black webbed feet in deeper water, and every minute he bobbed his head, tipped up and swam to the river bed. Looking up with his green eyes, he could see any fish swimming over him as a shape shown up by the quicksilvery surface. In one of his underwater swims, as he thrust along with strong pushes, his neck stretched out, he spied an eel and opened his beak. The eel was near the islet, and as Oylegrin snapped at its tail Old Nog—he had suddenly waded into deeper water—darted his neck forward and speared. So swift the judgment, so precise the angle of striking, that the points pierced the slimy skin of the eel and drew it, curling and lashing, from the water.

Observing the eel, the five herring gulls screamed and beat their wings to arise and fly about the heron. Out of the water bobbed the head of the shag, and the tail was seized in the hook tip. The kingfisher flew up-estuary, the curlew walked away, for she was a gentle bird, a lover of water-murmurous solitude, disliking the wrangling of gulls. From the spear tip of the heron's beak the eel was pulled by Oylegrin, but it dropped into six inches of water, to be gripped by the sharp edges of the shag's black mandibles before it had time to writhe in one curl. Spray was beaten by the big black wings immediately, for Nog speared the eel again. Shag tried to swallow it, his green eye fierce and the crest of feathers on his brow risen with fury. He threatened, with a greasy mutter in his throat, while two beachcombing crows flew from over the water to see what might be doing for themselves. They perched on the hulk and waited: eel, wounded heron, maimed shag—and what might be in their crops—anything and everything, dead or alive, was food for crows.

OLD NOG got the eel again, but before he could throw it up and gulp into a crop already laden (for he had two hungry sons in a treetop nest four miles up-wind) Oylegrin, the shag, had gripped the tail end. The spearing and buffeting and nipping soon killed the eel, although its nerves continued to twitch and flick in death.

While the birds were struggling, neither managing to swallow the eel, something was seen by the gulls and crows, and the two were left alone. *Krok-krok-krok* said one of the crows, and they were gone from the hulk, beating wings faster than usual as they fled silently over the water to oak trees on the bank. With a gabbling cry, one of the herring gulls made off, followed by four others and the smaller blackpoll. Oylegrin, the shag, at the verge of the scratched and spurred sand of the islet, wary for the stroke of the heron's spear tip, suddenly turned away and vanished under

NOG

a bulging water ring. From this ring ripples spread out and disappeared in the frothy tops of wavelets. Oylegrin bobbed up fifty yards away, breathed, took a glance skyward, bobbed under. Beside a stone crouched the curlew, head to wind, immobile and colored as the stone. Only the heron had not seen what the others had seen.

Old Nog picked up the eel, and after many tosses and jerks it joined the duckling, the beetle, the rainbow trout, the frog and the rat. Then, leisurely spreading his gray vanes, he jumped into the wind, tucked a scraggy neck between shoulders, stretched out his long, thin legs behind him, and beat toward the heronry, four miles away. Half a mile above him, steady on pitches in the wind, three birds, sharp in outline like specks of slate, were watching him and waiting on.

THEY were Chakcheks, peregrine falcons of an ancient and noble Devon house. A Chakchek had surveyed the Battle of Trafalgar. One was in Ypres during the first bombardment. A Chakchek was hunting the airways of the Two Rivers estuary as the ships went over the bar to meet the Armada; centuries before, when Phœnicians first came to trade; long, long before, when moose roamed in the forest which now is gone under the sand, drowned by the sea.

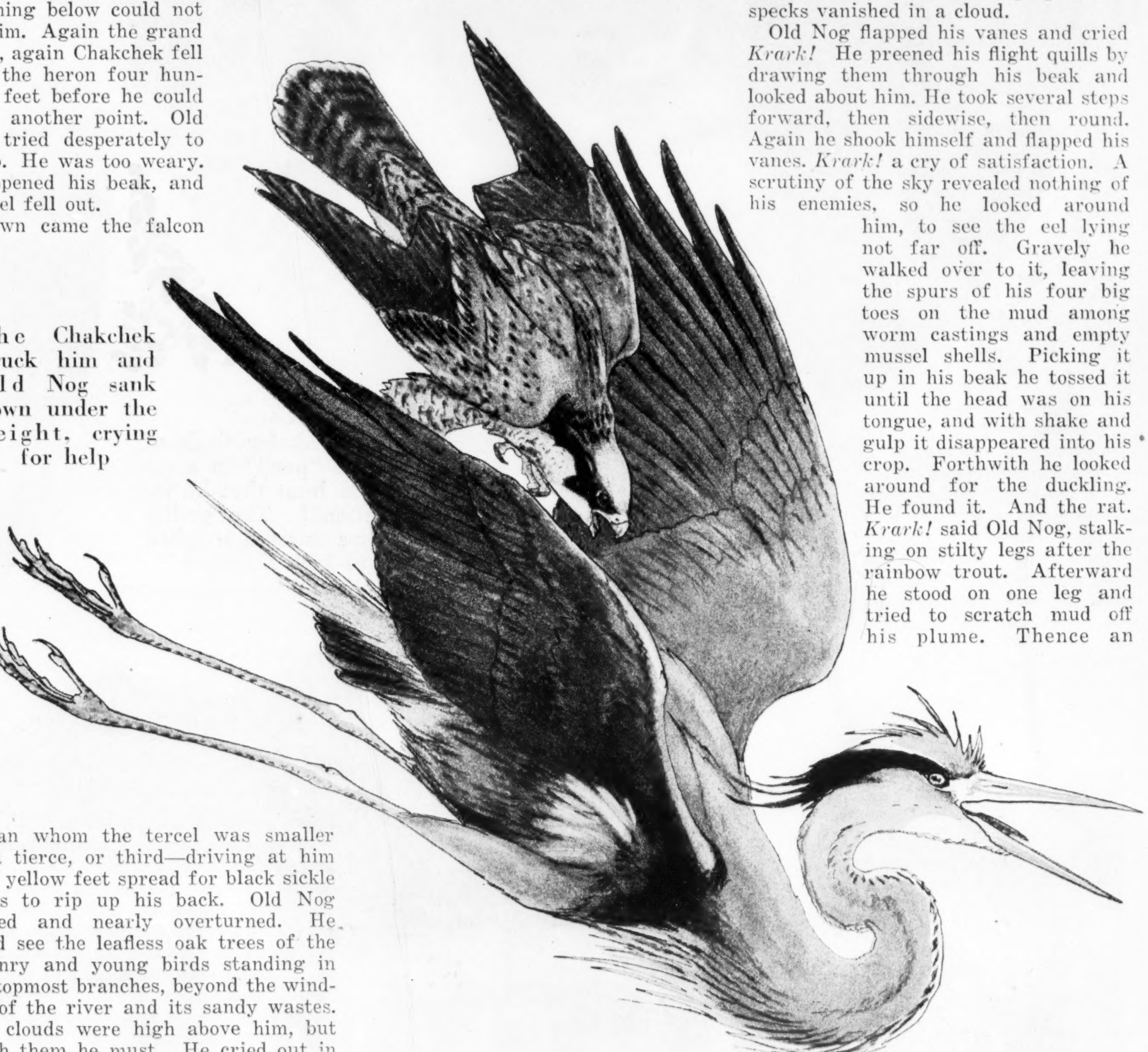
They were Chakcheks, father and mother and son—tercel and falcon and a young male bird of immature plumage, a lanner hatched and reared less than a year before, in the month of May. There had been two daughters. One hunted in Scotland with a mate; the other had been shot off the coasts of Florida. Chakcheks have wandered from Spitzbergen to Samoa; they are free of the winds of the world, and they attack eagles. No man knows where the old birds go to die; for there are no old Chakcheks. They die young, beloved of their god. Noble they are, of lineage as ancient as the first gods of man, and their god is older, being Altair in the constellation of Aquila, a night sun with gold-flickering wings.

The wind of early spring blew cold at a thousand feet, but the peregrines, one above and beyond the other, felt neither heat nor cold. Their feathers were tight against bodies—slaty-blue of back and white of breast, thinly barred black, the parent birds; dark brown of back and dingy white of breast, streaked brown, the son and heir to the eyrie on Bone Ledge. Their beaks were short and curved, with yellow skin around the base, and their eyes were full, liquid and dark, steadfast with an untamable hauteur, eyes which saw many times as keenly as man.

The wind did not rock them. They were as though fixed in the sky. They waited on. They saw the gulls, the shag, the crows. These slunk away, and the lank gray bird launched himself. He had gone two hundred vane flaps when the tercel turned on his side and slipped from his pitch; with beak to earth he beat his wings ten times, then closed them. The falcon followed, and the lanner. The triple-cut air whined as though in complaint.

Old Nog saw the tercel falling upon him, and shifted with violent flaps, and Chakchek dropped below him. Two seconds later the falcon swished past him, and the lanner followed so quickly that he was struck at an elbow joint, and feathers were struck away. He cried *Krark,* and as the three made their points—shooting up perpendicularly with the impetus—the heron climbed, swinging round with the wind and making ring after ring. In long spiral curves he mounted toward the clouds, but ring after ring the peregrines made also, rushing down-wind for half a mile and tearing round in a great banking circle that shot them up hundreds of feet. Chakchek mounted to his pitch above, at such a height that a man watching below could not see him. Again the grand stoop, again Chakchek fell past the heron four hundred feet before he could make another point. Old Nog tried desperately to climb. He was too weary. He opened his beak, and the eel fell out.

Down came the falcon—than whom the tercel was smaller by a tierce, or third—driving at him with yellow feet spread for black sickle claws to rip up his back. Old Nog rocked and nearly overturned. He could see the leafless oak trees of the heronry and young birds standing in the topmost branches, beyond the winding of the river and its sandy wastes. The clouds were high above him, but reach them he must. He cried out in his fear as the lanner fell upon him, and dabs, the rat and the rainbow trout followed the eel. The tercel was ringing again, climbing three yards to the heron's one, level but distant half a mile up-wind at one moment, two hundred yards over and passing down-wind at a hundred miles an hour a few seconds afterward, and three minutes later almost out of sight. *Krark-krark* cried Old Nog dolefully and breathing fast with his efforts. Tercel poised in his pitch for a grand stoop, his eyes fixed on the laboring expanse of wings, every nerve and sinew tightened for the downward drive at two hundred miles an hour. He waited, his pinions crooking back, with nervous false starts, many times in the ten seconds during which he was poised. *Aik, aik,* he saw the line, tipped up sideways, beat a dozen swift strokes, closed pinions, pressed every feather into a taut and quivering body, and stooped. The rush of air against his eyes was so keen and hard that he blinked the third eyelids over the dark orbs, so that he saw but dimly. Larger and larger grew the heron, and Chakchek's eyes became clear and brown; he held his breath for the impact and spread his claws—*whish!* he had passed Old Nog. The heron escaped by a falling spin, losing in ten seconds the height he had gained by two minutes' ringing. Down fell duckling, frog and beetle. He recovered his balance in time to avoid the falcon's stoop, but the lanner, pressing hard behind his mother hit him between the shoulders. Old Nog tumbled and abandoned hope of climbing above his enemies. He was flustered and shaken, and began to flap wildly in the direction of the heronry. No other birds were visible in the air. He cried out in his helplessness, and the third *Krark* ended abruptly, for Chakchek had made his point above him and stooped so surely that he struck him and bound to the gray back with his claws. Down came falcon and lanner, giving him two more tremendous jolts, and Old Nog sank down under the weight, crying for help.



The Chakchek struck him and Old Nog sank down under the weight, crying for help

All four fell on a mudbank near the eel, and the blow knocked the heron feeble. Immediately falcon and tercel began to rip with their beaks, and the lanner flew at the head. Old Nog lifted a muddy spear and stabbed so swift and true that he shattered an eye of the young peregrine. Chattering with pain, the lanner flew up as Old Nog, regaining his strength, jumped up on tottery legs and faced the pair with vanes held around him like shields. Every feather on his throat and breast was muddy, and a froth of blood was on his beak. In the ragged tent of his wings he stood gray and anxious and lank, holding up a crimsoning spear. The tercel uttered the ringing cry of his race, *Chak-chek-chak,* and dashed at him, to swerve as the spear flashed at his throat. Up-wind flew the falcon and cut down at Nog, followed by the wounded lanner, whose hind claws nearly ripped open the narrow skull. Swoop after swoop Old Nog met with a stab, and then they flew away.

BUT the heron waited, crouched in the mud, his head trembling between narrow shoulders, gazing fixedly at the sky. He watched the three birds cutting circles high and higher, further and further away, where the wind had torn wisps of mist from the cloud-laden wains of sky. The heron watched the specks slipping down-wind, swinging round, and the specks gave out a minute flicking as the peregrines climbed up against the wind. Minute after minute Old Nog stood in his tent, taking counsel with himself, his spear upright. The specks vanished in a cloud.

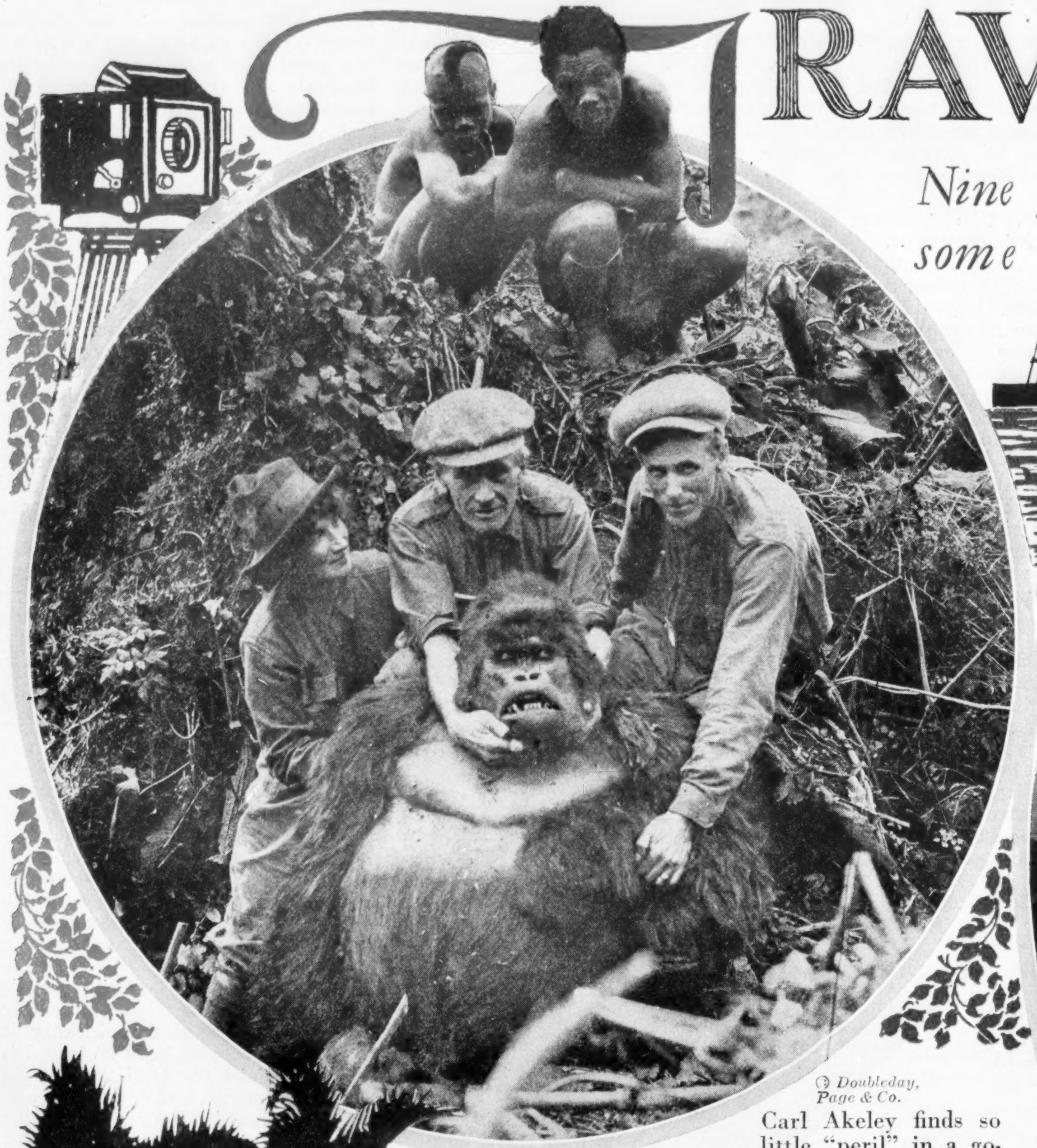
Old Nog flapped his vanes and cried *Krark!* He preened his flight quills by drawing them through his beak and looked about him. He took several steps forward, then sidewise, then round. Again he shook himself and flapped his vanes. *Krark!* a cry of satisfaction. A scrutiny of the sky revealed nothing of his enemies, so he looked around him, to see the eel lying not far off. Gravely he walked over to it, leaving the spurs of his four big toes on the mud among worm castings and empty mussel shells. Picking it up in his beak he tossed it until the head was on his tongue, and with shake and gulp it disappeared into his crop. Forthwith he looked around for the duckling. He found it. And the rat. *Krark!* said Old Nog, stalking on stilty legs after the rainbow trout. Afterward he stood on one leg and tried to scratch mud off his plume. Thence an amble to a water-filled creek, where he watched for dab and shrimp. They had ceased feeding and were invisible. He climbed out of the creek and launched himself homeward.

He had flown, stiffly and laboriously, about half the way to the heronry when the three Chakcheks, that had never lost sight of him, poised themselves five miles away, at a height of two miles, half closed pinions and shot down an incline at nearly twice flying speed. Their wings made the shape of an anchor-head with shortened shank and crooked flukes. The pain of a shattered eye went from the lanner in jubilation of

(*Continued on page 37*)

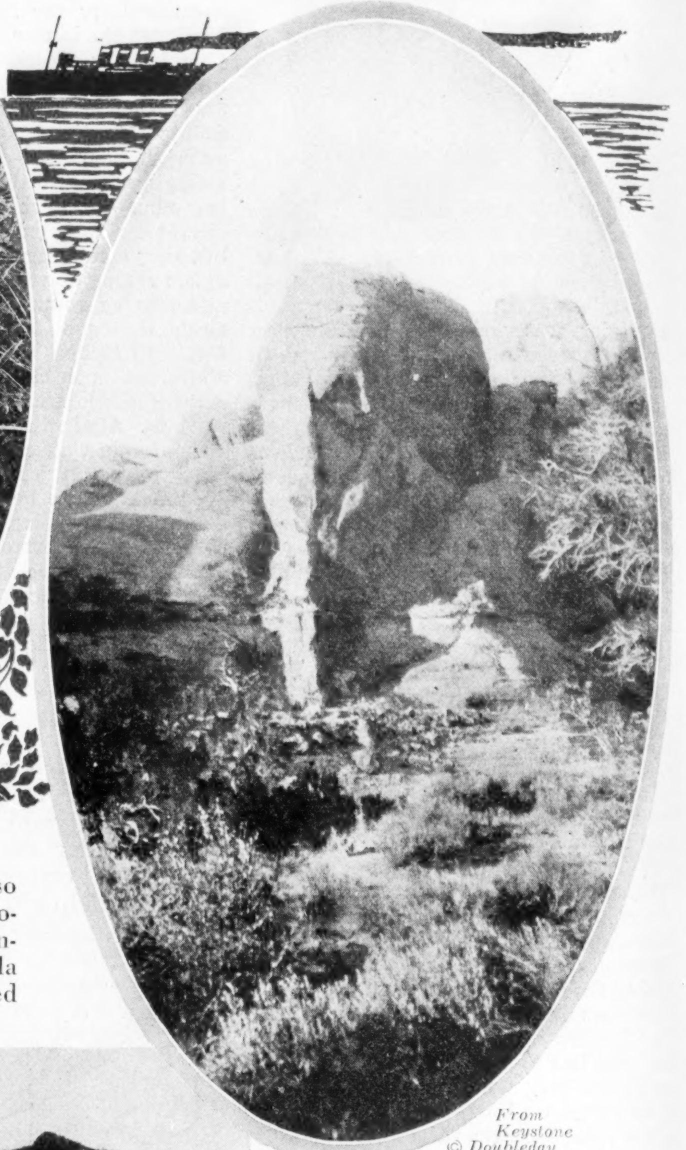
TRAVELERS'

Nine famous wanderers exhibit some "bags" of their cameras



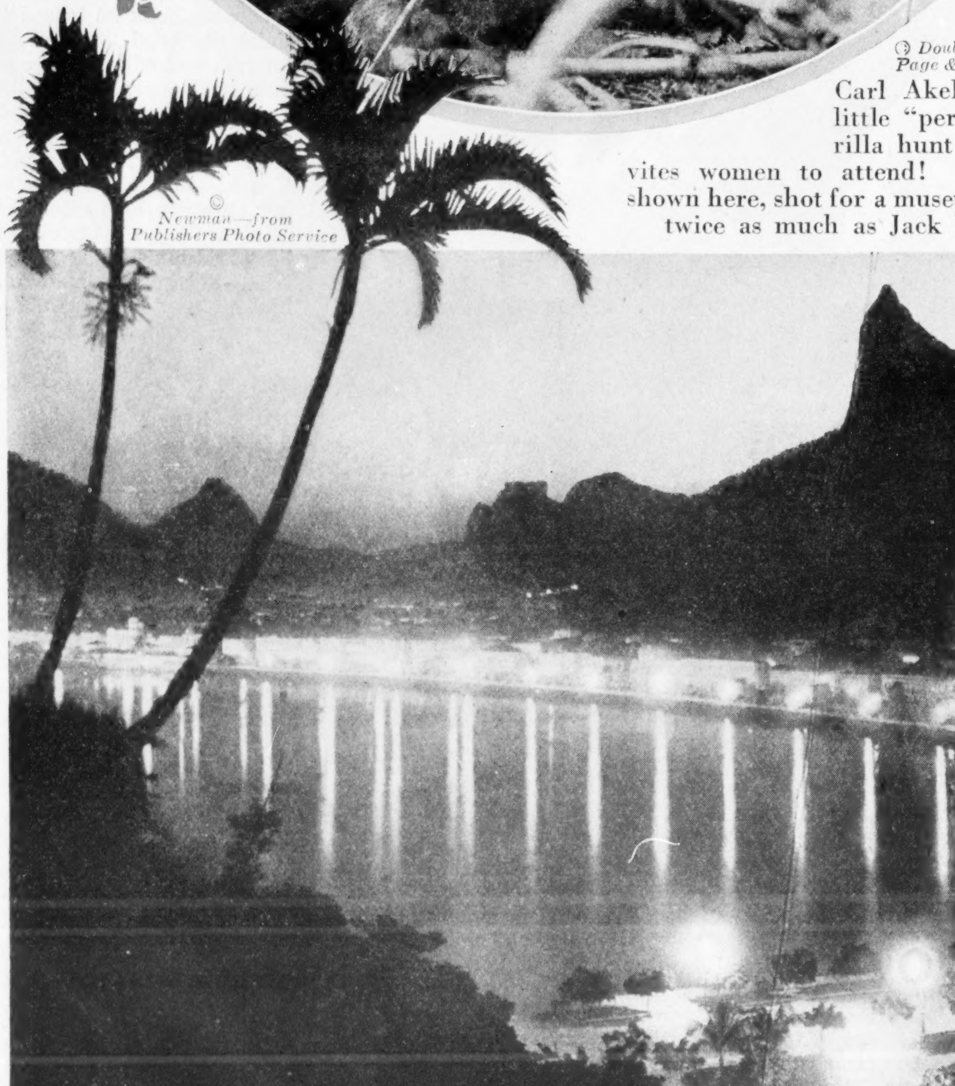
© Doubleday, Page & Co.

Carl Akeley finds so little "peril" in a gorilla hunt that he invites women to attend! The gorilla shown here, shot for a museum, weighed twice as much as Jack Dempsey

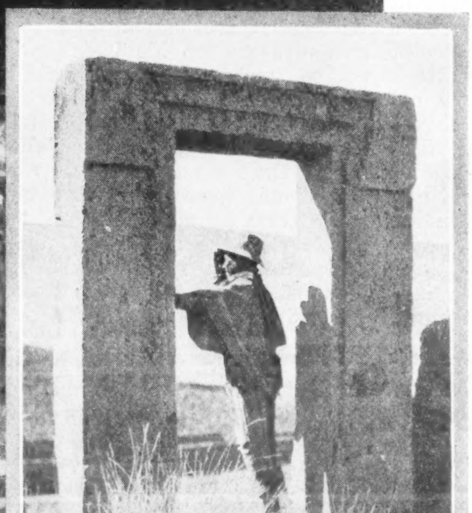


From Keystone © Doubleday, Page & Co.

This curio-snapshot of a herd of mammoth stone elephants in Utah is by Charles L. Bernheimer—a New York merchant whose hobby is to "explore America first" and who delights most of all in discovering remote corners of the Southwest



© Newman—from Publishers Photo Service



© Galloway

Tokens are these trophies at the left of the newest and oldest of South American civilizations. Among the ruins of a pre-Inca city at Tiahuanaca, Bolivia, C. L. Chester found this arch, carved centuries ago from a single block of stone. As a striking contrast, E. M. Newman presents his night photograph of the famous harbor of Rio de Janeiro—one of the most modern communities in all the world: a new capital which now rivals Paris for the title of "city of bright light"

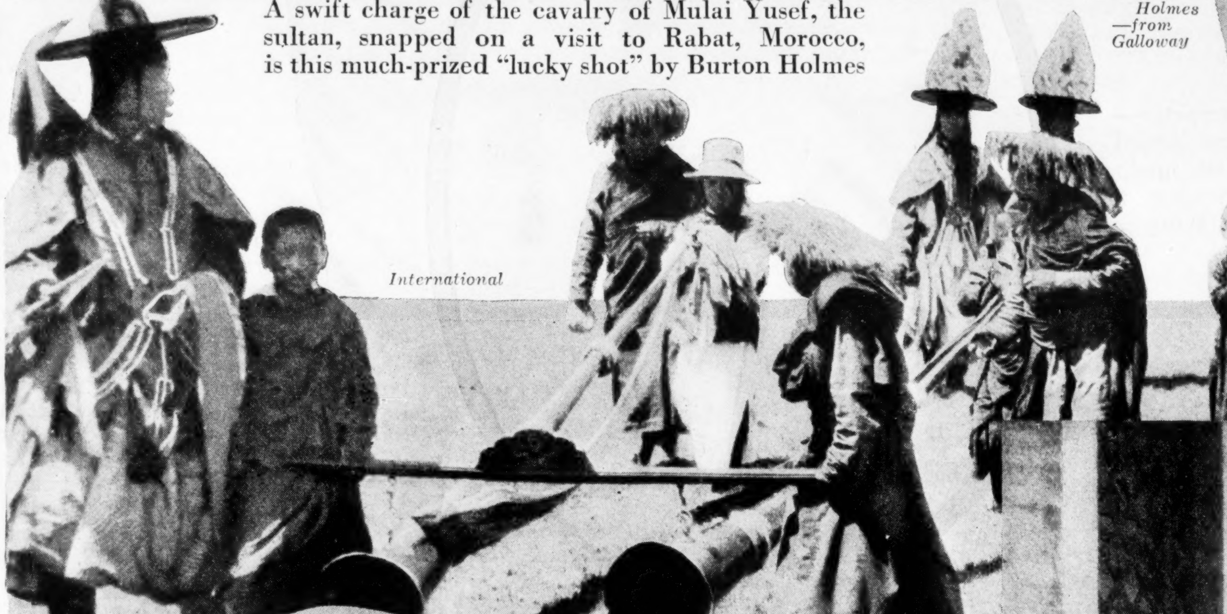
TROPHIES

A swift charge of the cavalry of Mulai Yusef, the sultan, snapped on a visit to Rabat, Morocco, is this much-prized "lucky shot" by Burton Holmes

Holmes —from Galloway

© G. P. Putnam's Sons

In Galápagos, William Beebe found this iguana, five feet long, a sea survivor of the Age of Reptiles



International

Ariel Varges, roving cameraman of the newsreel, snapped one of his best "souvenirs" on the plains of inner Mongolia—these lamas in full-dress millinery heralding with enormous trumpets the festival of Buddhist Lent

Franck—from Galloway

Harry A. Franck, globe-trotting vagabond, had trekked 2,500 miles inland in southern China when he came upon this colossal head of Buddha, deep in a jungle, topped with a living green wig of foliage

Arnold Genthe

You might guess that the picture at the right was taken in Eternal Rome. But Arnold Genthe found it nearer home: in Jackson Square, New Orleans. Much "old romance" still lingers here; enough, he found, to fill a book

The BIG 3 of the MOUND

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

It was character—plus a much-used brain—that made Mathewson a Mound King

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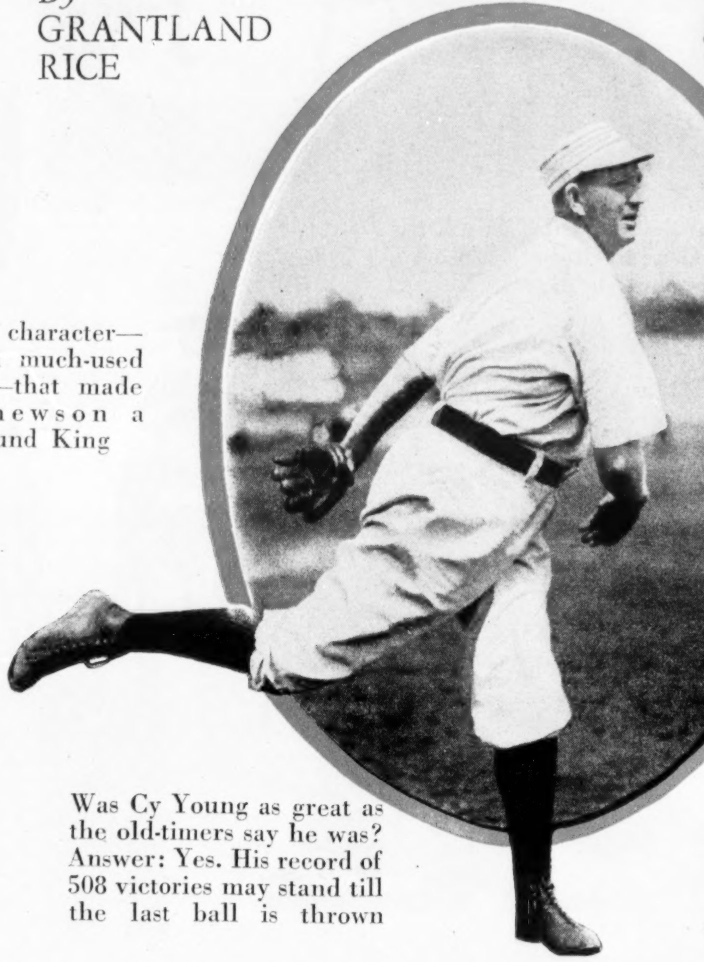

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As the parade moves by from other and earlier years it includes Hoss Radbourne, Toad Ramsay, John Montgomery Ward, Amos Rusie, Cy Young, Kid Nicholls, Jack Chesbro, Rube Waddell, Iron Man McGinnity, Christy Mathewson, Miner Brown, Ed Walsh, Addie Joss, Grover Alexander, Ed Plank, Chief Bender, Jack Coombs and Walter Johnson. This is not a complete list of all great pitchers. But it comes pretty close to naming the greatest group of right-handers and left-handers known to the game. It is certainly from this group that the Big Three must be named.

If only a five-year stretch was to be surveyed, it would be almost impossible to pass up Ed Walsh and Jack Chesbro, who were not only great pitchers, but who in addition could carry unbelievable burdens of work. Walsh one year pitched over sixty games, and Chesbro one season won over forty victories. Walsh of the White Sox and Chesbro, with the Pirates and Yankees, were two of the mightiest. The same applies to George Edward (Rube) Waddell, the most effective left-hander of the game and one of the greatest of all pitchers. The Rube was a filbert in many ways, but he was always a smart pitcher, completely devastating with his terrific speed and his fast curve when he decided to step out and win.

There are still those who rank Radbourne above all the tribe. Radbourne was a great pitcher. He won eighteen consecutive games between August 7th and September 6th pitching for Providence in 1884—eighteen consecutive victories in less than a month, working almost every day. Radbourne pitched and won nine games in ten days, which is something to think about and mull over. Yet John Montgomery Ward, who discovered Radbourne and worked with him, doesn't quite rank him with the trio we have picked—and this trio is Cy Young, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson, all big, powerful right-handers who pitched from sixteen to twenty-two years.

Here are the all-time records of this immortal trio:

	Games	Won	Lost
Young	819	508	311
Mathewson	559	372	187
Johnson	626	376	250

They pitched over 2,000 ball games and won over 1,200. And one of them is still in harness. Since we are counting durability and length of service as well as pitching skill, these records must be considered as no small part of the evidence. The surer method of completing proof is to take each in turn.

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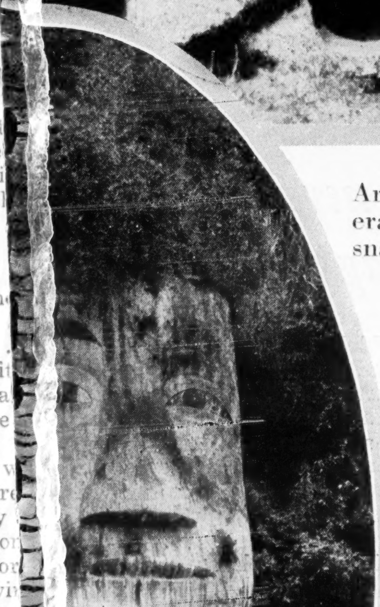

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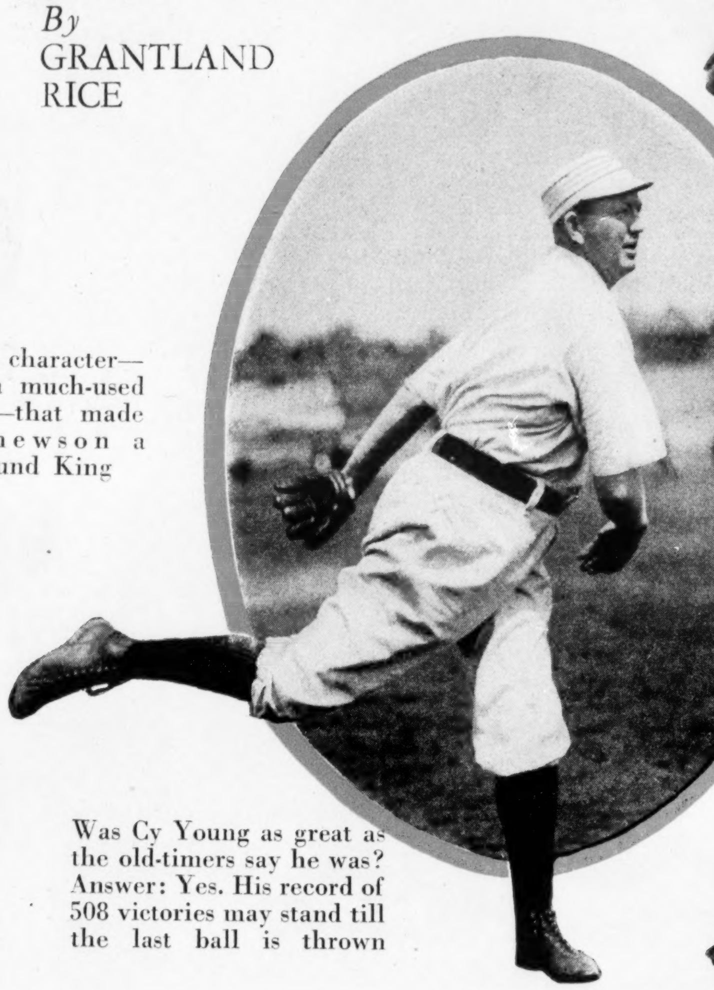

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We'll never forget Walter Johnson. In 18 years he won 376 games—and he's still flinging 'em over

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Cy had a tremendous depth of chest and powerful shoulders. He weighed around 220 pounds, and his main pitching attributes were a fast ball, a sharp curve, a cool head, a stout heart and flawless control.

This seems to be quite enough. As early as his third season he won thirty-six games for Cleveland and lost but ten, a pitching mark of .783. In his fourteenth season, then with Boston, he won thirty-two games and lost but twelve; and a year later he won twenty-eight and lost but nine.

This shows how fast he was traveling at a period of service where most pitchers are barely dangling by a finger. In his twentieth season he won twenty-one games and lost eleven for a pitching mark of .656, a pennant-winning clip.

Cy Young was one of the fine characters of the game—big, clean, honest and always giving his club exactly 100 per cent of the best he had. His record of 508 victories has never been approached, and probably never will be. There is no way of crowding him out from the Big Three of the mound.

When Cy Young was in his eleventh season a young Bucknell collegian from Factoryville, Pa., reported to the Giants. His name was Christy Mathewson. No one man in baseball has ever quite left the same influence upon his sport. Mathewson, standing 6 feet 1, with a husky frame, weighing 190 pounds, was a fine-looking athlete along decidedly blond lines. He worked in only three games in 1900 and lost all three. But by the middle of the

(*Continued on page 26*)

SARGON, *King of Kings*

By H. G. WELLS

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ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN

Chapter VIII

BUT where he was going was exactly what our dear Sargon did not know. By this time he was no longer a convinced and complete Sargon. A scared and doubting and protesting Preemby was struggling back into his being.

Up to the beginning of the calling of the disciples Sargon had ruled in his own soul assured and unchallenged. But he had expected his disciples to respond to his call, to recognize and remember, to be immediately understanding and helpful. The calling was to have been like the lighting of a lamp in their minds and the world about them. He had expected not only his own clear and unquestioning conviction but accession and reinforcement for it. And so leaping from soul to soul the restoration of humanity, the empire of Sargon, would have spread. For disciples who made conditions, for disciples who followed, gesticulating strangely and spluttering and bubbling and stammering injurious criticisms, for disciples who asked for a minimum wage, and for disciples who came limping after one calling "Hi!" as though one was a cab, Sargon was totally unprepared. Had he called these disciples rashly? Had he been premature again? Had he made another mistake?

These were unpleasantly urgent questions for a master to solve while he was going briskly to nowhere in particular along Holborn with his following gathering at his heels.

Perhaps all leadership is a kind of flight. In every leader of men perhaps the fugitive has been latent. In Sargon now it was more than latent, it was awake and stirring and its name was Preemby.

Since first mankind in its slow ascent from mere animalism became susceptible to Prophets and Great Teachers and Leaders there must always have been something of this internal conflict between the greatness of the mission and something discreetly less.

Great things and little things of the same kind follow the same laws. At the head of that small wedge of commotion driving along lamp-lit Holborn in the October twilight went Sargon the Lord and Protector of Mankind, the Restorer of Faith and Justice, the Magnificent One, and though he was already aware of an error made and dangers incurred, he was still resolved to pull a great occasion by some stupendous gesture out of the jaws of disaster. And closer than his shadow was Preemby, scared nearly out of his wits, ready for a desperate headlong bolt down any side turning, a bolt from explanation, a bolt from effort, a bolt back to Preembyism and infinite nothingness.

Suddenly there came to Sargon a reassuring voice, the voice of one who had at least seemed to believe and accept. There had been a slight altercation with Billy before Bobby came hurrying across the road. "There he goes!" said Bobby.

"That isn't him," said Billy. "Where's his mustache? He was pretty nearly all mustache."

"Shaved," said Bobby. "I'd swear to him anywhere. A sort of prance in his walk. It's our prophet, Billy, and he's heading for trouble."

"Looks more like a welsher," said Billy. "Where'd he get that ecstatic nigger? It's too rummy for me altogether, Bobby. You keep out of it. There's a policeman tacking on now."

Bobby hesitated. "Can't let him go like that," he said and dodged across the road just as four racing omnibuses blotted out the Sargonites from Billy's eyes.

"Forgive me, but where are you going?" said Bobby, stooping to Sargon's grateful ear in spite of a considerable push from Mr. Godley.

"I have declared myself," said Sargon, and straightway reassurance came. This was the First of the Disciples, and he had found his way to his Master. Quite clearly now did Sargon see what he had to do. These first followers had to be instructed. The Teaching had to begin. To do that it was necessary to lead them apart out of the hurry and tumult of the street. A vision came to Sargon of a long brightly lit table and of an array of disciples asking questions and of memorable answers and great sayings. And straight ahead, glowing, bursting with light, there towered up the inviting mass of the Rubicon Restaurant, pioneer in the great enterprise of supplying dinners de luxe at popular prices.

"Yonder," said Sargon with a sweeping gesture of the hand, "we will rest and sit at meat and I will talk, and all things shall be explained."

The bright vision of a discourse to a gathering of disciples at a table had so restored the gloriousness of Sargon that by the time he reached the entrance of the Rubicon Restaurant, which bulges invitingly at a corner, he had called two further disciples. One of these acquisitions was a matchbox-holding beggar of venerable appearance and the other a highly intelligent-looking man of perhaps fifty, lean and thinly bearded, carrying a book on the Dukhobors and wearing mittens and a tall, black felt hat, a hat of an unusual shape rather like the steam dome of a railway engine. This last acquisition was made at the very door of the restaurant.

"Come in here," said Sargon, seizing his arm, "and take meat with me. I have things to tell you that will change your whole life."

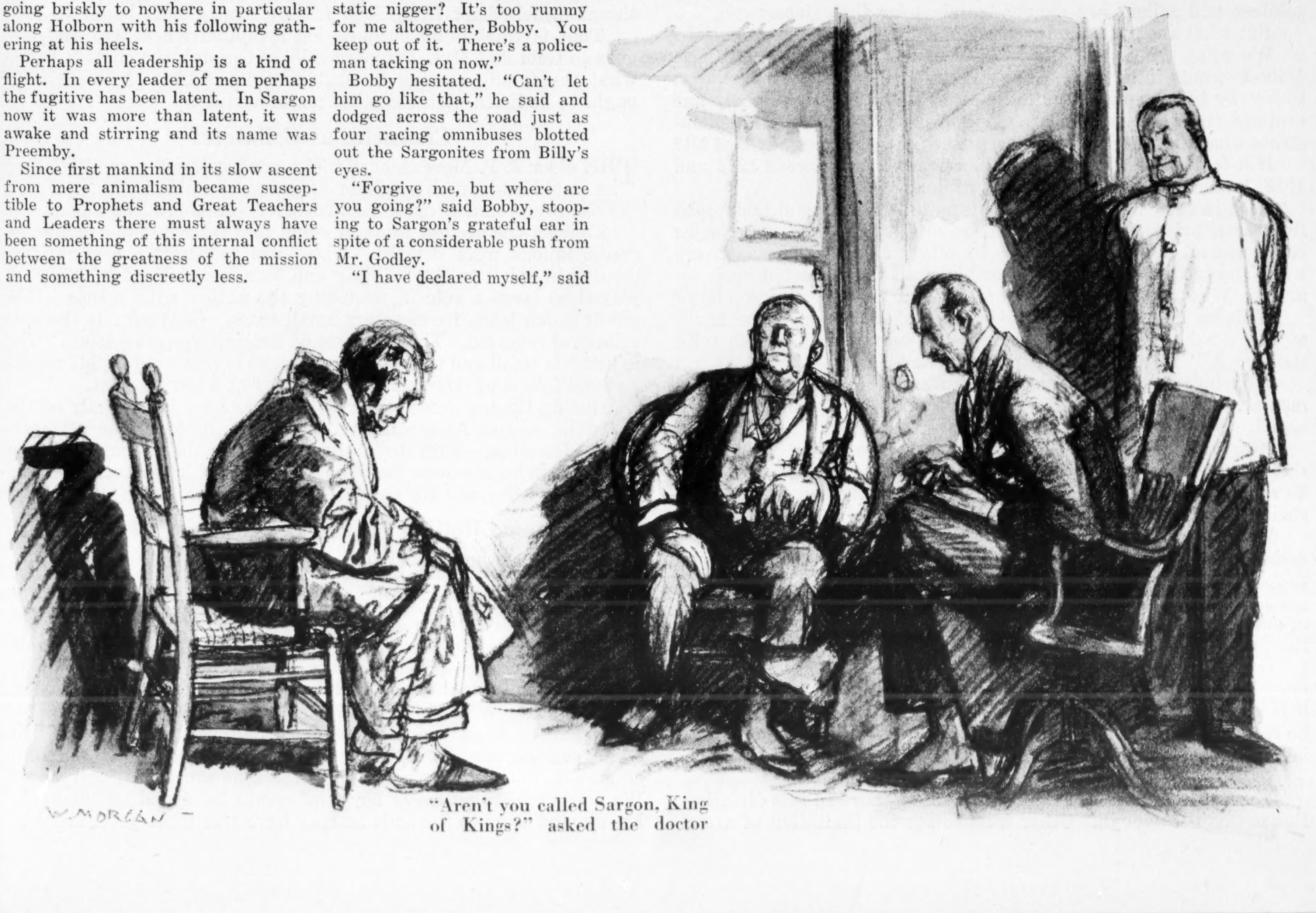
"This is very sudden," said the intelligent-looking man, speaking in the high, neighing, protesting accent of an English scholar and gentleman as he yielded himself to Sargon's grip.

THE actual invasion of the Rubicon Restaurant was a confused and swift affair. Sargon's mind was clear and simple now; he had to make that vision of a long white table with his disciples grouped about him a reality or incur a great defeat. His following was animated by a mixture of unequal and incompatible motives, as all followings are, and it was now swollen to something near thirty—the exact number is uncertain because it passed marginally into mere onlookers and passers-by—by the action of the least worthy of the three out-of-work ex-soldiers, who had been uttering these magic words, "A Free Feed!" ever since the Rubicon Restaurant had been in sight.

The attention of that challenging individual, the outside porter, had happened to be distracted by the arrival of guests in a motor car, when the Sargonites came along. They therefore swept through the outer entrance without encountering any obstacle other than the rotating door which chopped the little crowd into ones and twos, before it reached the entrance hall.

In the spacious, glittering and observant outer hall a tendency to dispersal

(*Continued on page 28*)



"Aren't you called Sargon, King of Kings?" asked the doctor

Collier's

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APRIL 11, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK'S GAME OF WAR

BACK in 1916 "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" was a popular song. Good Americans applauded the sentiment when the ditty was sung in vaudeville. A few months later a new tune was called and "We Won't Come Back Till It's Over Over There" evoked even greater enthusiasm.

Something happened to the American people. Events beyond the control of any man in this hemisphere swept a peaceful nation into the most deadly of all human struggles. Far away it seems, now, so distant as to be but the memory of another world.

Next Wednesday the most powerful fleet ever assembled in the Pacific Ocean is sailing from San Francisco to play the great war game at Hawaii. The army and navy are jointly testing our Pacific coast defenses. What does this spectacle signify for us?

The professional fighters in the war and navy departments are merely performing their duties. They have staged a pageant of actual combat. The adventurous young men who sail aircraft and who man the older vessels of war won't intentionally be shot to death or bombed or poisoned with gas. The maneuvers will in purpose be as innocent as a child's make-believe battle. The soldiers and sailors are simply training for their jobs.

But what about us, the great majority? Are we doing our job?

We want peace. Most natural men and women prefer peace. Nobody wants to be drowned in sinking steel ships or to be blown to bits by high explosive or to be asphyxiated by some deadly gas dropped from the sky. The army and navy are trying to demonstrate what they might do to prevent such catastrophes. Is that all?

If it is, the sacrifice of ten million young men between 1914 and 1918, besides untold treasure, was futile.

Back in 1913 Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the doddering old man who lives as a prisoner at Doorn, did as much. Wilhelm thought he could protect the German people by might alone. His maneuvers were spectacular enough. No empire had ever boasted such an army. Who could withstand the force of the German soldiery?

Wilhelm and his people know by now well enough the truth of the words: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Do we think the sword is sufficient?

Wilhelm's grand military games drove France to arms. Frenchmen across the Rhine wondered what the Kaiser's maneuvers presaged. Were the Germans being trained to conquer France?

How do the Japanese regard our war game played in sight of their front yard? What sort of questions must Japanese leaders be asking? What would we think if they did the same thing? Is their state of mind akin to that of the French in 1912 and 1913?

We hope not. We hope the Japanese and all other peoples understand the essentially peaceful character of the American people. But although we know that America plans no war of aggression, other governments may not. They suspect the sincerity of our protestations as other nations doubted the peaceful intent of the Germany of 1913.

What then is to be done? Abandon maneuvers, weaken the army and navy? Hardly. That has been the policy of China, and it is as foolish as that of the former Kaiser. Does not the solution lie rather in an organization for world peace intelligent and alert as is the present organization for war?

Why not practice peace maneuvers?

The Washington Arms Conference was a move in this direction. But it was not enough. Other treaties for the limitation of armaments are needed. Arrangements for the peaceful solution of international differences are essential.

The World Court is one step. A new arms-limitation conference is another. The army and navy are showing that we still live in a world of war. Is it not time for the State Department to make its bid for an assured peace?

There May be Something in Heredity

DAVID STARR JORDAN says that almost all our Presidents have been descendants of a single ancestor—one much more recent than Father Adam. The sturdy progenitor of our statesmen lived in England six hundred years ago, in the brave days of Robert Bruce and Edward II. Going even further, Dr. Jordan finds that the blood of Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt was that of none other than Mark Antony. It seems that the Warren family can be traced positively to the old Roman emperor, and that from the Warrens sprang a vast portion of our English-American stock. Let's see, Mark Antony was the orator, wasn't he? Can this perchance account for the eloquence of our legislators, for our salesmanship and for our after-dinner speeches?

Merely Idle Curiosity

WILLIAM BEEBE and party, in a large, expensive yacht, have gone down into the south Atlantic to study seaweed and things. Roy Chapman Andrews and some of his friends are setting out into the desert of Gobi this spring with 150 camels and many other costly luxuries to find out about the five-toed horse, which infested those parts three million summers ago, and also to locate, if possible, the home farm on which Adam was brought up.

Financially, expeditions like this are a total loss. The best that can be said of them is that they satisfy a curiosity not much different from that which makes an ordinary man read the headlines on his neighbor's newspaper or pause, with other workers, to watch the window washer on the fourteenth ledge of a huge building.

But it appears to be just this curious quality in the human biped which has enabled him to get ahead of the other animals. He was curious about fire, water and everything. He wanted to know how the birds flew, what wild horses were like when you tamed them and where the trail over the mountains led. In finding out he became master of the earth. If he ever stops being curious about things which don't bring him in any money he'll begin to slip.

That is what is an encouraging symptom when Mr. Andrews goes to Gobi and Mrs. John Jones looks through the curtain to see what the family moving in next door looks like. Idle curiosity ought to be listed with the other major virtues.

Character as Collateral

THE elder J. P. Morgan once told a congressional committee that he would lend a man a million dollars on character.

Not every man of character, however, can borrow at a bank.

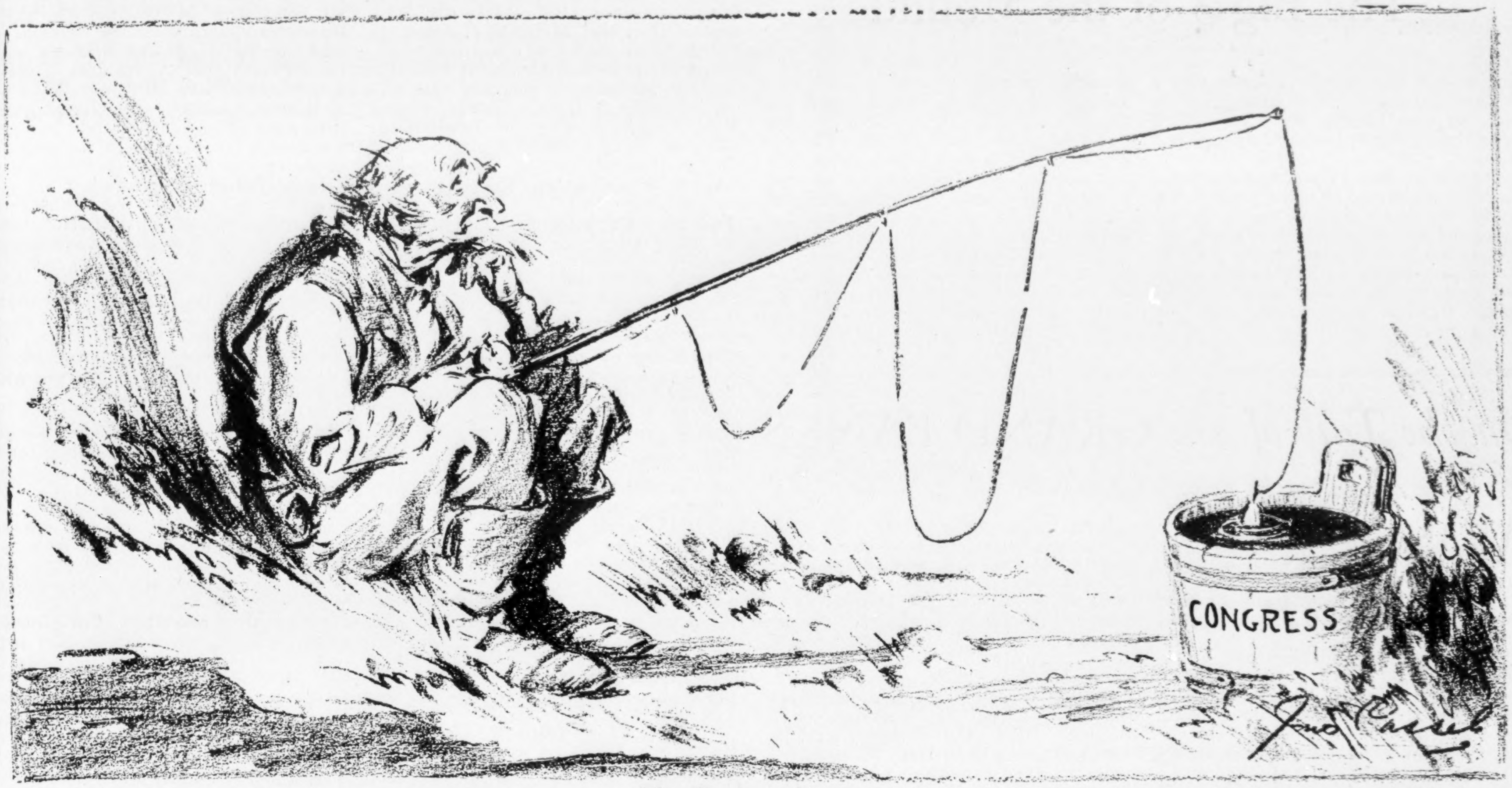
To meet the need of those of small incomes who have character credit unions were devised. These are coöperative associations, similar in spirit to the building and loan associations which have played so large a rôle in providing the nation with homes. The credit union lends its members small sums. Character is the sole collateral required. The members of the union pass on loans. The expense is small and the wage earner who is approved by his neighbor and fellow workers can obtain money at a low interest.

During the last few years credit unions have been firmly established in several American states, notably in Massachusetts and North Carolina. Bills to authorize the establishment of these sound agencies are now pending in numerous legislatures. Their enactment will make for the solvency of the American people.

Some Rolling Stones Hit the Bull's-Eye

WHISTLER, who painted and etched wonderful pictures, and Poe, whose poems and stories are known throughout the world, were both dropped from the military academy at West Point. Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, started out to be a painter. He next turned to sculpture and was good enough at it to win a gold medal. Morse then developed such an interest in science that he became a college professor and began the experiments that led to the work by which he will always be remembered.

Steadiness is an essential quality: it is true that nothing worth while can be accomplished without perseverance. But circumstances do not always place a man where he can do his best work. We needn't feel that every boy who breaks loose and begins again has started to go to the bad: he may have started to go to the top.

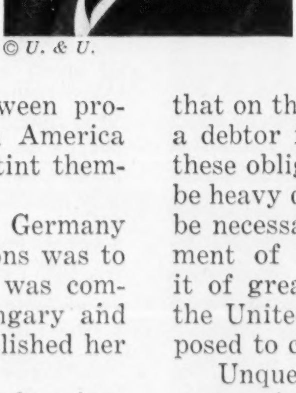


The Patient Farmer

EVEN RUSSIA NOW WANTS A GOLD STANDARD

By George E. Roberts

Vice President, The National City Bank of New York



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ONE of the most noteworthy features of this post-war reconstruction period is the unanimity of effort on the part of European countries to get back to the gold standard. The world has not been altogether unanimous in behalf of the gold standard in the past. In some quarters it has been regarded as an agency of the bankers and privileged classes for the exploitation of the masses, and has been listed as one of the first things to be done away with when the social revolution is accomplished.

Now, however, the socialist and labor parties and governments are as pronounced as any in favoring the restoration of the gold standard. Even the Soviet Government of Russia is endeavoring to maintain a currency upon a gold basis. This change of attitude has resulted from the experience of the wage-earners with fluctuating paper currencies.

Before the war the currencies of the world were held in definite relations to each other by their relations to gold, and the result was a world system of prices. The wage-earner in Germany was paid in a currency which had a stable relation to the currency in which the American farmer was paid for his crops, and the German middleman who was importing foodstuffs from America could calculate to a nicety how many marks it took to buy a dollar's worth of grain.

With the fluctuations which followed the general suspension of gold payments legitimate trade became wild speculation, the cost of living and the spread between producer and consumer increased, and while producers in America complained of low prices European consumers had to stint themselves to less than normal relations.

The Dawes Committee reported that the first thing Germany must do by way of getting into position to pay reparations was to create a new currency on a gold basis. This condition was complied with by the help of a foreign loan. Austria-Hungary and Poland now have obtained similar help. Sweden reëstablished her currency on gold about a year ago.

Denmark has negotiated credits in New York and London since the first of this year for the same purpose. Holland has brought her currency to par with gold and is only waiting on action by Great Britain. Switzerland also has her currency at the pre-war par. Czechoslovakia was one of the earliest countries to take steps to stop inflation and adopt policies looking to stability on a gold basis.

Finland has practically stabilized her currency and is ready to follow Great Britain. Belgium has stopped inflation, and is waiting on Great Britain and France, with whom her trade relations are close. France and Italy are struggling to complete the balancing of their budgets, which is preliminary to currency stabilization.

Peace and balanced trade relations are necessary to the maintenance of the gold standard. While gold must be free to move between the countries, there cannot be a continuous commodity balance in one direction, for that would drain away the reserves and force the debtor country to suspend payments. The whole world should know that foreign trade means an exchange of goods and services and not exports only.

As the situation stands to-day all countries want the restoration of the common gold standard, and most of them are ready to act to that end when Great Britain does. The British currency has advanced in recent months to within about two per cent of par, and the British Government has announced its purpose to resume gold payments at the earliest possible day.

It is important, however, that the step be not taken until the conditions are right for maintaining gold payments without doubt. The international transactions of Great Britain are of enormous volume, and in the unsettled state of trade since the war her creditor position is less secure than formerly. She must import great quantities of necessaries and pay for them with exports of manufactures. She has, however, large foreign investments and there is little reason to doubt that on the whole she still holds a creditor position. She is heavily a debtor in her relations with the United States and must offset these obligations with her credit balances elsewhere. There might be heavy drafts against her reserves in certain seasons and it would be necessary that she be able to handle them without any impairment of public confidence. For this reason London considers it of great importance to know that the banking authorities of the United States are interested in her effort to resume and disposed to coöperate with it.

Unquestionably the United States is interested in the general restoration of the gold standard. We hold approximately one half of the total monetary stock of gold in the world and are interested in maintaining its value. Prosperity will be more secure when all countries are back on the gold basis.

The Big 3 of the Mound

Continued from page 22

next season this same youngster was a baseball sensation. Pitching for a weak club, he won twenty victories with a team struggling in the mire around last place.

Mathewson, like Young, had character and with character he had a remarkable brain. He was a striking figure to look upon, and no one pitcher ever quite carried as much confidence on the part of his team. Matty in his earlier days had great speed, a wide assortment of curves, flawless control and, above all, a keen pitching brain that knew every opposing weakness. "He knew," said Johnny Evers once, "exactly what you couldn't hit and that was all you had to hit at, since he could throw a ball into a tin cup at the pitching range."

Matty, in one of his earlier seasons, pitching for a weak and straggling ball club, beat the pennant-winning Pittsburgh Pirates eight successive games. That shows what he could do even with one of the poorest teams in the league. By 1904, in his fourth real campaign, Matty had risen to a point where he won thirty-five games and lost but eight for a record of .814. And that pitching, with the work contributed by the great arm of Iron Man McGinnity, swept the Giants from the rut to a pennant.

It was in the world series of 1906 that Christy Mathewson mounted the ultimate height. Here, facing Connie Mack's Athletics with such hard-hitting stars as Harry Davis, Socks Seybold, Topsy Hartsel, Danny Murphy and others, Matty pitched three shut-out games within five days. He held this slugging array completely helpless with the finest all-around brand of pitching we have ever seen or ever expect to see again.

A year or two later an illness affected Mathewson's arm, but his brain again came to his rescue. Having lost much of his old speed, he developed the famous fade-away which broke more backs than the ancient galleys. In the heart-breaking campaign of 1908, when Frank Chance's great Cub team was on a rampage, Mathewson won thirty-seven games and lost but eleven. His control and his smartness were so pronounced that he no longer needed great speed to carry him safely through.

After sixteen years of pitching greatness Mathewson finally retired to manage the Cincinnati Reds. No other individual has held quite the same admiration and respect of the millions who gave in addition an affection that still lasts. Christy Mathewson has remained more of an ideal than any other ball player known to the game.

More Than 100 Shut-Outs

EARLY in the campaign of 1907 a young pitcher came to Washington from Weiser, Idaho. He had been born in Humboldt, Kansas, just twenty years before. This young pitcher was Walter Johnson. He was 6 feet 1, weighed 195 pounds, and had light sandy hair and keen blue eyes. In build he was much like Mathewson, but not as bulky as Young.

Walter Johnson becomes the third member of the immortal cast. Last fall he completed his eighteenth major-league campaign with 376 victories and with the strike-out and shut-out record for all time. Kilroy, Ramsay, Sweeney and Waddell have all fanned more men in a single season. But Johnson kept it up year after year, his fast ball singing across the plate with the sweep of lightning and always under control.

In 1910 Johnson struck out 313 men. In 1912 he won sixteen consecutive games with a light-hitting club. And in 1913 he pitched fifty-six consecutive innings against New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis without permitting a run. These details are mentioned as further proof of his remarkable skill. Johnson has been the hardest man to score against in baseball history. His record runs above 100 shut-outs.

It must be remembered that for eighteen years the big Kansan has only once worked with a pennant-winning team and in his eighteenth year he was that team's leading pitcher and was voted its most valuable star.

Johnson's feat of winning 376 games with Washington is one of the most amazing contributions to sport, since Washington almost always had a light-hitting, light-scoring team. Yet in spite of this Johnson won thirty-two games in 1912 and thirty-six in 1913. One of his star performances was to roll back the New York Yankees three successive days. Young, Mathewson and Johnson have all turned in no-hit, no-run games.

There have been pitchers who were just as great through individual years. Walsh, Waddell, Alexander and Radbourne all had seasons that no man could surpass. But when length and greatness of service are considered together, where skill and character, quality and quantity are all to be considered in the evidence, Cy Young, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson must be named as the premiers of the pitching game, three moundsmen who remain among the nonpareils of all time.

On the Tail of the GRAND BANKS

BY RICHARD J. WALSH

ALONG the track of the North Atlantic there is a memorable place. No solid thing marks it off from the restless waste. The fishermen say it is "on the tail of the Grank Banks." For closer reckoning, the sextant must squint at the sun.

In that latitude and longitude, on an afternoon in mid-April, a small government cutter heaves to. The colors, which whip in the wind blowing down from the Arctic, drop to half-mast. On the deck the crew gathers—a few weather-worn, hardy men, with narrowed eyes. The commanding officer holds a small black book, and as the little group stands at attention he reads aloud to them and to the sky the prayer for those lost at sea.

Last year, the coast-guard cutter Modoc, detailed to ice patrol, paid tribute above the grave of the Titanic to the 1,517 souls who died when that liner crashed into an iceberg and went down on April 14, 1912.

Whether on this year's anniversary there will be a cutter there to strike its colors and read the prayer depends on the whims of the ice. The patrol may have to be many miles away, searching for an elusive berg, blowing it to bits with T. N. T. or drifting southward with it and snapping out radio warnings to approaching vessels.

Before the Titanic went down there was no guard set over the icebergs on the Grand Banks. But after that disaster the maritime powers agreed to set up a patrol to watch for icebergs (which in one season alone sank a dozen ships) in the spring, and to keep the steamship lanes clear of derelicts throughout the year. The United States took on the job, twelve other nations sharing the cost. So each year, from March to July, an American cutter cruises back and forth through the ice zone.

Daily at a certain hour the radio sends broadcast—three times at two-minute intervals—the latest news about vagrant ice. Daily a bulletin goes through the air to the Hydrographic Office at Washington. These messages are picked up and sent out again by the radio stations at St. Pierre, Cape Race, Annapolis and Arlington.

When a patrol finds a berg, mines are placed in the caverns and fissures of the ice. Often the explosion merely causes the chunks to roll over—and up comes another threatening peak. Then the cutter shuts off her engines, and drifts with the berg, sending word ahead to stand out of the way.

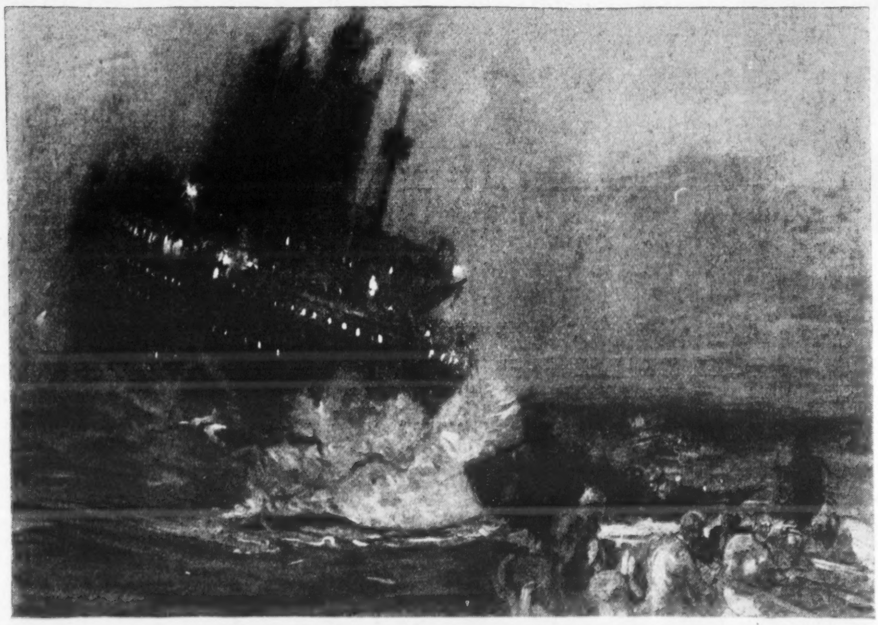
The ice patrol has learned that there is but one sure way to tell when you are near a berg.

Mariners used to think that in darkness or fog you could detect an iceberg by sounding your siren and listening for an echo. One day a cutter met eleven great bergs. She steamed into the midst of them, set her siren going and listened. There was no echo. There never is an echo except from a berg that happens to have a smooth, perpendicular face.

Another tradition was that you would feel a cold wind if an iceberg was near. The patrol has found that you don't unless you are within 100 yards to the leeward of the berg, too close for safety.

It has also disproved the idea that "when you see birds you're near bergs," and that a distant berg can be spotted by the "ice blind." The only safe reliance is the keen eye of the lookout.

The ice patrol is internationalism in actual practice. The United States does the job. Thirteen nations pay for it. The whole world benefits. Yet there are people who prate about the isolation of our country and shudder at the very thought of international coöperation.



The sinking of the Titanic—drawn by Henry Reuterdahl from wireless description

Reproduced from Collier's, The National Weekly, April 27, 1912

Brothers Under the Pen

Continued from page 14

boy in town. Notwithstanding this outward display of disloyalty to the Democratic party, of which he was a sterling member, he remained true to his colors. He never marched with the Republicans except in the full regalia of a Democrat, and when he wasn't busy drumming he was yelling lustily for Cleveland. No Republican boy ever undertook to thrash him until after the parade was over. He couldn't be spared.

The old "Red Schoolhouse" in Elston was the scene of his venture and triumph as playwright, actor, manager and director. He was then about fourteen. The production was a financial and an artistic success. It couldn't very well help being a financial success. The cost of production was absolutely nothing. John printed the handbills and the programs (he afterwards became quite clever with the pen, I understand); he built and painted the scenery; he borrowed the wigs and beards; he commandeered all the necessary "props;" several obliging mothers who had sons in the cast devised and made the costumes; the school trustees donated the theatre; an amiable carpenter with a soul above avarice furnished the materials and built the stage free of charge and subsequently—so he boasted—paid admission for himself and family; the management's little brother Ben took tickets at the door. (This same youth, aged nine, also doubled as an old woman in the last act.)

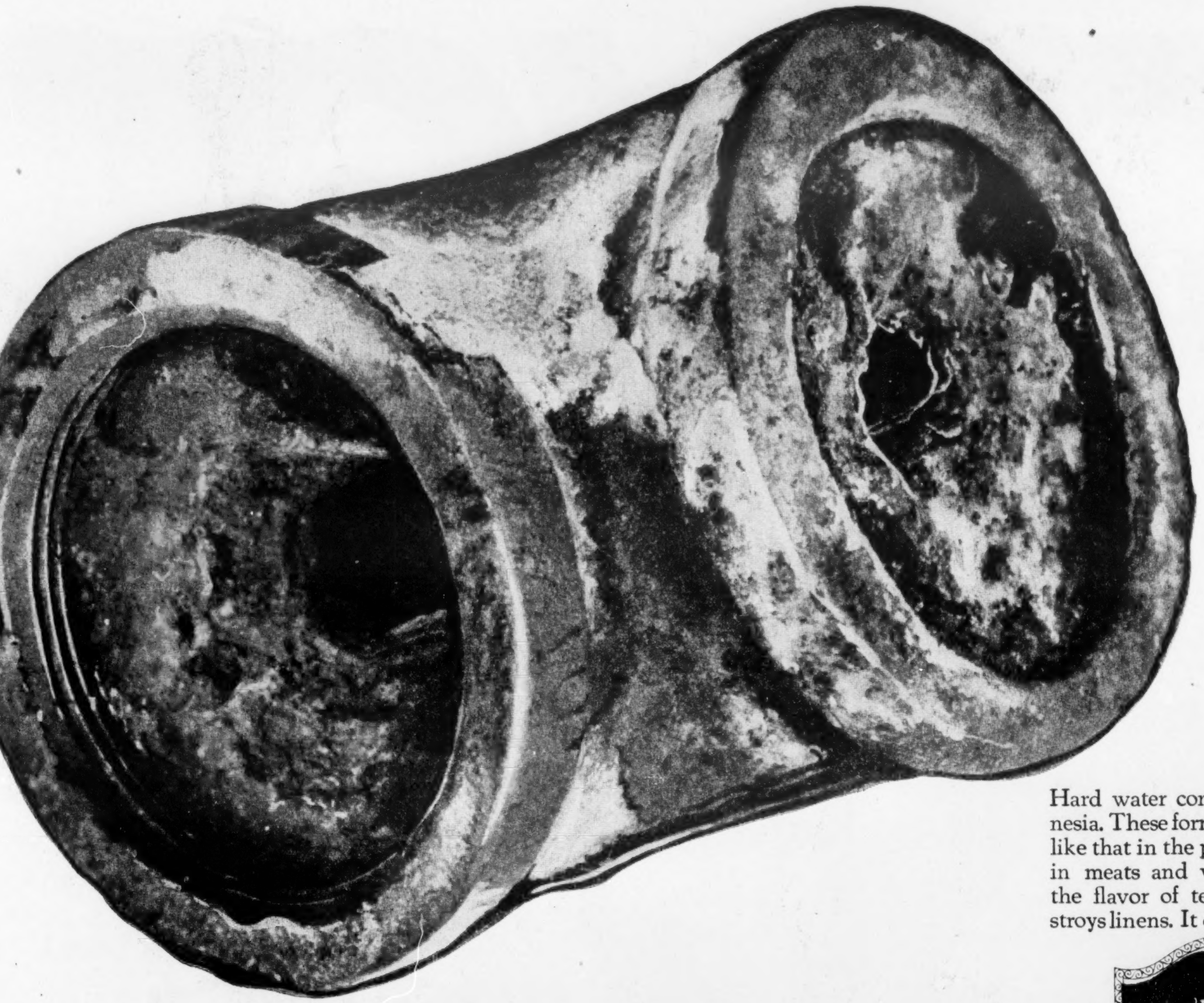
I do not recall the name of the play, but it had to do with the misadventures of a bashful young man. John was the hero and at the same time the star. A boy whose first name was Jule for short played the part of the hero's father, a substantial but woefully unrealistic business man. Jule did not know his lines very well after the curtain went up and had to be prompted rather loudly by the bashful young man, who, it appears, could have said them backward if necessary—and perhaps did, for all I know—proving that even in those days youth was superior to old age. I may mention that owing to Jule's almost unbroken lapses John was called upon to play both parts practically all of the time.

The house was "sold out." The performance took place during the Christmas vacation when the schoolhouse was not in use. It was a bitterly cold night.

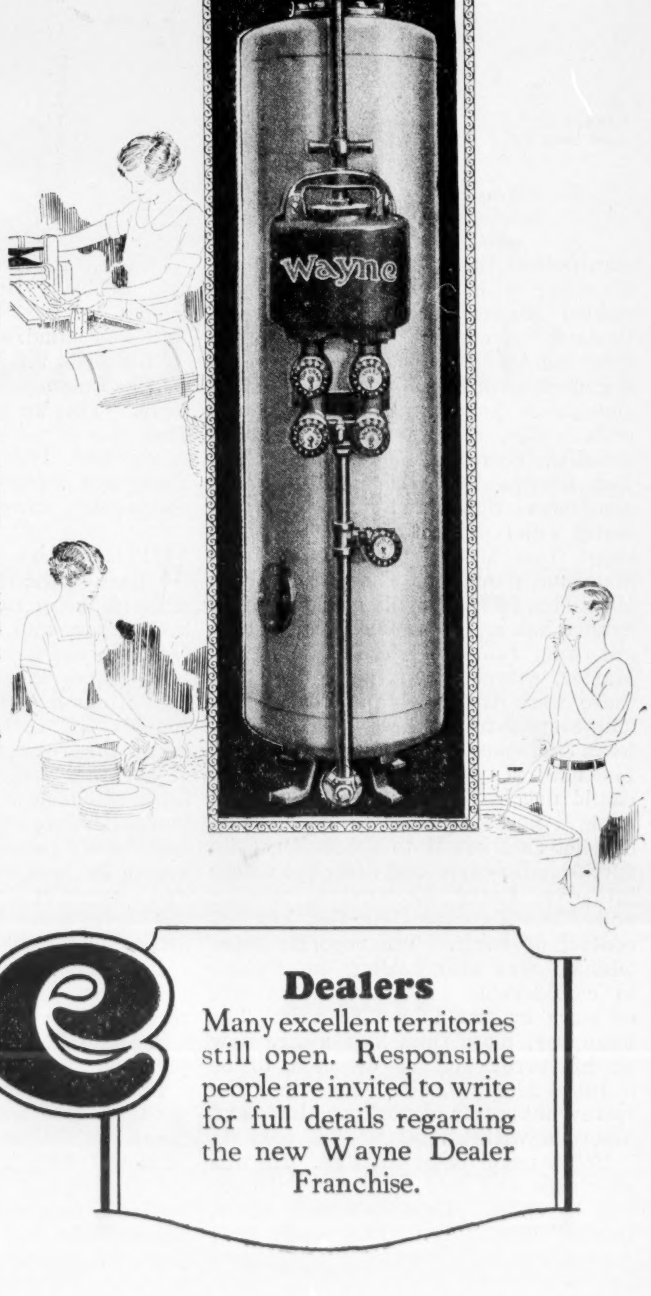
The price of admission was ten cents for adults and nine cents for children. There is where John revealed the first signs of a remarkable astuteness. Great managerial ability, one might say. No parent would think of leaving his child at home for the sake of a mere penny and nobody, not even the most penurious, would have the face to ask for change when planking down his dime. The only chance the management took was the remote possibility that someone might appear with nine children, in which case one of them was bound to get in, so to speak, free gratis. As I have already indicated, the house was filled to capacity. It was a friendly and vociferous audience. John made such a hit that a great many people said he was a born actor. I am glad that they did not suspect that I had once looked upon him as a born Christmas present.

My recollection is that the gross receipts amounted to something like fifteen dollars. The net receipts were the same. I haven't the remotest idea what John and his fellow actors ever did with all that money. Evidently they made enough to retire on—and probably salted it away—for, after all these years, not one of them is in what you might call straitened circumstances. Nor has any one of them ever been reduced to the necessity of acting again.

For the benefit of those who are in ignorance of John's later achievements, permit me to say in conclusion that he has been Santa Claus on at least three occasions, which is, I submit, much more rational than being a stork.



Hard water contains lime and magnesia. These form solid masses of scale, like that in the pipe. This scale settles in meats and vegetables. It destroys the flavor of tea and coffee. It destroys linens. It causes chapped hands.



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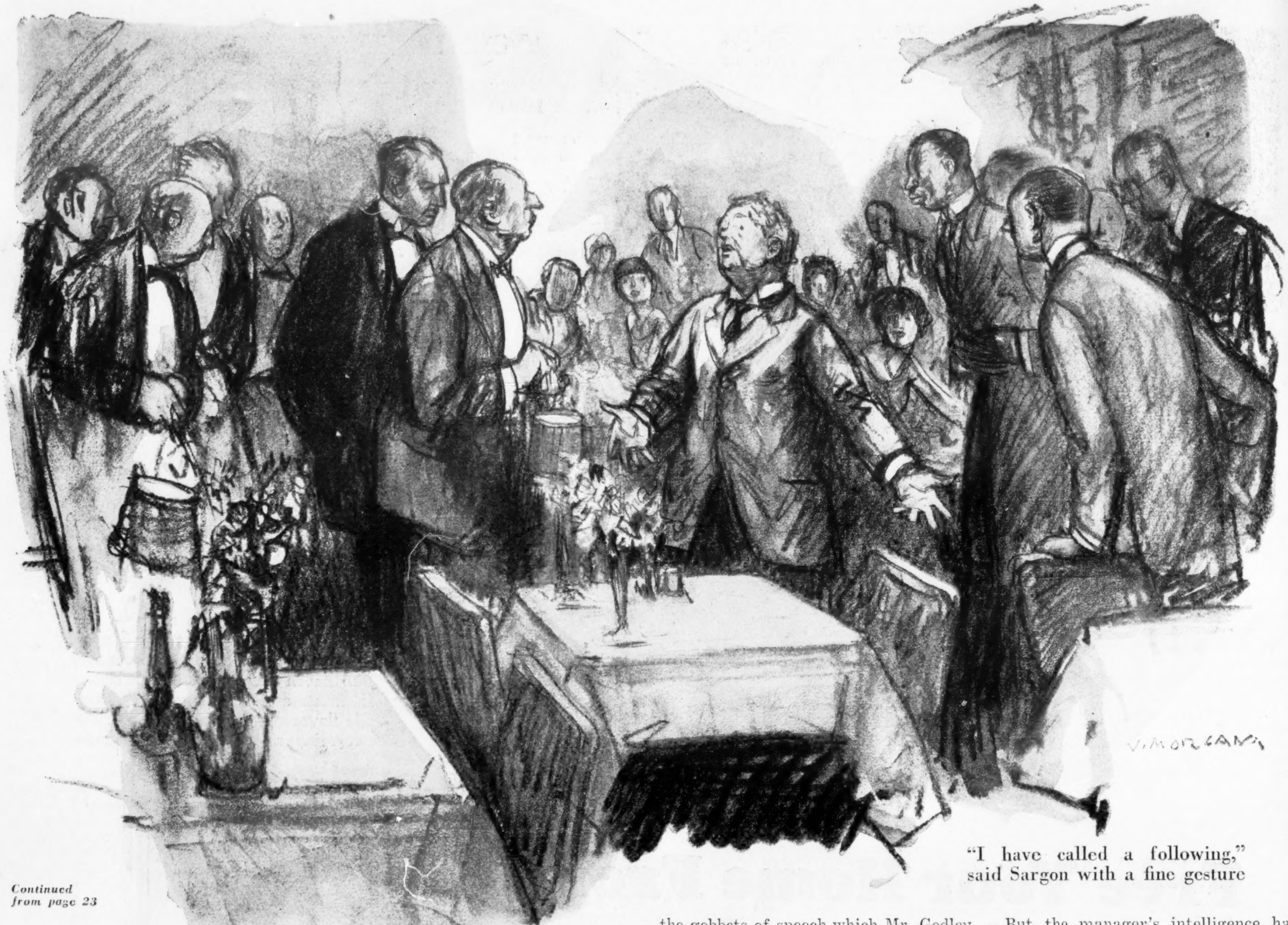

"I have called a following," said Sargon with a fine gesture

Continued from page 23

manifested itself. The out-of-work ex-soldier with the organ, seized by a sudden shyness, made for the gentleman's cloakroom to deposit his instrument and became involved in an argument with his colleagues. The two ambiguous young men in caps and neck wraps seem to have hesitated about the correctness of their costume. But Sargon held the newly caught gentleman tight and the venerable match seller did not mean to be separated from his patron in this bright, luxurious, dangerous place. Mr. Kama Mobamba, tall and smiling and shining, handed hat and umbrella to an attendant and followed closely upon the Master, serene in his assurance that these were the lordly portals of the long-sought firm of African traders, Lean & Mackay. And Mr. Godley, with his natural passion for explicitness, would not leave Sargon until he had made it perfectly clear to him why he did not feel bound to accompany him further. He came next after the others into the Large Restaurant, making noises like a cuckoo clock that has lost control of itself. The reporter from Oldham was also holding on, though in considerable doubt now what sort of story he would have to write. The Eton boy, more than half aware now of his error and so disposed to be a little detached, also came into the restaurant after depositing hat and umbrella without.

Bobby never came through. He was overtaken and held up in the entrance hall by Billy. "This isn't your affair, Bobby," said Billy. "This really isn't your affair."

"I can't make out what he's up to," said Bobby. "He's bound to get into trouble."

"Never mind."

"But I do mind."

"The management's scared," said Billy. "They're sending for the police. There's a crowd gathered outside. Look at the faces looking in. Nice thing for Tessy and Susan if we get into some police court scrape."

WITHIN the restaurant the neat lines of the little white tables, each with its lamp and flowers, were only broken here and there by occupants. A family group going to a circus; a little knot of people going to a meeting in the Kingsway Hall; three or four couples of theatregoers in evening dress; three or four of those odd couples of a rather inexperienced-looking middle-aged business man and an extremely inexperienced-looking young woman in imperfectly conceived dinner dress, who are to be seen everywhere in London, and a group of three business men from the north, dressed in a canny gray and dining with resolute completeness from cocktail to liqueur, was all the company yet assembled in the body of the restaurant.

A slight hubbub in the entrance hall preceded the entry of Sargon.

Everyone looked up. The guests forgot their food and their company manners; the waiters forgot their secret sorrows. Sargon appeared, an inconspicuous figure, a little white, almost luminous face, round bright eyes. With one hand he still gripped his last disciple. With the other he waved aside the gobbets of speech which Mr. Godley proffered him. A tall, expectant Negro face rose like a shield of ebony and ivory above him. Behind were the match seller and other followers, less clearly apprehended.

A head waiter faced him. Behind hovered a manager and a little further off an assistant manager fiddled with the fruit on the buffet.

Sargon released his latest catch and stood forward.

"Set a table here," he said with a fine gesture. "Set a table here for a great company. I have called a following and must needs discourse with them."

"Table, sir," said the head waiter. "For 'ow many, sir?"

"A great company."

"Well, sir," said the head waiter with an appealing glance at the manager, "we'd like to 'ave an idea 'ow many."

The manager came up to take control, and the assistant manager deserted his piles of fruit and came up behind helpfully. Sargon perceived he was against opposition and gathered all the forces within him. "It is a great company," he said. "It must sit at meat with me here, and I must discourse to it. These people yonder may join. Set all the tables one to another. The day of separate tables and separate lives is at an end. Let even the tables manifest the Brotherhood of Man. Under Our Rule. Set them together."

At the words "Brotherhood of Man" one of the three business men from the north was smitten with understanding. "It's a blood-stained Bolshevik," he said, or words to that effect. "Shovin' in here! Of all places!"

"Oughtn't to be allowed," said his friend. "Aren't we to have *no* peace from them?"

But the manager's intelligence had been even quicker than the business man's. A swift signal had been given at the very beginning of Sargon's speech. The waiter sent to summon the police had already sped past Billy and Bobby and the rest of the uncertain crowd in the entrance hall.

BUT Sargon heeded nothing of this by-play. He held on to the only course that he could see before him, which was to overwhelm the opposition that gathered against him.

"We don't have banquets in this room, sir," said the manager, playing for time. "Banquets you can have in the Syrian Hall or in the Elysian Chamber or in the Great Masonic or Little Masonic Hall—given due notice and after proper arrangements, but this is the general public restaurant. You can't *suddenly* give a banquet to an unknown company or society, or something, here. We don't cater for that. It isn't done."

"It will be done to-night," said Sargon with a glance and intonation and gesture that would have bent all dream Sumeria to its knees.

But the managers of European restaurants are made of sterner stuff, it seems, than were the old Sumerians. "I'm afraid *not*, sir," he said and stood blandly obstructive.

"Do you know," cried Sargon, "who it is with whom you have to deal?"

"Not one of our regular customers, sir," said the manager, with the apologetic air of one who scores a point perforce.

"Listen," said Sargon. "This day is an Epoch. This is the End and the Beginning of an Age. Men will count this banquet I shall hold here the sunrise moment (*Continued on page 30*)

POWER

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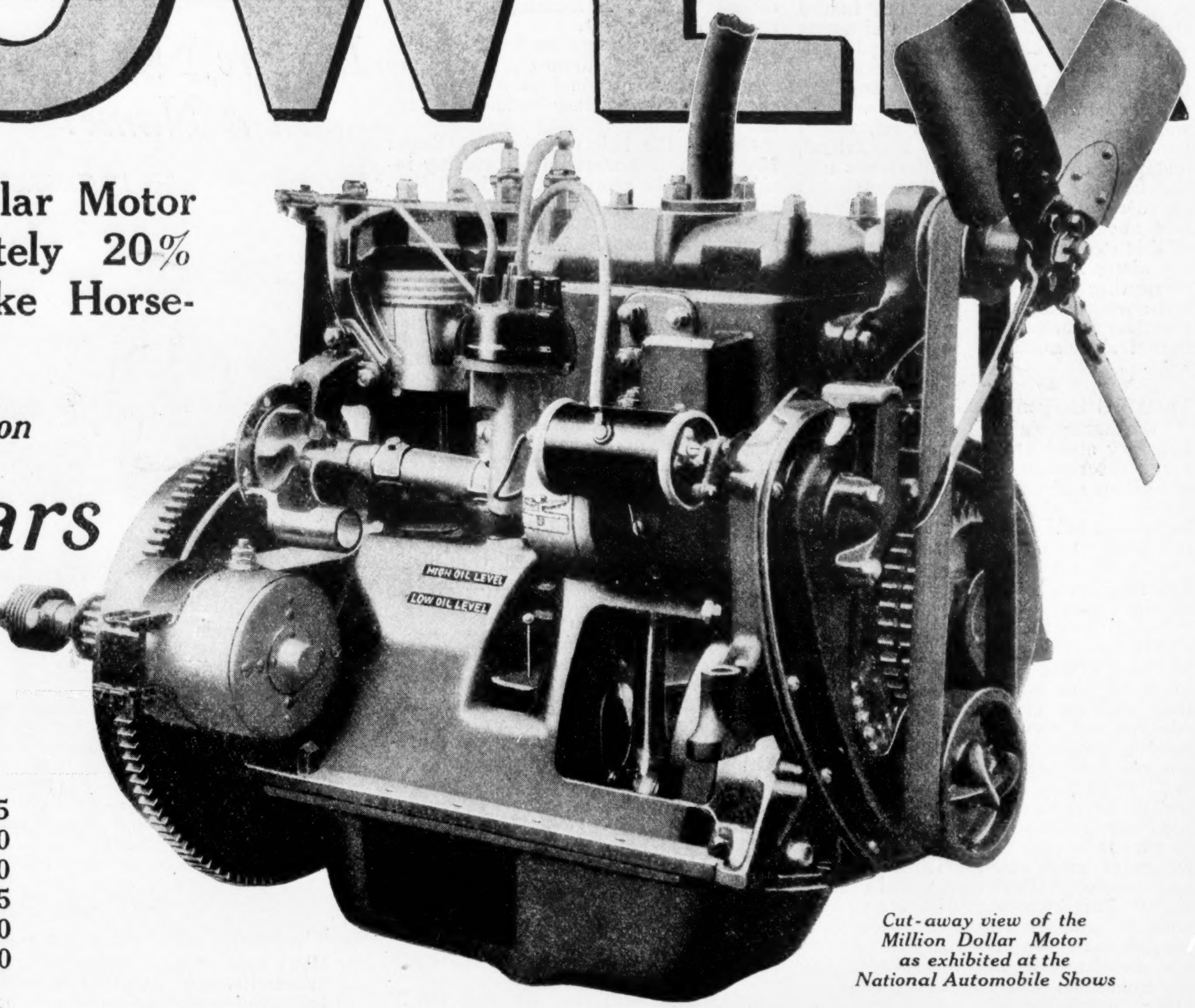

Cut-away view of the Million Dollar Motor as exhibited at the National Automobile Shows

How Is the 20% Extra Power Obtained?

1. ***Increased Revolutions per Minute.*** Engineering progress has proved the advantages of securing increased power through higher engine speeds rather than through increased capacity of the cylinders. In line with the best modern practice the new Star Motor is a high speed motor.

2. ***Full Forced Feed Lubrication.*** In a high speed motor there must be positive assurance of ample lubrication of all main, camshaft and connecting rod bearings. This demands a full forced feed system, which the new Star Motor has.

3. ***Accurate Fit of Moving Parts.*** To ensure maximum compression efficiency, the cylinder walls are honed to polished smoothness. The pistons are smoothly finished and closely fitted. Piston pins are "lapped" or polished to ensure perfect roundness, and rotate in bronze bushed connecting rod bearings to which they are fitted to within one ten-thousandth of an inch. Main and crankshaft bearings are polished to a mirror finish to ensure close fit. In general, the workmanship and assembly of this motor is of the highest grade.

4. ***Pre-heated Gas.*** The hot spot in the intake manifold ensures full vaporization of the explosive mixture resulting in greater power and fuel economy.

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

of a new world. I am Sargon, Sargon the Great, Sargon the Restorer, come to proclaim myself. This multitude of my followers must be fed and instructed here, fed bodily and fed spiritually. See to it that your share is done."

He made a gesture behind him when he spoke of his followers, but indeed there was no following behind him now save that one faithful but deluded African and that perplexed but persistent Oldham reporter. The Eton boy had detached himself completely now. He was sitting at a table afar off, where he had been joined by his friend, and they conversed in undertones and watched. Even Mr. Godley with his microscope and the gentleman with the book about the Dukhobors had faded out of this story by this time and were going along Holborn exchanging and interrupting each other's explanations and surmises about this singular affair that had so unexpectedly deflected their high and reasonable progress through life.

WHILE Sargon's retinue had melted the manager's had gathered. Behind him now stood an array of waiters of every description, three dozen perhaps of various and yet uniform waiters, tall waiters and short ones, fat and thin, hairy and bald, young and old, waiters in aprons and one in shirt sleeves.

"I'm afraid you're creating a disturbance here," said the manager. "I'm afraid I must ask you to go, sir."

Should he go? Never!

"Oh, generation of blind and deaf!" he cried, lifting his voice in an attempt to reach the scattered diners beyond this lowering crowd of waiting men, "do you not recognize me? Have you neither memories nor vision? Do you not see the light that offers itself to you? Can you not hear the call that thrills throughout the world? The hour for awakening has come. It is to-day; it is now. You may cease to be things of habit and servitude and you may become masters of a world reborn. Now! This moment. *Will* the change with me and the change is upon you! Sargon calls you; Sargon the Ancient and the Eternal, the Wise Ruler and the Bold One, calls you, to light, to nobility, to freedom—"

"'Fraid we can't let you make speeches here," said the manager with hand extended.

"Let's chuck 'im out *now,*" said a short thick-set waiter.

And then a voice could be heard saying: "Wot's it all *about?*" and suddenly a policeman stood beside Sargon and overshadowed him.

A wave of horror went through his soul, a wave of horror that was entirely Preemby. Throughout his whole virtuous life he had never once been in antagonism to the Police. The blue eyes grew rounder and he gasped for air, but no one there perceived how close he came to ignominious collapse. Preemby shivered and passed. Sargon choked and then spoke stoutly. "What is this, Officer?" he said. "Would you lay hands on the Master of the World?"

"My duty, sir, if he makes a disturbance," said the policeman. "Master or no Master."

Very rapidly did Sargon adjust himself to this new phase in his affairs. He was defeated. He was to be led away. Yes, but he was still Sargon. The Power that ruled him had thrust him into defeat, but that could only be to try him. He had not expected this of the Power, but since the Power willed it, so it had to be.

"You understand, Officer, what it is you are doing?" he said, magnificently and gently.

"Quite, sir. I 'ope you don't intend to give us any trouble."

A captive! Not thus had he foreseen the revelation of the Master. He gave one last look at the rich decorations of the great restaurant in which the opening banquet was to have taken place. Not here then but in some squalid police court it was that the New Empire of Justice and Brotherhood had to be proclaimed.

He turned in silence and went out at the policeman's side quietly, deep in thought.

So ended Sargon's first effort to enter into his Empire. Unless we count the visit to Buckingham Palace as his first attempt.

But before we go on to tell of the unexpected and dreadful experience that now came upon him we must record one or two minor incidents of his capture.

One is the behavior of Mr. Kama Mobamba. He watched the closing incidents in the restaurant with a growing amazement upon his great bronze face. Had this little blue-eyed man been, after all, leading him wrong? When at last Sargon was led away Mr. Mobamba moved at first as though still half inclined to follow him. Then he stood still, frowned reflectingly, and fumbled at his ticket pocket. With some effort he produced the sheet of paper that seemed to be his one intelligible link with London; it was now in a rather crumpled condition. Smoothing it out with his great hands, he advanced upon the manager with it extended.

"What's this?" said the manager.

The black gentleman bowed with infinite suavity, still tendering his paper. "Non spik English," said the black gentleman. "Portugaish. Lean-a-Kay. Lemonallstree."

He was difficult to direct.

Meanwhile in the entrance hall Bobby tacitly denied all knowledge of Sargon. He was still hovering there with Billy, held by a curious half-maternal solicitude. There were still quite a number of people hanging about; there were several policemen, one evidently a superior officer, a very good-looking man in a peaked cap and a frogged coat.

"Here he comes!" said Billy, and Sargon was led out.

There was silence as he passed through the hall to the rotating door. And upon Sargon it seemed to Bobby there rested a hitherto unnoted dignity. He looked neither to the right nor the left, and his eyes were exceedingly mournful.

"But what will they do with him?" asked Bobby.

"You don't happen to know him, sir?" asked the superior officer abruptly.

"Not a bit," said Billy, taking the answer out of Bobby's mouth. "Never seen him before. We just came in here to see what was up."

And by his silence Bobby acquiesced.

"I've got no power to move you on here," said the police officer and smiled a suggestion of inopportuneness to Billy.

"We'd better go home," said Billy, interpreting the smile.

THE three friends sat round a fire in the white room with the purple curtains, and Bobby poured out his regret that he had denied Sargon. "They've taken him off, Tessy," he said for the third time, "and I do not know what they will do with him."

"Discharge him with a caution," said Billy with a drawing board on his knee. "He hadn't committed very much of an offense that I can see."

"And then?" said Bobby and meditated on the fire.

"I shall go round to the police court and try to pick him up again afterwards if they let him go," he said presently.

"Better leave it all alone," said Billy.

But Tessy sat in her armchair between Billy and the fire and looked at Bobby's preoccupied profile rather sweetly out of the warm shadow. And nobody in the world saw her.

"They'll warn him and he'll come back here of his own accord, Bobby," said Tessy comfortingly.

"Of course he'll come back," said Billy.

"Very likely, Tessy," said Bobby. "But suppose they don't." He got up and stood by the fire. "I suppose I ought to go upstairs and do some work."

"I suppose you had," said Billy.

"How is the novel getting on?" asked Tessy.

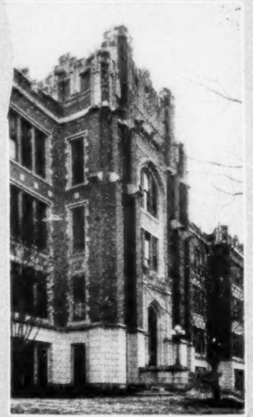
"Not much done yet," said Bobby. "The Prophet has disorganized the actual writing. But I've learned a lot of things that will tell some day. And of course I have to do all my Aunt Suzannah stuff. Aunt Suzannah gets more and more popular. You can't imagine the things they ask me. It's all material in the long run. Still—it takes time. . . . I suppose they've locked him in a beastly little cell somewhere. And he's wondering why they don't see that he's truly the great Sargon, come again to this world. . . . The world's a dangerous place, a dangerous, unkind place. Why couldn't they let him rip a bit? And his poor little map

(*Continued on page 32*)

Is there NOTHING *in a Name?*

By GEORGE CREEL

H. M. Hart, principal of the Lewis and Clark High School



In this building they don't regard education as a treadmill

This (like many other art objects) was bought by the students

WHO says that there is nothing in a name? Take the case of the Lewis and Clark High School out in Spokane, Wash. It, too, has explored no less bravely than the famous pair that first blazed trails from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia.

Breaking away from old traditions that regard education as a treadmill—a pious ritual to be gotten through with as quickly as possible—this Western school has rooted itself in the love and loyalty of the pupils until it is the biggest and most interesting fact in their lives, commanding devotion to the limit of sacrifice.

In the auditorium there is a huge organ whose thousands of pipes make music not only for the school but for the whole community. No tax levy bought it, nor any millionaire trying to atone for his riches. The $26,000 that paid for the organ represents the sweat and struggle of teachers and pupils working side by side and coming to partnership in the effort.

The fund was swelled by all sorts of entertainments, to be sure—class plays, lectures, bazaars, athletic events, etc.—but the greater part came from nickels, dimes and dollars that boys and girls earned by sawing wood, tending lawns, cleaning furnaces, washing dishes and doing needle work, while teachers gave in one lump sum a day's pay.

Four hundred fine paintings—reproductions of the best in ancient and modern art—line the corridors of the school and hang in the classrooms, so that no student can lift his head without seeing some great artist's dream of beauty. Pictures are not an event in the life of the pupils but part of it. As in the case of the organ, this $15,000 collection stands as an expression of the generous devotion of the student body, bought with the money earned by work and sacrifice.

When Henry M. Hart became principal of the Lewis and Clark High School back in 1909 two ideas dominated him—one that education must be given beauty and color and interest, the other that pupils must get the sense of *owning.* These ideas he has worked out. Boys and girls seem to love the school—it's *theirs*—and the very building breathes ardor and happiness.

The auditorium, in which the students themselves put a $26,000 organ

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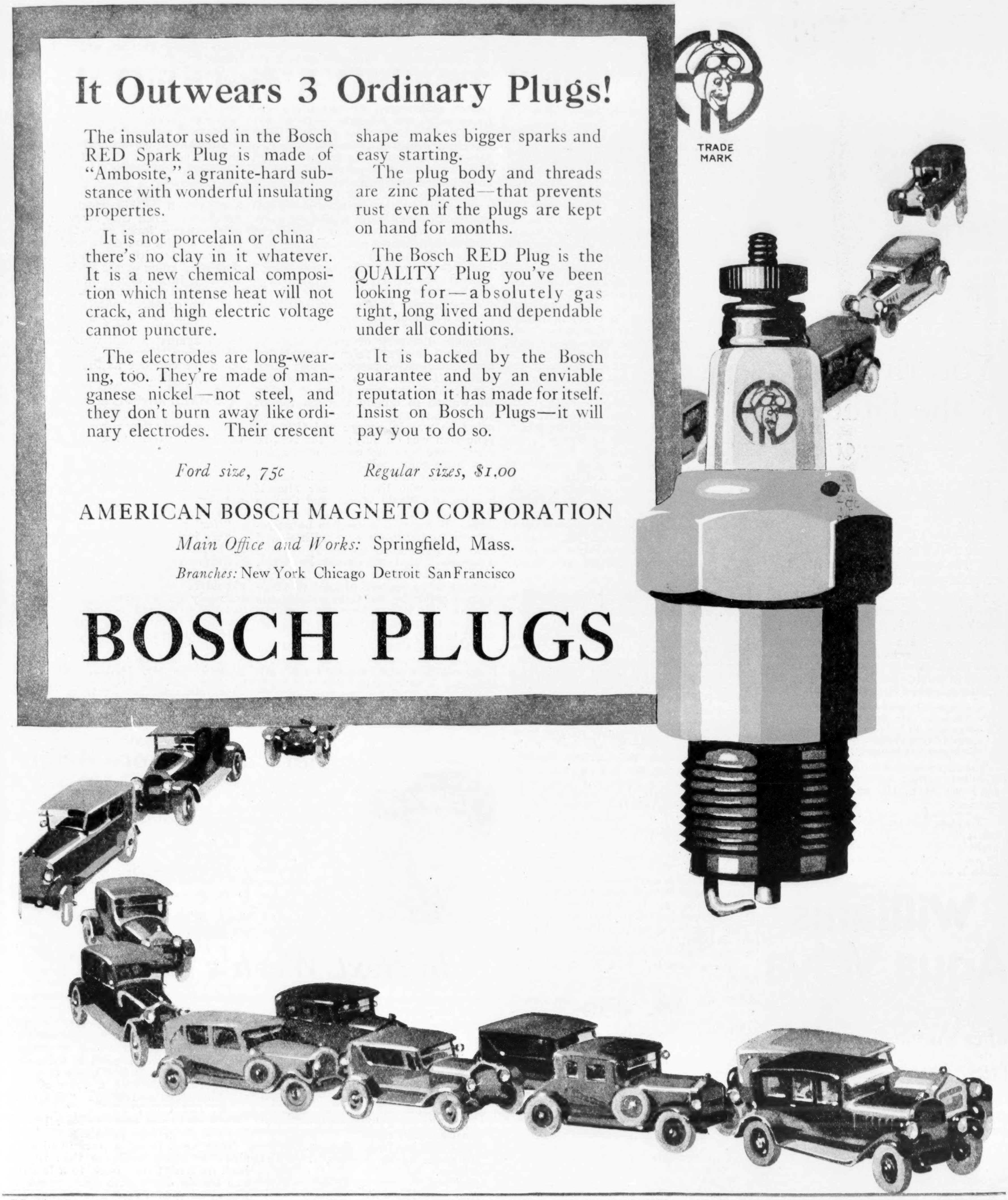

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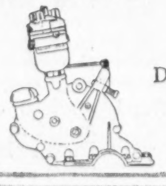

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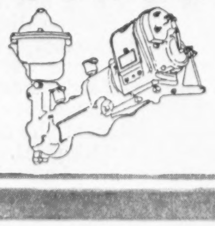

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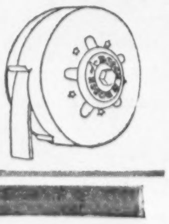

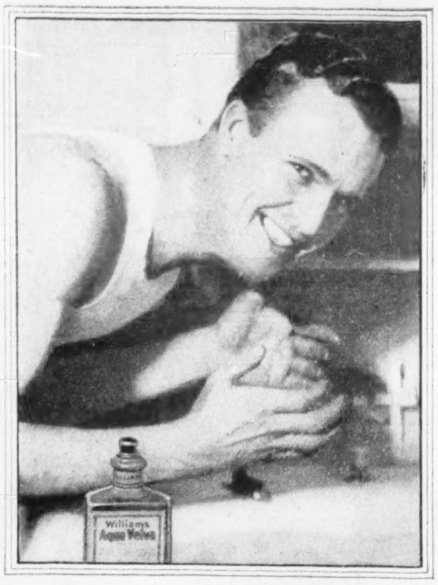

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THERE'S the place where men's spirits used to droop—after the shave. Dry preparations and liniments don't fill the bill. Fine for some things but not for after shaving. No wonder most men dashed on cold water and let it go at that.

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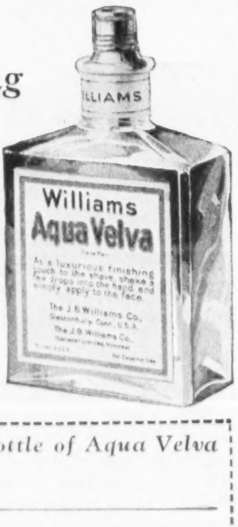

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Collier's 4-11-25

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 30

of the Whole World upstairs—he always called it the Whole World—and his little paper star-machine and his poor little empty room and his poor little empty bed."

"You'll go to the police court tomorrow, Bobby?" said Tessy.

"I'll go—in spite of Billy. I'm worried about that little man. I'm afraid. He's too round-eyed for this cruel world."

And next morning Bobby went. He went to Lemon Square Court and sat through a frowsty morning and waited for Sargon, who never appeared. He heard all the morning "drunks" and such like come up for judgment, a case about a stolen soda-water siphon, two matrimonial differences, and all about the willful smashing of a plate-glass window with intent to rob, but nothing about Sargon. The magistrate vanished, and the court began to disperse. He asked questions of a policeman who had never heard of Sargon and the little trouble at the Rubicon Restaurant. Had he come to the right court? the policeman asked. Bobby hurried headlong to Minton Street. Minton Street too, it seemed, had never heard of Sargon. It did not occur to Bobby to ask in either police station. He retired baffled. He tried to find something about Sargon in the evening newspapers: there was not a line about the Rubicon or him. Perhaps he had not been charged! He hurried back and rushed upstairs full of a vain surmise; the room was desolate, the window open, the map of the world on the floor. Had Sargon been spirited out of existence?

NEXT day brought neither Sargon nor news of Sargon. Bobby lay awake of nights.

After three full days Billy, who had been watching his friend furtively, remarked in a casual manner: "Why don't you go and see the Head Panjandrum at the Lemon Court Police Station about it? He'd be sure to know if anyone does."

Shown in to Inspector Mullins, Bobby found himself confronted by the same good-looking officer he had seen in the entrance hall of the Rubicon Restaurant. "You're the young man who didn't happen to know anything about him, three nights ago," said Inspector Mullins, not answering Bobby's questions.

Bobby explained the situation candidly.

"Doesn't help much now," said the inspector. "Still, it's all in order. We took him, in the exercise of our discretion, to the Workhouse Infirmary—for observation as to his mental state. Three clear days they keep them there. Then they're either certified or let go. Or charged."

"Certified?" asked Bobby.

"As a lunatic," said Inspector Mullins.

"And what happened to him?"

"Usual thing, I suppose. He was a pretty clear case. By this time he's a certified lunatic, I suppose, and either at Cummerdown Hill or on his way there. Or, if that's full—somewhere else."

Bobby sat disconcerted. "Can I go and see him at Cummerdown Hill?" he asked.

"Probably not," said Inspector Mullins. "Seeing you're not a relation. There's all sorts of such stragglers in the world. Possibly he hasn't any relations—the sort of relations I mean who would want to bother about him. My impression is that once a man or woman is certified and put away it's rather hard for an outsider to get through. But, as you say, you can but try. Sorry I can't tell you any more. I never saw him myself at all—except as he went past me. Not my affair. . . . Yes, our usual procedure in such a case. . . . Oh! no trouble. Good morning."

IT HAS been said in an earlier chapter that Mr. Preemby, after his wife's death, was like some seed which germinates and thrusts out bold and unexpected things. A new phase in that belated germination began as he walked through the London streets beside his captor policeman. If the thing had happened to Mr. Preemby while he was still Mr. Preemby, it would have been merely a dreadful, shameful horror, a thing to regret, a thing to get through and conceal and if possible obliterate from record and memory. If again it had happened in the early days of Sargon's dreams he would have posed and gesticulated and said profound, memorable words. But some power of growth had taken possession of him now and he did none of these things. He posed now neither to the world without nor to himself within. For the first time in his life almost he was looking directly at himself and at what he had done and what had befallen him, and so full of wonder was he at this ultimate discovery of reality that he forgot all the vast fabric of make-believe, imaginative response, and deliberate self-delusion, up which he had clambered to this new phase of vision. He walked so quietly through the lit streets that only the most observant noted he was in charge and that the policeman was on duty; to the rest he might have been any casual companion of a home-going policeman.

He knew quite clearly that he had to be Sargon who lived not for himself but for the Whole World, and that to relinquish or deny that was to perish utterly. It had not seemed to be necessary to him that his own faith should be tried, but manifestly the Power had determined that it should be tried. And manifestly he was to be put through some austere process of preparation before he was to be put into his Empire. He was to know what prison was and to stand a trial. He would be asked to deny himself.

What should he say to them? I am not He—I am not Him—which was it? I am not Him you suppose I am. He muttered it to himself.

"Whassay?" said the policeman.

"Nothing. Is it much further?" asked Sargon.

It was just around the corner. Sargon found himself in a little austere room with half a dozen quite amiable but slightly disrespectful men in uniform. He was asked his name and address by one who sat at a table. "Sargon," he said. "Sargon the First."

"No Christian name?"

"Pre-Christian," said Sargon.

"No given name, I mean," said the questioner.

"No."

"And the address?"

"None at present."

"Just anywhere?"

Sargon did not answer.

"Memory case or something," said the man at the table. "Anyhow, it's Gifford Street."

Sargon reflected. "What's Gifford Street?" he asked.

" 'Ospital. Where they'll give you a bit of a rest and quiet."

"But I want to meet a magistrate in open court. I have a message. I am in no need of rest or quiet."

"They'll tell you all about that at Gifford Street. Buxton, will you take 'im round?"

Queer! Why should it be a hospital? The way the Power was treating him was a strange way. He had to submit to the Power; he had to maintain himself Sargon. Still he could have wished for more explicitness.

He was so turned inward now that he went along beside Constable Buxton, not noting the streets nor the traffic nor the passers-by.

Presently they were at a door in a high wall, within which there were buildings. Then they were in a little office and a large gray-faced porter looked at him and exchanged muttered explanations with the constable. Then they were going across a wide yard and through large doors into a corridor where there was an unoccupied stretcher and two or three nurses in uniform. They came to a little glazed-in office, and Sargon was asked to sit down on a bench against a wall while there was telephoning. Constable Buxton hovered down the corridor as though the task was nearly done.

A SMALL bright-eyed man in a gray suit came and looked at Sargon. For some moments they regarded each other in silence. "Well?" said the man in the gray suit.

"My name is Sargon. I do not know why I have been brought here. Is this a hospital? I understand it is. I am not ill."

"You may be ill without knowing it."

"No."

"We just want to have you here for a bit to have a look at you."

Sargon shrugged his shoulders.

A very big man with exaggerated shoulders and a large, clean-shaven, intensely self-satisfied-looking face appeared. He had a wide thin-lipped mouth, protruding gray eyes and highly oiled and entirely subjugated sandy hair.

"This," said the little man in gray to Sargon, "is Mr. Jordan. He's going to show you just where you have to go and just what you have to do."

Immediately, instinctively, Sargon disliked Mr. Jordan. But he stood up obediently because his idea of submission to the Power seemed in some way to overlap and include this new coercion. Mr. Jordan produced a voice of flat, oily, insincere amiability. "You come along, Old Chap, with me," he said. "We'll make you comfortable all right 'fyou don't give no trouble."

They went round a corner and up a cheerless stone staircase that turned back on itself; they came to a landing and double doors with glass panes in them that opened upon a very long dark passage lit by a single very remote light. And suddenly it appeared to Sargon that behind him and already distant lay that outer world of freedom, the streets and the lights, the coming and going of people and things, the endless chance encounters, the events and the spectacle of life to which the Power had sent him, and before him were dark and narrow and dreadful experiences. Why should he turn his back

That Famous Love Affair

between the radiant Cleopatra and the beetling-browed Antony had a course with which you are possibly not familiar. For each of those lovers became slightly middle-aged. . . . And Antony was rather late coming in from his nights with the Romans. And Cleopatra felt the children required her strict supervision. . . .

It is—and it was—ever thus. Naturally Antony wished to show Cleo he was as good a man as ever. And so he tackled six brawny Cretans singlehanded. . . .

Stephen French Whitman, with humor and rich color, tells the story inimitably

In Next Week's Collier's

thus voluntarily on the great outer world he had come to save? Was this again only another mistake he was making? He took a step or so away from Jordan and faced him.

"No," he said. "I do not want to go further into this place. I do not wish it. Let me return. I have disciples to call and many things to do."

The full moon of Jordan's face displayed incredulous astonishment that passed into fierceness. "Wot?" he said.

With a swift movement his huge raw red hand gripped Sargon by the upper arm. His thin lips were retracted to show his teeth; his eyes seemed popping out. He gripped not to hold but to pinch and compress and injure and he dug fingers in between muscle and bone, so that Sargon stared at him with dilated eyes and uttered a sharp involuntary cry of pain.

THE grip relaxed from the acutely painful to the merely uncomfortable and the big face came down close to Sargon's. It was manifest that Mr. Jordan had been regaling himself on cheese and cocoa. "Don't you try it on, you Old Fool! Don't you blooming-well try it on. Whatever it is, don't you try it on 'ere. You're right enough to understand what I say. See? You do exactly wot you're told 'ere. You do exactly wot you're told. You do your best to avoid givin' trouble and I'll do my best ditto. But if you start doin' tricks —Gawd 'elp you! See?"

And he crushed the arm again.

"Understan'?"

The blue eyes seemed to assent.

"Down that passage, *blight* you!" said Mr. Jordan.

A distressed and wondering and yet not absolutely abject Sargon was taken to a wet and untidy bathroom in which a broken chair, pools of water, great splashings on the wall and some crumpled towels in the corner suggested a recent struggle. There he was made to undress and take a tepid bath, dried with a towel that had already been in action, put into a gray nightgown that was doubtfully clean, a gray shoddy dressing-gown that certainly wasn't and a pair of down-at-heel slippers two sizes too big and, so garbed, was led by Mr. Jordan, a little propitiated now by alert obedience, into the ward in which he was to pass the night.

A rufous man with very light eyelashes appeared.

"'Ere 'e is, Mr. 'Iggs," said Mr. Jordan.

"I've got his bed ready," said Mr. Higgs. "'Ow many more of 'em?"

"Perfec' shower of 'em," said Mr. Jordan.

"Three," said Mr. Higgs.

"Well," said Mr. Jordan. "So long."

"So long," said Mr. Higgs.

Neither of them addressed the Lord of the Whole World directly. He might have been a parcel passed from hand to hand.

Never had Sargon seen anything so emptily bleak and cheerless as this place. A heartless great dingy room it was, with green-gray distempered walls discolored in patches, lit by a few bare lights that gave neither high lights nor shadows. Black night and a greasily lit brick wall stared in through uncurtained windows. Halfway down the length of the place projecting pieces of wall suggested that two former rooms had been thrown into one. The room was of polished bare boards. Far off was a table set against the wall, with two or three torn and crumpled magazines thereon and, at the end, an empty fireplace. In the near half, on either side, there were iron bedsteads in rows, twenty or thirty perhaps altogether. There was a foul smell in the air, faint and yet indescribably offensive, a fecal smell mixed with a heavy soapy odor.

But the strange, soulless atmosphere of the place was but the first instant impression of Sargon. It was followed by a far more vivid and terrible realization, that this place was inhabited by beings who were only at the first glance men. Then, as one looked again, it became clear that they were not exactly men, they did not look up at his entry as men should or they showed their awareness of him by queer, unnatural movements. Several were in bed; others were dressed in shabby and untidy clothes, and either sat on their beds or were seated in chairs about the lower part of the room. One individual only was in motion; a grave-faced young man who was walking with an appearance of concentrated method to and fro in a restricted circle in the far corner of the ward. Another sat and seemed to remove a perpetually recurrent cobweb from his face by a perpetually repeated gesture. Two men were jammed behind the table against the wall, and one, a fleshy lout with a shining pink skin and curling red hair on his bare chest, was making violent gestures, hammering the table with a freckled fist, talking in a voice that rose and sank and occasionally broke into curses, while the other, a sallow-complexioned, cadaverous individual, seemed to be sunken in profound despair. In one of the beds close at hand a young man with a shock of black hair and an expression of fatuous satisfaction, that changed with dramatic suddenness to triumphant fierceness or insinuating lucidity, sat up and gesticulated and composed and recited an interminable poem—something in the manner of Browning. It was running in this fashion:

God shall smite them
And blight them;
They may prevail but God will requite them,
Light 'em,
Burn 'em to ashes and burn 'em to atoms,
Atoms!
Burning atoms—exactly like stars. See?
Stars in the void and all over the place.
Atoms galore and God can't show his face.
(Triumphant discovery.)
He *hasn't* a face.
That's it! That's it, my Boys!
Atheists wrong and theology wrong,
Plainly and simply here's everyone wrong!
And I have to tell 'em!
There's a God, *item* one, but he hasn't a face,
So he can't show his face.
That's the kink of it.
Naturally everyone thinks he's *non est*,
But he's there as I know to my cost;
For I'm lost;
But I've shown how it is all the same.
No face—what a game!
I found God in the void
Unmasked and a little annoyed.
Quod erat demonstrandum X. L. . . .

"There's your bed," said Mr. Higgs at Sargon's elbow, shoving him slightly.

Sargon moved a little unwillingly, his puzzled eyes still on the talker.

"You'll hear enough of him before you're done, Old Chap," said Mr. Higgs. "Hop into bed now."

Impelled partly by the arm of Mr. Higgs and partly by his natural disposition to please, Sargon got into bed. Mr. Higgs assisted him in a rough, brotherly fashion. But before Sargon could pull up the clothes about him Mr. Higgs became aware of something that was happening down the room.

Sargon sat up in bed.

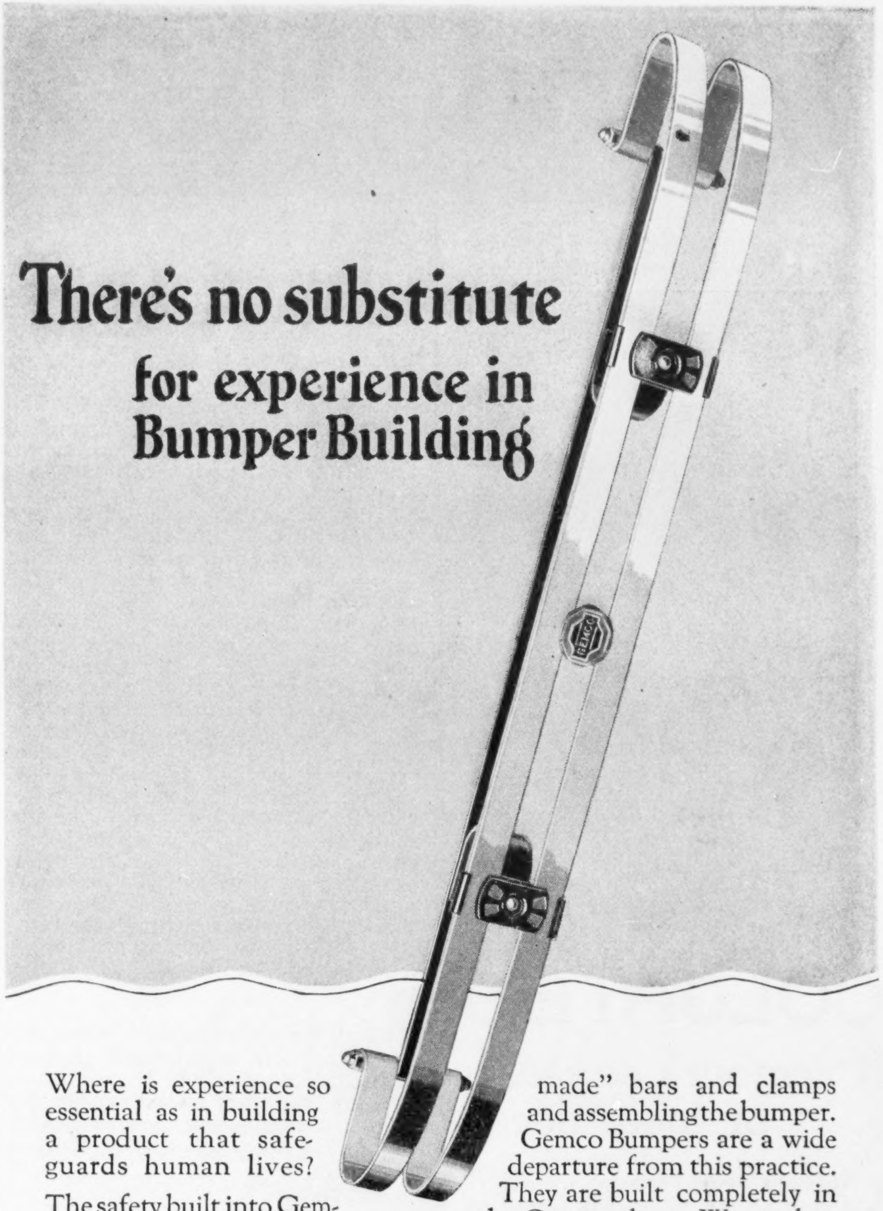
"Lie down there!" cried Mr. Higgs. "It ain't nothing to do with you."

The Lord of the World lay down.

IT WAS an extremely uninteresting ceiling to look at except for a streak of yellowish stains, but it was better to look at the ceiling for a time than to look too much at these distressing people around him. How serene and distant now was that spectacle of London spread out under the amber sunshine between its far blue hills and its shining river, with its dense clusters of shipping and the black ant-currents of folk below! From that he had come swiftly, inevitably, to this echoing prison. For prison he saw it was. He knew quite well that these men around him were demented men and that he had been seized upon as a lunatic, but he thought that the Workhouse Observation Ward, in which he was, was a lunatic asylum already. In his wildest imaginations he had never imagined the Power over all things could treat him thus. He had to think his position out anew, to discover what all this monstrous experience was intended to show and to teach him, and what he had to do to meet this strange occasion. . . .

He was Sargon; that was the great issue. He had to remain Sargon. He was probably in this place of trouble and torment because of the conflict between his being Sargon and the possibility of his relapsing into Preemby. The Power had called him to be Sargon

(*Continued on page 34*)



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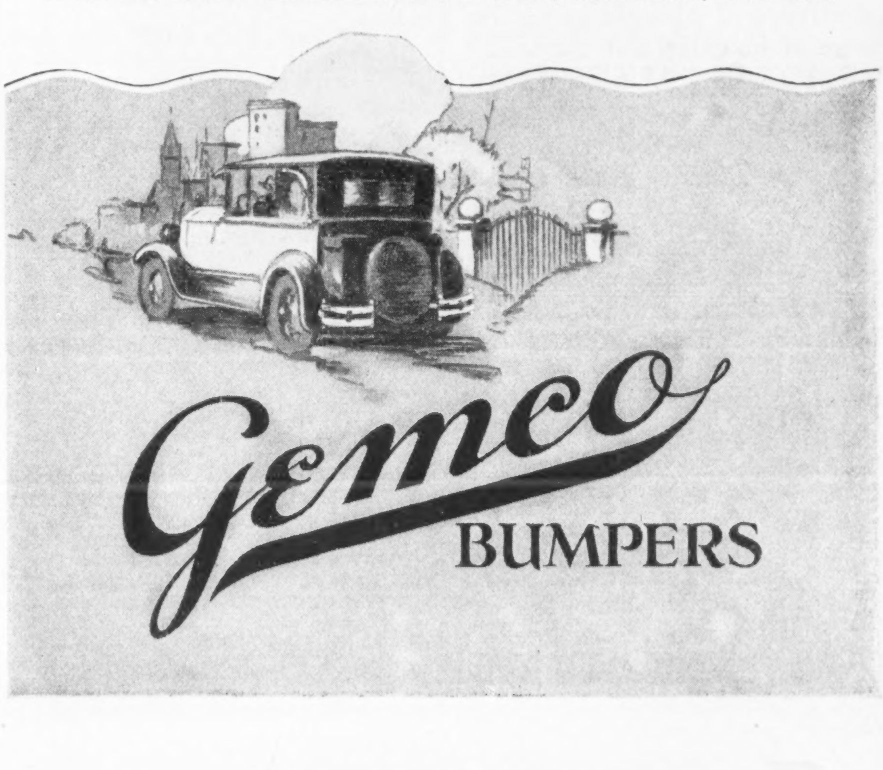

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 33

and to serve and suffer for and at last to rule the Whole World, but manifestly it was not a simple direct call. There was something working in opposition to this destiny, an Anti-Power, opposed to the Power, which was trying to put him back to Preemby and Preembyism, to being little and insignificant, to living obscurely and to no purpose and so at last to dying and becoming utterly and finally dead. That Anti-Power it was which had been permitted to bring him here, to frighten and torment him, to din mad rhymes into his ears, to urge upon him, in a monotonous, persistent voice, that he was dirt and that God was without a face, and a multitude of such like blasphemies. But they were not true. The Anti-Power might talk and talk—would God there could be a respite from his talking!—but the truth was outside this place and greater than this place and altogether comprehended it. He was one, Sargon was one, from the beginning, in Sumeria, in many lands and now here, the same spirit, the ruler who serves; he was one just as London was one when one saw it from on high up above there, endlessly multitudinous, yet drawn together into one great personality. And so was the whole world one. To be Preemby was to be like one of these little back-street houses down below there that were lost in the general effect. Never more could he be Preemby, even if he would. That was what he had to keep hold of. He could only be Sargon by denying Preemby—even though he had to face the pains of death.

YET all the while the Anti-Power was insulting life and himself through that disordered poet and his recitation. The man had now fallen under the spell of a fascinating but detestable word, if one may call such a thing a word, "Tra-la-la."

Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la.
That is the note of it.
Get the full gloat of it.
Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la.
All times and places
Happy derision for Gods without faces.
Tra-la-la sunshine or Tra-la-la rain,
Eat, drink and kiss 'em and at it again.
Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la.
Kiss 'em and kiss 'em and at it again.
At it again!
Tra-la-la.

He varied his recitation with a loud explosive noise made by his lips on the back of his hand.

"Pray don't think me cynical," he said to Sargon. "It is just pure joy de vive."

Sargon could not stand it any longer. This was damnable teaching to fling out before the very regenerator of mankind. He suddenly thrust out a pointing finger. "You are wrong!" he said loudly and sharply.

The poet stared for a minute and with a gesture of salutation said: "Tra-la-la-la."

"I tell you life is real," cried Sargon. "Life is immense. Life is full of meaning and order. I have come to tell you and all men so."

"Shuddup there," cried the loud and wrathful voice of sanity embodied in Mr. Higgs.

And after a brief phase of reflection the Lord of the Whole World obeyed.

Sargon sat up in bed and looked at the people about him and contemplated the vast, dreadful hours that plainly lay before him.

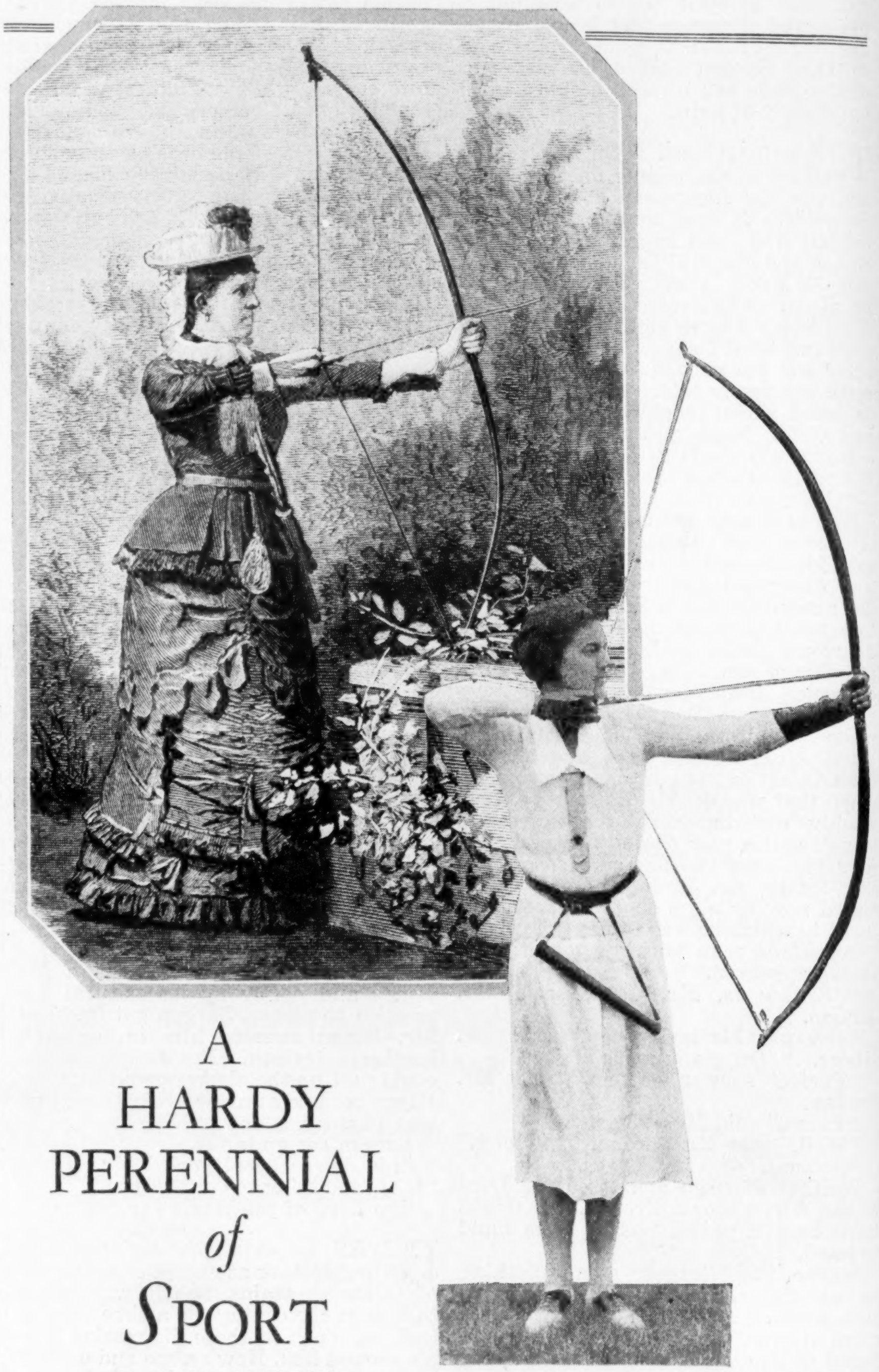
Why had he been lifted up by the Supreme Power, out of the common acts and imaginations of his daily life to a knowledge of his immortal being? Why had he been shown his endless destinies and a vision of the whole world as his sphere, merely to be cast out of life and light and freedom forthwith into this gray underworld of the demented? It could not be that this was for nothing. It must signify.

And then the wind of a second question blew across his mind. The Power that had called him and called him, it would seem, only to bring him into this place, had also brought all these others to this same dreadfulness. *Why?* For him it might be a trial, but what was it for these others, whose souls had indeed dissolved and gone? What was the Power doing with them?

The whole scheme of things in Sargon's mind began to shudder and dissolve. If the Power had not done this, then it must be that the Anti-Power had done it. There must be an Anti-Power as strong almost as the Power, then, able to snatch men out of life into confusion, indignity and death forever. Or else—*there was Nothing!*

He sat quite still with his chin on his knuckles and his eyes staring blankly at the last black possibility.

Was the whole of this call and this mission of his a deception and a delusion? Had he been cheated at Tunbridge Wells when the call first came to him to arise and awake? Were those memories of Sumeria no more than dreams? Was he, indeed, just Albert Edward Preemby—gone crazy? In a crazy, pointless universe of commonplace inanities? If so, he was indeed



A HARDY PERENNIAL of SPORT

By C. P. CUSHING

JUST after crinoline days, in the summer of '79, America's National Archery Association was organized and held its first annual championship tournament—No. 1 of a series unbroken since, except out of deference to patriotism by the war year of 1917. Like its good old-fashioned rivals, cycling and croquet, this hardy perennial of sport to-day is on the boom again; and the forty-fourth annual tournament, held last year in Deerfield, Mass., is reported to have been, both in number of contestants and in interest, "the most successful in some years."

One of the reporters present at the first tournament records of Mrs. Spalding Brown of Hastings, Mich., that she "won the ladies' medal, exhibiting a high degree of quiet nerve and presence of mind while shooting. . . . It was noticeable that the ladies present showed more coolness and steadiness than the men."

Fashions that season (See "Harper's Weekly," Aug. 9, 1879) ran to gowns "worn tight to the person from top to toe. . . . Woe be to the fine lady who does not make herself as lank as a skinned rabbit and who fails in the tuckings and tyings to restrain locomotion." Add to this French high-heeled shoes and "headdresses as fantastic as can be devised," and no one need wonder why the ladies that year did not attempt to shoot any range longer than thirty, forty and fifty yards.

Miss Dorothy D. Smith of Newton Center, Mass., who in midsummer of 1924 won the woman's Eastern Championship, was also that year's feminine star of the National Tournament. She won three medals and carried on Mrs. Spalding Brown's tradition of "coolness and steadiness" by taking the Robin Hood Trophy in a contest open to both men and women—the men shooting at a hundred yards, the women at eighty. As the accompanying pictures show, she wasn't quite so much handicapped by restraining fashions as was Mrs. Brown of the "quiet nerve and presence of mind."

the most foolish of living men. He had left his comfort and securities, sound though insignificant; he had run away from his dear Christina Alberta—to obey a Power that was nothing more than his own imagination and to follow a phantom End. For days he had been shutting Christina Alberta out of his thoughts; she was a skeptic, an ally of the Anti-Power. Now she came back, overvaliant and rash, but just a girl. He had left her to shift for herself, left her beyond reach of his reproofs and cautions. What was she doing? What evil and danger might not be overtaking her even now? It had not occurred to him before that his disappearance might distress and endanger her. Now he saw plainly that it must have done so.

The enemy came and argued frankly with him, "You have been a fool, Albert Edward Preemby," said the enemy. "You have got yourself into a position of great danger and discomfort, you have deserted your own proper life for a horror of nothingness. Go back. Go back while there is still a chance of going back."

But could he go back?

Yes. That could be done. So easily! He could say plainly that now he remembered his proper name. He could ask to see the doctor or the director, or whoever it was presided over Jordan and Higgs and their colleagues; he could give his name and the address of the studio and his bankers' address and the address of the laundry, and so forth, speaking very plainly and quietly; he could admit that he had behaved strangely but that the fit was over and so he would pass out of these grim shadows back into the world. It would rejoice the heart of Christina Alberta. . . .

He thought of that alert, kind, slightly antagonistic figure. If only he could see it now! Coming down the long ward to him, to rescue, to release. . . .

Then he would be just Preemby again for the rest of his days, comfortably Preemby, Preemby the bystander, Preemby the onlooker, the ineffective, speechless man in the background of the noisy studio. But certain things would be at an end. He would never go to any Museums again or browse in the dark shadows of bookshops over dusty, forgotten books about vanished cities and enigmatical symbols. He would think no more of the wonder and mystery of Atlantis and for the measurements of the Pyramids and of all the high riddles of the past and the future. There would be no more wonder in his life at all, for he had sought to enter into wonder and had found it delusion. . . .

And the other way lay pain: indignity, rough treatment, vile food, filthy circumstances, trials that might break him—but with the Power still beckoning.

He thought of the things that belonged to Sargon; of the Power, of cities that were like great single persons, of the Whole World, of the mystical promise of the stars, of all these things he must renounce now and be Preemby, Preemby plain and sensible, to the end of his days, if he would go out of this place. He sat, as it seemed to him, for an immense time, still and brooding, though his answer was already definite in his mind. And at last he spoke. "No," he said in a hoarse voice that was almost a shout. "I am Sargon, Sargon the servant of God—and the Whole World is mine!"

LONG after midnight Sargon was still sitting up in that bleak, greasy glare amid the noises and disorder about him. He had lost all count of time; his watch had been taken from him. Somewhere in the small hours he was praying. And at times he wept a little.

He prayed. Sometimes he made sentences and whispered them to himself and sometimes the sentences never got to words but passed through his mind like serpents that are seen through deep dark water. "Great is the task Thou hast put upon me. I see now I am not worthy, O Master, to do the least thing that is required of me. I am not worthy. I am a petty man and a foolish man, and all I have done so far is folly. But Thou hast called me, knowing my folly. Forgive Thou my folly and help Thou my faith." Silent and still he sat with tears upon his cheeks. "Any punishment and any trial," he whispered at last, "only that Thou shouldst not desert me and vanish out of my world."

He prayed that the Power would yet make him the servant of the world and added falteringly and feebly, "even as it was in the ancient days."

For had there even been those ancient days? Sumeria was now very far away from him and the white towns and the blue river and the river galleys had faded and the worshiping crowds were just a faint smear upon his mind no stronger than the fading memory of a dream. He said nothing for a time, and then in a very loud whisper he said, "Help Thou my unbelief."

For a time after he had made an end to his praying Sargon must have slept; he must have slept because he was awakened by the dawn. It did not come gradually; he awoke to it.

IT WAS on the afternoon of the following day that two strangers came in to see Sargon. He was taken to them, and they talked a little with him and then chiefly with each other. Higgs was off duty, but Jordan hovered in the background.

Neither of these gentlemen explained their business with Sargon to him. One of them was a short man in a black coat; he wore a gold watch chain and a rich-looking tie with a jeweled pin; he had a gold pince-nez, a little pointed nose, a fat, clean-shaven, white face, and a mouth like an oblique spade thrust in a lump of dough. He spoke with something between a sniff and a lisp, and he was evidently rather in a hurry and annoyed at having been called in to see Sargon. The other was large and gray and worn-looking; he impressed Sargon in some indefinable way as being a medical man who had private troubles. He seemed to consider himself in charge of the conversation and would occasionally refer upon some point of fact to the hovering Jordan.

"Understand," said the pasty-faced man, "you wanted to give some sort of dinner party to all sorts of people. Eh?—at the Rubicon. I suppose it came on you sort of sudden like. Eh?"

"I wished to confer with certain people," said Sargon. "It may have been a mistake on my part."

"No doubt it was a mistake, Mr.—"

"Won't 'ave a Mister to it," said Jordan from the background. "Calls 'isself Sargon."

The doctor became very acute in his

(Continued on page 37)

Houdini's
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Chances? "I don't take 'em!" he says. But for 30 years Death has been trying to nab him. Once, when buried alive, he had a close shave. Once he almost died while being "burned at the stake." Once—but let the master mystifier himself tell you about his big thrills

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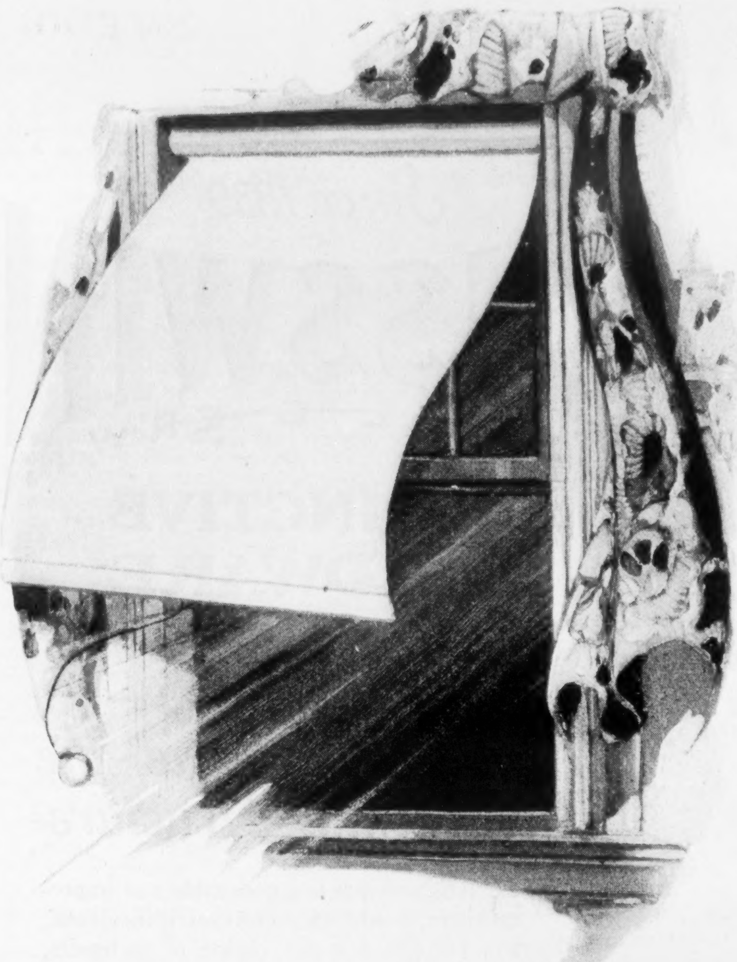

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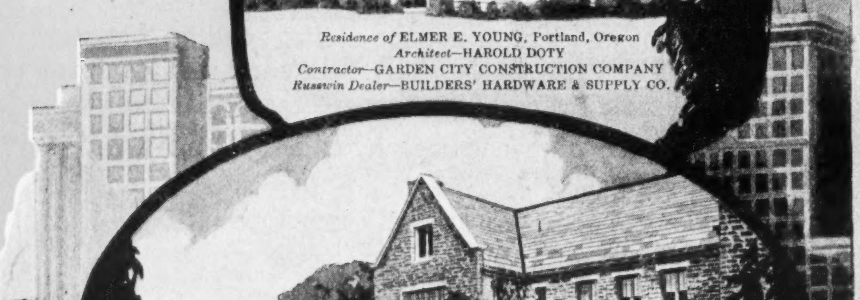

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Residence of ALVAH K. LAWRIE
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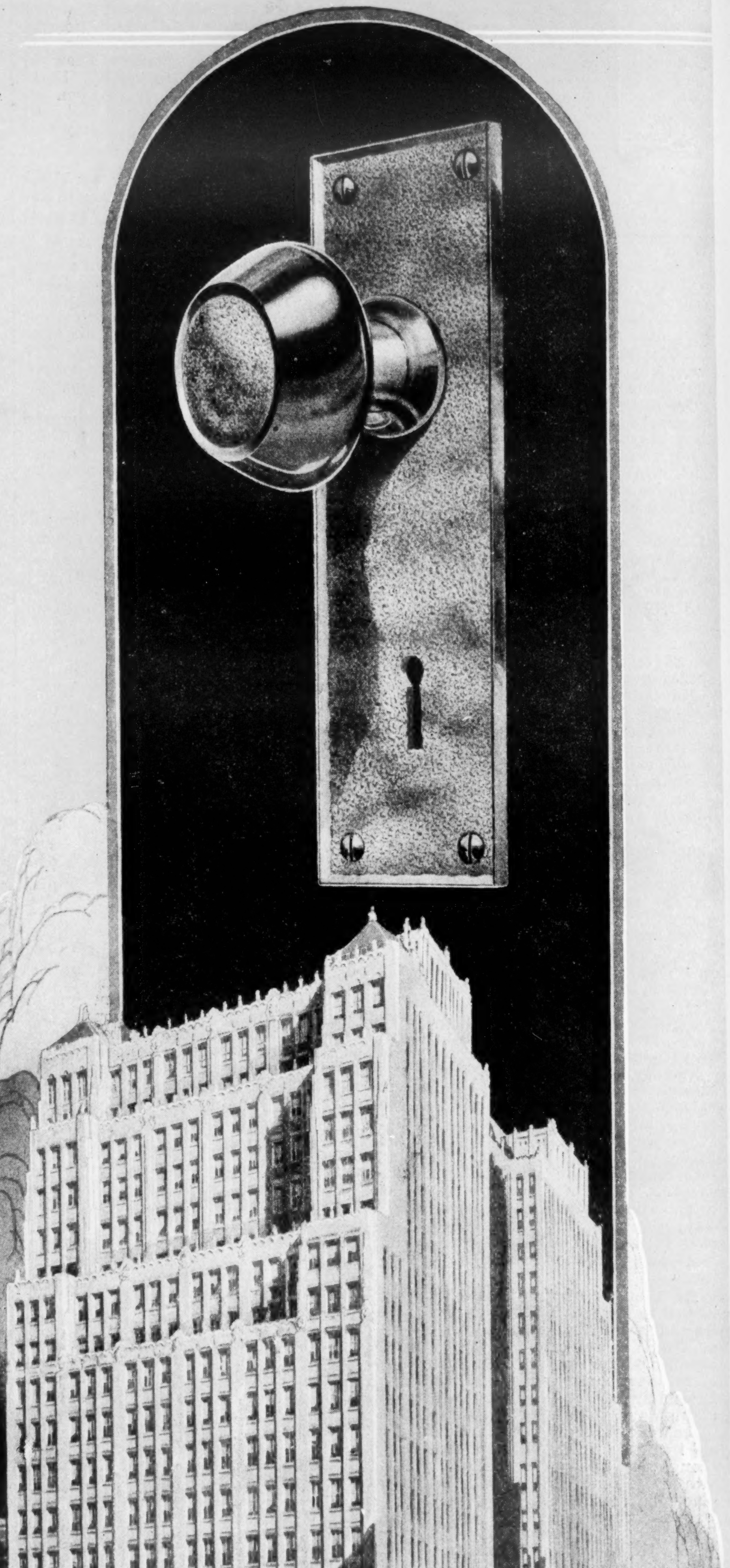


GREELEY ARCADE, NEW YORK
Architects—GEORGE AND EDWARD BLUM
Contractor—JAMES STEWART & COMPANY

No Eel for Nog

Continued from page 19

feeling, his tail thrumming, his pinions hissing. He opened the toes of his feet pressed into his feathers, and the air whined as the claws scratched eight unseen lines in the sky. Behind his royal parents he swooped, and when the heron saw them he cried aloud in distress. A hundred pairs of pale yellow eyes were watching them from the heronry. They saw Old Nog shift as the falcon stooped, but he was tired and his broad vanes too clumsy for so light a body. He tried to spear her; she crashed into the long black flight quills, passed behind him, turned in a short swishing curve and passed under his breast, on her back, bursting away hundreds of feathers. Half a second later she was bound to his back, sinking with him. The tercel joined her, With a last cry Old Nog closed his wings and dived for a pool in the river, which was tidal for three miles beyond the heronry, and with two of his enemies on his back, and a third chattering around him, plunged into the water.

Not long afterward nearly a hundred young herons, standing on flat piles of sticks in the treetops, ravenous for food, poked up their heads and watched. The arrival of Old Nog, bedraggled, with skinny breast unfeathered, frayed vanes and red beak, was welcomed by a hubbub of guttural squawks. Slowly and heavily he sailed near, to the uproar of flapping wings, stretching necks and opening beaks. Was this a demonstration of victory, of greeting the conquering hero? Oh, no, for the fight was already forgotten and Old Nog was merely a parent bird coming with food, a parent claimed by every youngster, frenziedly implored to alight at every nest and give up what he had got. Old Nog flapped over the heronry, sailed to a branch near his nest, closed his tattered vanes and perched, swaying, six feet away from his noisy sons. He hunched up his shoulders and sank his head between them, desiring only to rest after the contest and digest his meal. Far away over Exmoor a young peregrine was flying alone—his parents drowned. Chakchek is dead—long live Chakchek the One-Eyed!

Seeing Father huddled on the tree, the sons of Nog, that had learned during the past few days to walk on branches, went foot by foot to where he perched and yelled at him so loudly that Father opened his eyes. Seeing he was awake, they flapped their vanes and cried so insistently to give up what he had got that Old Nog yawned and, bending down, yielded trout and rat to one and duckling and eel to the other. Such robbery had happened to Old Nog for over twenty years—every spring he fished and toiled all day and half the night, and whenever he flew home for rest and quiet his children not only pestered him with their noisiness but took away his food. With a melancholy croak he flapped away from the heronry, and, after filling himself with dabs, walked wearily and stiffly to the middle of a sandbank, secure from man and nestlings, and slept until the tide wetted him four hours afterward. Then, fishing for half an hour, he filled his crop and went back to the heronry to see how the young 'uns were getting on, and perhaps a quiet rest.

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 35

manner. "Now, isn't that some sort of historical name?" he asked with a sideways, searching look.

"It is," said Sargon.

"But it isn't *your* name, you know."

"Possibly not. I mean— It is my only name."

"That's a bit of an answer, that is," said the pasty-faced man. "My *word!*"

"What is your *real* name," asked the doctor persuasively.

"Sargon."

"Not Mr. A. E. Preemby."

Sargon started and stared, possibly with a certain wildness in his eye. "With God's help, *no!*" he said.

"Was it ever Mr. Preemby?" asked the doctor.

"That does not matter now. That is of no importance now."

The doctor turned to Jordan and beckoned him in a whisper. Only one sentence came to Sargon's ears. "'Iggs 'eard it," said Mr. Jordan.

"Aren't you called Sargon, King of Kings?" asked the doctor.

Sargon bent his head in sorrow. "Better were it to call me Sargon the Unworthy. For in many things I have failed."

The pasty-faced man looked at the doctor. "Haven't we had about enough of this?"

"My conclusions are clear," said the doctor. "In fact, I have the certificate ready."

"Right-o," said the pasty-faced man. "It's very good of you to come to-day. I wouldn't have bothered you until tomorrow, but we are really getting overcrowded here. One chap's decidedly dangerous. The attendants here don't like the look of him. You need only just see him for a moment. Or any of them. All clear cases for summary reception orders."

They spoke now as if Sargon were not present or as if he were an inanimate object. And, indeed, for them he had become so; he had passed for them already out of the comity of mankind.

"Why have you been talking to me?" asked Sargon suddenly with a vague fear of what had been said and done developing in his mind.

The doctor's manner altered. He spoke to Sargon as one might speak to a small child. "You'll be going back to bed now," he said. "Jordan!"

And while Sargon was being steered back to bed, firmly rather than gently, in the grip of Jordan, the justice and the doctor filled in and signed the forms that were necessary to deprive him of nearly every right he possessed as a human being.

For there is no trial by jury and no writ of habeas corpus in Britain for the unfortunate charged with insanity. He may not plead in public and there is no one to whom he may appeal. He may write complaints but they will be neglected; his most urgent expostulations will be disregarded in favor of any dull attendant's asseverations. He is handed over to the nearly autocratic control of under-educated, ill-paid, ill-fed and overworked attendants. Every night and every day seems endless to him at first and then the nights and days fall into a sort of routine and become unimportant and pass away more and more rapidly.

OUR world herds these discards together out of sight, walls them up, spends so little upon them that they are neither properly fed nor properly looked after, and does its brave hopeful best to forget all about them.

And our Sargon, who even in the outer world of usage and freedom was sometimes a little at a loss, must now go on into this dark underworld. For two days more he will be kept in the Gifford Street Observation Ward awaiting the convenience of the authorities; then, in the company of four other convicts, he will be sent to a still bleaker and more desolate and hopeless confinement within the clustering buildings and walls and railings of Cummerdown Hill.

So he passes now for a time out of sight of everyday mankind, and so also for a time he shall pass out of this story. It would be insufferable to tell with any fullness his daily tale of discomfort and indignity.

(*To be continued next week*)

Great Possessions

Continued from page 8

born—you know dot! You know Trier und Pfalzel and Zell—you know dot?"

He might have been a long-lost cousin, a friend of the family, at least.

"Are all of these your family?" Wally asked of the woman, while half of the children climbed over him.

"Ach! Nein! My kinder iss all grown up long ago. Grown up und gone avay. Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Harrisburg—I got kinder in all dose places. But my man und me, ve like pignigs. But ve don'd like it by ourselfs. So ve take all de kinder in de neighborhood. My man he lofes dose kinder. Efery Sunday ve take a new bunch. Und dey like it, too. He don'd make vat he used to ven he vas younger, my man. He's a cabinet-maker. But ve got enough. 'Dere ain'd no pockets in a shroud,' he says."

They laughed uproariously. The children had scattered, playing hide and seek up and down the slope. The food was all eaten. Over the Jersey Highlands the sky was turning crimson, tinting the water of the river with rose. Wally leaned back, his hands clasped about his knees, content. They talked of many things; politics, unemployment, the value of woolen underwear for winter, how to cook hassenpfeffer—and finally, a little shyly at first, the war.

"I tell you vat," said the little man. "I don't hate anybody. Hate—dot's bad for de dichestion. Dot's bad for de soul. If I hate you, dot don'd hurt you, dot hurts me." He nodded sagely.

"Well," said Wally, "we didn't hate the Germans either. We fought them. It was a matter of principle, you see."

"You don'd hate 'em, und you kill 'em?" He shook his head. "I don'd see how you do dot."

There was a silence. The darkness gathered. Suddenly the old man rose.

"So! Vell, ve got to go. Hey, kinder! Ve go home, now!" He rounded them up. The woman packed the scattered remnants of the lunch in her basket. In a twinkling everything was ready. The old man held out his hand.

"Alvays ve meet somebody," he said. "Dot's fine! My name's Schultz; Horatio Street. You chust come back, hey? Vell, maybe you don'd get a chob so easy. Come und see me. Maybe I find you von."

Slowly they climbed the hill, hand in hand, leaving Wally standing in silence. The sudden loneliness choked him. He wanted to rush after the man and his wife and go with them. Instead, he descended the slope to the path below.

Here in some ways it was worse. In every corner where no light shone—and some where there was light—pairs of young people sat close, whispering or in silence, oblivious. Through what seemed aisles of such couples, Wally stalked as one might pass headstones in a cemetery. At last he emerged onto the Drive, where, under the light, only tired folk, without romance, sought to breathe in the afterheat of evening, or dozed. Among these Wally sank to a bench, pushed his hat back from his forehead, and gave himself up to thought.

WALLY did not know when the woman came and sat beside him. She might have been there a long time before she spoke. Even then he did not quite get what she said, or why she said it to him. He only knew that she had said something. The spell of friendliness was still on him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, turning toward her. "I didn't hear." The shadow of a branch fell over her end of the bench. He could not see her distinctly, but he was in the full light. She did not answer immediately, studying him. When she did her tone was tender enough.

"What's the matter, dearie? Down an' out?" She put out a hand. Instinctively he took it, awkwardly.

"No," he said.

"Things gone wrong at home, then?"

"No, no. You see, I've just got back from overseas. This morning. I'm trying to get my bearings. It's not so easy."

"No job, hey? Don't worry, dearie. You'll get a job, all right. You look fine! Cheer up! Come on, let's take a walk!"

She jumped to her feet, and Wally followed. She made again for the paths beside the river. As they walked along, thrust close together by the narrowness of the way, Wally felt a certain impersonal sense of triumph. Just a while ago he had walked here, alone, among all the whispering, half-hidden couples. Now, he was not alone. . . .

(*Continued on page 38*)

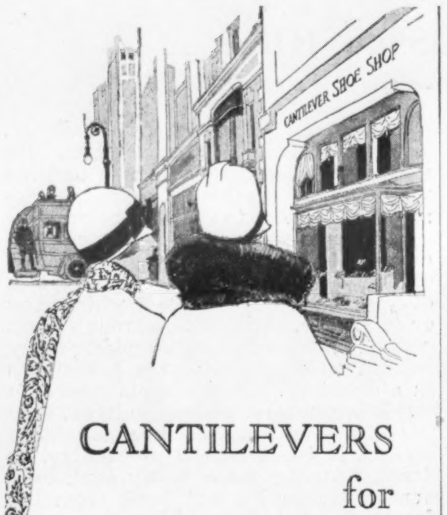
Yes, it's
WORTH the EFFORT

Suzanne writes on cheap, ruled pencil tablet paper, her large carefully constructed letters sprawling over both sides of the sheet, as follows:

"I am writing for forty-four other fifth-graders, as well as for myself. We had a copy of your children's code, and when we got into trouble we were shown where we could have kept out if we had followed the code. We looked at it as a friend that kept us out of trouble. Some of the children started to memorize it, but when not even half way learned it was worn out, and we have it no more. We would each like to have a code.

Yours truly,
Suzanne Zvarowsky,
88 Lake Street, Lakemore, Ohio.

Collier's has received words of appreciation and indorsement of the Code and requests for copies of it from every state in the Union. But if we had never received any letter but this from little Suzanne Zvarowsky of Lakemore, Ohio, we would feel that we had neglected the greatest opportunity for human service ever offered a national periodical if we did not dedicate ourselves to the task of putting the Moral Code into every schoolroom in America.



CANTILEVERS for STYLE?

New York Women Say "Yes!"

Swing down Fifth Avenue, round the corner at Fortieth Street, and there, directly opposite the classically beautiful New York Public Library, is the busiest of all Cantilever Shoe Shops.

Women who are admired the world over for the perfection of their style, do all of their shopping here and hereabouts. Thousands of them know "Fourteen West Fortieth," because at this address they buy Cantilever Shoes for all-day comfort and conservative smartness.

In your city there is either a Cantilever Shop or a Cantilever Dealer showing the same Cantilever models that fashionable New York women approve. You will find a tempting variety of oxfords and pumps in the wanted colors—graceful styles and shapes to give you real foot comfort.

Natural lines, modishly rounded toes and close-fitting heels make the Cantilever Shoe fit with true comfort. Snug, flexible arches conform to the exact undercurve of the foot, affording restful support without restricting the action of the foot or the circulation.

The Cantilever encourages your foot muscles to exercise and gain the springy strength they need to hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in the finely arched adjustment that Nature intends. Then your foot becomes able to absorb the shocks which otherwise would wear out the nerves and upset the balance of the whole bodily organism.

You will like the comfort of this shoe and it will help you if you have foot trouble or will keep your good feet well.

Cantilever Shoe
for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

Great Possessions

Continued from page 37

They walked in silence. Finally, at an open space, she cut across the grass. In a spot in the shadows she flung herself on the ground.

"Sit down, dearie, and tell me about it."

There was neither allure nor enticement in her voice. So she might have spoken to another of her kind, Wally felt. He was suddenly ashamed of his hesitation, and sat down near her, his hands beside him, on the grass.

"Maybe you won't understand," he said. "But it may help me to get myself straight to tell you. You see, I've been in the army for two years. I've lived with the men in my outfit day and night, all that time. There was always someone to tell us what to do, and somebody to tell them what to tell us to do, and so on up. We got everything—clothes, lodging, food, work, even recreation, all made to order. All we had was just each other—the companionship, the intimate association, where everybody knew everybody else all the way through. No man made his own life; we all made each others' lives. . . .

"And then, suddenly, after two years of that, they say one day: 'Much obliged! You're through!' And overnight all of that is gone. You're back making your own life, all by yourself. Everybody's out to cut the other fellow's throat. He has to, or go down. The whole business of working together with other men, in common, is wiped out. . . .

"But they can't wipe it out! It's there. I don't care what a man does for two whole years, day in and day out, it leaves its mark. The men who have lived as the men in the army live—as they have to live—are handicapped. They can't get back where they were before, and think only of themselves and what they can get away with. They know there's something else and, just knowing it, they aren't the same any more. . . ."

The woman stretched out on the grass, listening, rolled over to lie face downward. Her cheek came into contact with his hand. She let it remain there.

"You're just lonely, dearie," she said.

"Maybe—"

He dropped back and lay on the turf, his hands clasped under his head, staring up at the moon.

"COME on! Snap out of it! What d' y' think this park is—a hotel?"

Wally was on his feet in an instant. "What do you mean by that?" he shouted.

"Go on! Don't give me no back talk," barked the policeman. "D'y' think I'm blind? Y'got no business pullin' that kind o' stuff in a public park. What's the matter with y'? Ain't y' got the price of a room?"

The woman caught Wally's arm. "Leave 'im alone, dearie. He's half stewed. You'll only make trouble—"

"You get out of here!" he ordered. "What do you mean by talking like that before this lady? Why, you—"

"Lady!" shouted the policeman, growing angry in turn. "Say, what d' y' take me for? D' y' think I don't know little Mary, the—"

"Shut up!" Wally thundered.

"All right!" roared the policeman. "You're askin' for it, are y'? Well, y'll get it! I was decent t' y', but y're lookin' f'r trouble. Come along, now, or I'll club y' to death. Y' can tell the judge about little Mary, here. *He* knows her!"

"Aw, now, Mac, leave 'im alone. He ain't done nothin'—hones' t' Gawd!" the woman begged.

Wally's wrath left him. He could not bear to hear her plead. He put his hand on her arm.

"Don't!" he said. "I'll go."

In silence they marched up the now deserted path, the policeman trudging behind, muttering to himself.

Just before they reached the Drive, the woman turned back. "You walk on," she said to Wally. "Let me talk to him."

Wally caught her arm. "Please!" he said. She shrugged her shoulders.

At the station house, Wally, with face flaming, listened in amazement to the entirely imaginary charge of the officer.

"Well, Mary?" said the sergeant.

"What good would it do me to deny it?"

"None," the sergeant replied. "What's *your* name?" to Wally.

"Wallerand Voorhuis 3d."

"Listen, son. Better stick to John Smith or Julius Cæsar. Don't go toying with the names of real people."

Then turning to the policeman: "All right. Shoot 'em in."

As the woman left him, she caught at Wally's sleeve. "I'm sorry, dearie. I—I thought you was in trouble, an' I kinda wanted to help—"

"You did," said Wally. "I thank you."

AS HE had stood before the sergeant's desk, Wally welcomed the prospect of the night alone, even in jail. It would, he conceived, give him time for thought, and he felt then that there was much to be thought out. But once the cell door shut on him, he suddenly found that there was nothing to think out, after all. As if from the hidden stratum of his subconscious mind, a conclusion arose and confronted him, leaving him calm and undismayed.

The Great Test

In all his career Coolidge has never failed in a crisis. In the Presidency can he repeat his achievements? William Allen White makes some interesting conjectures in the fourth of his biographical articles on Calvin Coolidge in

next week's
Collier's

He took off his shoes, stretched himself on his bunk, and slept.

In the pitiless light of the courtroom, Mary was pathetic. Her large, coarse hands, bad teeth, and the flamboyant already passing prettiness of her face did her less than justice. When the reporters, greedy for the story, plied her with questions, jostled her, tugged at her, alternately wheedling and peremptory, she lost her head completely. Wally was standing at one side, absently tracing figures in the dust of a table top with his finger. She sought refuge with him. He looked at them with something impressive in his thin figure, despite the nose glasses and the air that had been shy before he commanded a hundred and eighty men.

"Who of us has any right to jump on her?" he asked quietly.

When the case was called, the judge seized the opportunity to deliver a resounding lecture on morals in the high-placed. But Wally said nothing. He merely paid the woman's fine and pushing his way through the insistent newspaper men, left the courtroom. At the door an elderly man touched him on the shoulder.

"You will want to come with me, I think, Mr. Voorhuis," he said.

Wally bowed, and followed in silence.

In the office of Wells, Hugo, Wells & Harwood, who had been his father's attorneys, Wally stood at one end of a long table, alone, the full light from the window on his face. In the shadows of the farthest corner, Agnes was standing. She had neither spoken nor moved since Wally came in. On the table between them was a pile of morning papers; one with his name in large headlines clean across the front page was spread out. Near the window the elder Wells leaned on his cane.

"I have known you both all your lives," he said. "I am an old man. This seems very important to you now. But in a few days, a few months at most, it will be nothing at all. I think Wally had perhaps better go to his club for a while, and Agnes go back to Southampton with the children. In a little time we can meet again and talk it over—if that should be necessary by then."

There was a silence. Wally raised his head and looked directly at Agnes.

"Do you believe all of that?" he asked, placing his hand on the newspaper.

"What difference does it make whether I believe it or not? There it is, for everybody to see. Nothing any of us can do will change that. You say"—she turned to Mr. Wells—"that in a few months it will be nothing at all. You know that isn't so. You know that people will never forget it, and that when the girls are grown it will be dragged out again. What difference does it make whether it is true or not?"

"I don't think it makes any difference," said Wally. "I just wondered what you believed—how you looked at it. That's all.

"Mr. Wells, will you make a transfer, or whatever you call it, of all my property, real and personal, to Agnes—will you do that, now? Everything, you understand?"

"You are mad! Of course I will not! Do as I suggest. If in a week you both feel the same way, it can be arranged. You must not do anything now. It would be insane!" Mr. Wells was trembling. His free hand made signals to Wally to leave.

But Wally put the tips of the fingers of both hands on the table and leaned over to him, speaking with an authority that might have been that of old Wallerand the First.

"You will do as I say, Mr. Wells, or I shall find another attorney who will. I shall be back at five. You will have everything ready for me by that time. There is no need for Agnes to come," he added gently.

He turned and strode out of the office.

THE little, old-fashioned brick house in Horatio Street had been built three quarters of a century ago. The rooms were small, with low ceilings and tiny windows. Just now, the one that held Schultz and his friends seemed crowded beyond the possibility of comfort. The air was thick with tobacco smoke. Some of the men had glasses of Schultz's muddy home brew. Schultz, sitting under the electric light, was talking when the door was thrust open, and the huge figure of Mrs. Schultz filled it.

"He did come!" she cried. "Here he iss—dot young chentleman of Sunday. Should I bring him in?" She stepped aside and Wally stood in the doorway.

"You said—you said to come," he explained embarrassed. "I didn't know you had company—"

But Schultz had run forward, holding out both hands.

"Come in! Come in! Ve vas vaiting for you," he said. Putting his arm up over Wally's shoulder he turned and faced the others. "Didn't I tell you he vould come?" he cried.

As Wally's eyes swept the crowded little room, he counted them mechanically.

There were twelve.

Champion Spark Plugs are standard factory equipment on more than two-thirds of all the motor cars built in America and Europe.

Car makers all the way from Ford to Rolls-Royce have proved for themselves that Champions give better engine performance.

Champions will render better service for a longer period, but no matter what make of car you drive you will save in oil and gas and enjoy improved engine performance if you install a complete set of new Champions, at least once a year.

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

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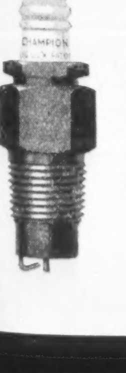
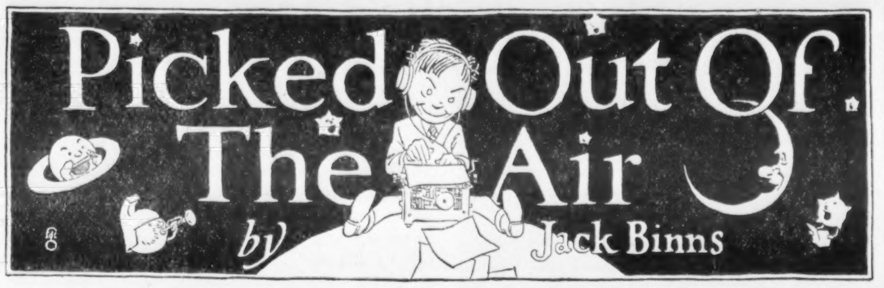


Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.

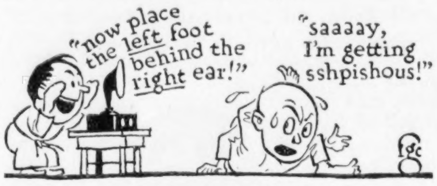


Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

An Errand of Mercy

JUST to remind us that radio has other uses than affording us entertainment and amusement, the news is printed that the ships in the International Ice Patrol are again on the job off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. These ships patrol the steamship lanes during the iceberg period and warn all vessels of danger.


"now place the left foot behind the right ear!"
"saaaay, I'm getting sshpishous!"

Prostrated

H. LEVIN of Paterson, N. J., sends me the following interesting piece:

"WOR was broadcasting its usual daily 7 A. M. exercises. The initial pose for one of the exercises was to lie flat on one's back. Like a true devotee of the 'Daily Dozen,' I assumed this somewhat undignified posture. What the next command was I do not know. I was greeted by a titter followed by a roar of laughter from the entire family. Someone had shut off the radio and there I was lying on my back, waiting for the command which was not to come."

Good Work, WGN

STATION WGN of Chicago is the latest broadcaster to be placed on my honor roll. This station announces that it will not answer telegrams from ilsteners or read them through its microphone, neither will it "dedicate" to listeners request numbers played by its orchestras.

International Convention

THERE is every possibility that the next International Radio Convention will be held in Washington this fall. The last was held in London in 1912. These conventions draw up the rules and regulations for international operation of radio communication, which the participating governments invariably adopt. Since the last convention there have been many revolutionary changes developed for which no adequate regulations exist. Let us hope that no red tape in Washington will spoil the plans of the sponsors of this much-needed conference.

This is Imperative

TWO things of utmost importance should be placed under international regulation immediately. They are: A universal wave-length band set aside for exclusive broadcasting purposes, and allotment of the short-wave frequencies for definite purposes.

Let's Have Unison

INTERNATIONAL broadcasting is not impossible. As soon as the new super-power stations are erected in this country and England, it will be quite possible, even with the present receiving apparatus. However, it is important that broadcasting be allotted the band between 200 and 600 meters. It would be a crime to render obsolete all the present apparatus purchased by the public through shifting the wave band higher or lower. Many of the European stations are using high wave lengths for broadcasting which are sorely needed for communication purposes.

An Epochal Event

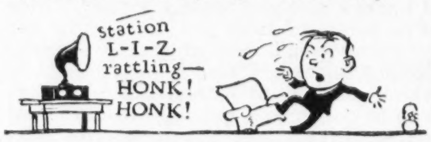
CHARLES S. BROWN of Argusville, N. D., who was a naval operator during the war, sends me an interesting letter in which he recounts his experience while listening in to a three-way radio telephone conversation participated in by officials at Washington, D. C., President Wilson aboard the steamship George Washington, and the airship R. 34, on July 4, 1919. He cites this to refute the general belief that transatlantic radiophone conversation was a 1924 development. One of the interesting things in this historic event was the singing of "America" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Lofty Reception

WAY up in the highest habitation on the Sierra Nevada mountains at Donner, Cal., two men have installed a five-tube set in a box car. Recently they wrote WGY that "your programs are coming in fine." What strange places these radio waves penetrate. They take from the hermit his pride, and give to the isolated pleasure beyond compare.

Get One Now

YOU'LL find our radio map very helpful. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries; and gives a distance finder. Send your order with 25c in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


station L-I-Z rattling—
HONK! HONK!

Ford to His Rescue

MR. BARKER of San Jose, Cal., sends me this interesting item:

"A short while ago I was faced with the problem of using A. C. current to feed the filament of my tubes. Like any other 'greenie,' the first thing I did was to step it down and connect it, unrectified, to the 'A' binding posts. Of course, the sixty-cycle hum came in all over.

"My electrician brother-in-law came to the rescue with some flivver parts—the remedy for most ills. The way he fixed it was to make a chemical rectifier from fruit jars with lead and aluminum plates, and (here's where the flivver comes in) a filter from the condensers out of two coils, with the secondaries of same, and their own iron cores for the audio frequency choke coils. Now the combination of automobile and radio is working to perfection."

Brand Whitlock, our famous war-time minister to Belgium, thinks that American tourists, with all their vagaries, contribute something worth while to European life—and he says so, whimsically, in next week's Collier's

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They may cost more than you realize in riding comfort. You *know* what it costs to break one.

Harvey Springs are scientifically designed, and built of our own special-formula steel. They are guaranteed, and they are so made that they ride easier than ordinary springs, and last longer. They fit your car exactly.

Any spring will work better and last longer if it's kept properly lubricated.

Harvey Spring Oilers and special Spring Oil do the job perfectly. They will repay their cost many times over. Mail this coupon.

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Oil your springs the clean, sure way. Harvey Spring Oilers enable you to feed just the right amount of oil to your springs.

Harvey Oilers are put up in sets of four:
No. 1—One set (4 oilers) for Fords, $2.25
No. 2—Two sets (8 oilers) for other cars, $4.50
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Specify YEAR and MODEL of car in ordering.

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A-4-11

Mothers Give the Children Wrigley's

They love its long-lasting refreshing flavor.

They will benefit by its friendly aid to teeth appetite and digestion.

As a means of keeping their teeth clean and combating acid mouth Wrigley's is worth many times its price.

Doctors recommend it for those convalescing from fever.

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

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WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
Sealed in its Purity Package

The Apache's Moll

Continued from page 17

with both eyes shut and now it was up to her to get out as clean as she could.

"I'll see some friends at police headquarters to-morrow," I promised her. "My lawyer and I will get into touch with a big politician who depends on us for lots of things and he'll put it over."

She snatched my hand and held it tightly. Her eyes filled with tears.

We danced. "Lina," I said when we had returned to our table, "I don't like you—I—"

"Why—" she began, some of the old terror coming back to her eyes.

"Ah, I don't mean that exactly. I'll do anything for you, girl. Listen, get me right. Are your parents alive?"

"I seem to remember seeing you," she said. "Are you an official there?"

"Yes, why?"

"Do you live with them?"

"Yes."

"Lina, you're headed wrong. You're a nice girl but you're training with a bad bunch. Your parents have educated you. I can see that, although I'm rough. I know a nice girl when I see her. Now I'm going to take you home. In the morning you'll see that guy in the Tombs, although, God knows, I hate to think of it. And then I'll see what can be done about getting him out. And listen, Lina, meet me to-morrow afternoon and—and just you don't have so much paint on your face and lips."

The stage was set for her at the Tombs. She saw Diaset. Also she heard various offhand remarks about Jimmy—what a good fellow he was, how powerful politically he was, how he could get anything he wanted.

She met me on schedule and she was dressed as simply as a child. There was neither rouge nor powder on her pretty face.

Together we went for a motor ride. My adoration of her was wordless, at first, but patent. She was tolerantly acceptive. But I was getting on—getting somewhere on the case. The girl was pretty well disarmed.

"Read this," I said, handing her a typewritten sheet.

She was amazed as she read.

"What do you think of Jimmy now?" I cried. "That's the report of the detective on Diaset's case. Say Jimmy can't get what he wants?"

"You're wonderful," she sighed, handing back the decoy report.

"Huh, that's nothing for me," I boasted. "I got it from the man in charge of the files at headquarters. It ain't exactly regular but you can do anything if you have the right kind of friends. And say, I was talking to the detective and to a certain party in the district attorney's office. I think it can be fixed all right."

She was tremendously excited. She had suddenly remembered that she had promised to make a telephone call. Wouldn't I take her to a telephone? Oh, I mustn't be jealous. It was just a little personal thing she had forgotten.

She went into a drug store to telephone and I waited in the car, folding the bogus report, which was, however, signed by myself and in my own name.

We drove out into the open country. She was oddly more nervous than ever. What she had heard over the telephone had caused her to worry. How soon could I get Diaset out? Oh, couldn't I hurry? Oh, if I only knew; if she only dared tell me everything. She shook my arm. I pretended sullen jealousy. I sat silent, morose. I refused to look at her.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," she cried, "tell me. What's the matter with you? Don't you—don't you—"

"Listen," I snapped. "I said I'd get this guy out of the Tombs. Well, I've changed my mind. I won't."

"Jimmy, you must. You must. It'll kill me, Jimmy. You've got to do it. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Ah, why should I do all this for the man you've been telephoning to?"

"But it's for me, Jimmy, for me. Won't you do it for me? You must. You promised you would. You must!"

"What do you mean, for you? Who's this man you telephone to?"

"Oh, I can't—I can't tell you," she wept miserably, almost hysterically. "I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

I stopped the car and faced her. This seemed to be the moment to strike.

"Lina, listen to me. Don't think you can fool me as easily as that. You afraid? Nonsense. It isn't that. Let me tell you what the trouble is. You're heart and soul with this gang. You're working for this sweetheart of yours and his gang because you love the game."

"Jimmy! What are you saying?"

"Do you take me for such an idiot? I know. You're working hard for this Shattuck mob and your sweetheart's one of them. They sent you to the Tombs to tell Diaset not to squeal and now they want you to work me to get him out before he does squeal, which will be soon. Get me? Soon. I know."

"They're driving me to it, Jimmy. You don't understand. They're forcing me." She was weeping wildly.

"Are you in on this deal—the Shattuck affair—with them?"

"No, no, no. But they'll draw me into it if I don't do as they tell me—if you don't help me. I told them you had promised to get Diaset out for me and they'll ruin me, kill me, if you don't."

"Lina, if I make good will you go back to those crooks?"

"Never, never, never."

"Yes, you will. You got into this because you like those men."

"No, no, no."

"Well, then, tell me why. You want me to make good. Now you tell me what you know."

She raced through her story.

"I used to go to a little French restaurant. I got to know the proprietor and other people there. I was introduced to Bagnoli, who used to come there with other men. He was awfully good-looking and the dashing sort you see on the stage and in the movies. Women like his type. A sort of devil-may-care man.

"He introduced me to his friends—Diaset, Camilieri, Mourey. They called Camilieri the Jockey. Of course my head was turned so completely that I didn't understand just what I was getting into.

"I was drawn in a little at a time. Finally I was sitting with them while they discussed the hauls they had made. Oh, I don't know. I guess in the excitement of it I forgot what it really meant. Until presently I was so much one of them that there was no way to get out. They told me I was one of them and that I'd have to stick to them. I was desperately afraid my parents would find out.

"This went on for six months. There was no one for me to go to. I was afraid to go to the officials. Oh, you're a man; you don't understand. Everything official terrorized me. I had only the vaguest ideas of what to do. Then too, I was afraid of these men. Finally they robbed the Shattucks. Afterward I saw Mourey and the Jockey and Bagnoli and they told me I'd have to do my bit and help them.

"Yes, I'll admit that I was willing to help them if I could. It seemed only fair. I had been with them and had known their secrets and why should I desert them? Then you began talking to me. And—and— Oh, well, I am seeing things differently now. I guess they saw it in my manner. They began to see a change in me and they are threatening me."

"Where are these men now, Lina?" I asked softly.

She looked at me sharply.

"I'd like to see them all in Sing Sing," I explained. "But you can't afford that. It would mean you'd be implicated. You'd be sent to prison in Auburn—a conspirator."

She shuddered.

"So I'm going to help you, Lina, as I said I would. But this is going to take more money than I thought. Personally I can't put up the money just now. That's why I asked you where the others are. Can't they put up the cash? Say five thousand dollars."

"I can get money from them," she cried. "I don't know where the Jockey and Mourey are, but Bagnoli does and he's over in New Jersey. I'll go to him to-night."

That night three of us trailed her to a house in Union Hill, where, in an upstairs room, we burst in upon her and Bagnoli. He would have fought but we had him covered with our pistols. She seemed paralyzed when she saw me.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

"My name is Fiaschetti," I replied.

"Why, that was the name on the detective's report."

"Yes, Lina."

* * *

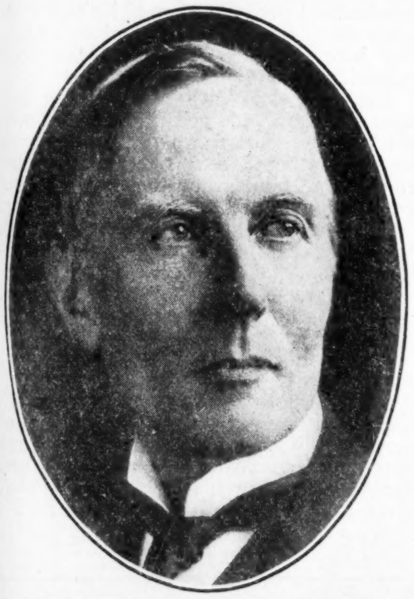
She told us all she knew. It was enough to make Diaset and Bagnoli confess. It put us on the trail of the Jockey, whom we fetched back from France. The first two are in Sing Sing serving long terms. The Jockey, as this goes to press, still awaits trial. Lina never appeared in court. She promised to report to me every few months that I might be sure she was keeping better company. She does so.

Should America Lead the World?

Continued from page 10

which is calculated to create a revolution and to raise to a very marked degree the general standard of high school teaching in the country. I allude to the establishment of honors courses. These have now, I am informed, been set up in no less than forty seats of learning. Their effect will be immense. They will raise the general standard of culture in that large body of students, ambitious enough to soar above the low level leading to the ordinary degree and yet too wide in the span of their general interests to submit to the curb of specialized research. They will improve the teaching body and will also, by affording a more generous basis of general knowledge, illumine the work of those who proceed to postgraduate courses. I look to the happiest results from this recent innovation.

Mr. Gladstone used to ask eagerly of returned travelers whether they were of opinion that the scepter of civilization was being transferred to the American side of the Atlantic. And I too found myself asking whither is all this education tending? What kind of society is it producing? Is America destined to impose its models upon the world? Or are its specific forms of life incapable of transplantation? These questions incessantly occur to the thoughtful European traveler as he passes among your cities and interrogates the face of your society.



Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, *delegate to the League of Nations, was Lowell lecturer at Boston in 1909 and president of the British Board of Education, 1916-1922*

They are not easy to answer. One can only note in contrast with the increasing material development some disquieting features. The racial composition of the population in America is giving serious concern to the eugenists. The army intelligence tests were not reassuring. The prevalence of violent crime, and especially of unpunished violent crime, seems to indicate that for the moment the forces of law and order are insufficient for their task.

Here too, as in Europe, new economic conditions are emptying the farms of the most energetic and capable members of the agricultural community and impelling them to seek their fortune in the towns. The ugly features of the European slum repeat themselves under the blue skies of America. The social problems which tax us in Europe are already taxing you. "He who crosses the sea changes his clime, not his mind." It is vain to suppose that European man, by the simple process of crossing the Atlantic, changes the inner substance of his being.

A very good discussion might be raised upon the point whether there is in fact a specific American character. American public opinion strikes me as being more emotional and sentimental than British public opinion, but, then, one has to remember that Poles and Italians and Greeks contribute to form opinion in America and that these southern races are naturally more emotional than the Anglo-Saxons.

It is also true that the average American impresses me as being naturally more hopeful and enterprising than the average European, but this again is probably the result of exceptional economic opportunities which will pass away as the world grows older. Certainly American character and society as imagined by the framers of the Constitution are very different from the character and society to be found in New York and Chicago and Los Angeles to-day. The simple Puritan ideals have given way in America, as elsewhere, to a great deal of senseless luxury and materialism. And it may be asked whether many of the features in American character which now attract most notice are in reality specifically American, but not rather the effects of the new industrial and commerical system of the world which are equally experienced wherever modern methods of business are introduced.

I recur to the point from which I began—the American climate. Here is a natural cause capable of producing a true differentiation of type between the American and the European man. That sparkling, dry climate must surely affect mood and character by stimulating the active and checking the meditative elements in the soul. A certain restlessness and impatience, often observed by European travelers in America, may be attributable to this cause. One would not *à priori* expect a great development of mystical philosophy or a religious poem like the Divina Commedia from the American nation. Time, however, is full of surprises, and, as George Eliot once observed, "of all forms of error prophecy is the most gratuitous."

Some day bright stars may arise in the firmament of American poetry to challenge comparison with the great masters of ancient and modern song, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Wordsworth. The time is not yet. It may never come. Humanity must be content to "wait and see."

A Fiery Sweetness in the Air

Continued from page 13

sounds in the next room. They made maddening pictures in his mind.

He heard the bedsprings creak ever so slightly. With hands that shook he unlaced his shoes and eased them to the bare floor. With feverish haste, now standing, he tore off his clothes, dropping them in a heap at his feet; and, donning the magnificent pajamas of ceremonial silk, he strode to the door he himself had closed.

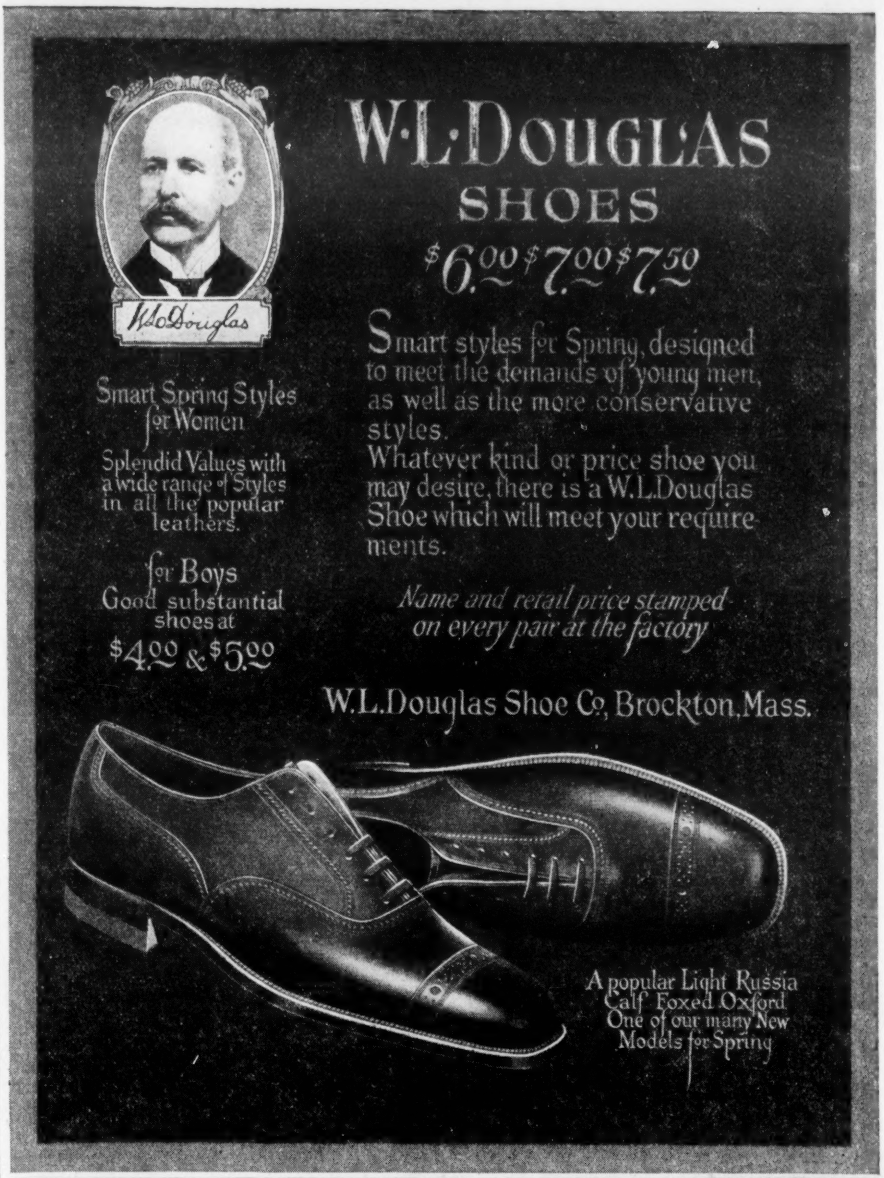
"Bessie!" He whispered the word and held his clenched right hand poised to knock, his ears straining to catch some summoning sound. "Bessie! You *are* my wife!"

Outside in a tree near the house he heard a bird give a smothered scream as an owl's claws seized it.

And Dave stole to his bed and crawled under the covers.

Without sleep and sleepless, Dave crept out of his bed before day the next morning. He planned to feed the stock and then get back to the house and start breakfast before Bessie was awake. Then he would build her fire. But when he came up from the stable there was a light in the kitchen and he found her at work on breakfast. To Dave she was a ravishing figure in

(*Continued on page 42*)



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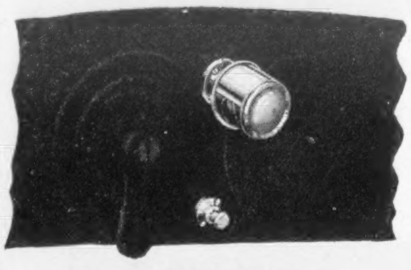

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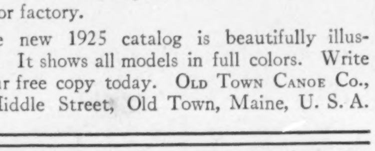

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A Fiery Sweetness in the Air

Continued from page 41

brown gingham checks with white-cuffed elbow sleeves.

"Oh, I took a look around last night out here and found most of the things," she said, smiling; and Dave noticed with glad wonder that now only laughter was in her eyes.

They prepared a huge lunch in a basket, and rowed out into the lake with fishing poles.

"We're not likely to catch anything much now," Dave said, "but I can teach you how to use fishin' tackle, an' tell you about the lake—it's only eight miles long and two miles or so broad—an' about the ten or twelve families that live around it."

Dave was too entirely happy to stop for fishing. He rowed about, now barely moving while she sang, now driving the boat until the bow of it cut sizzling through the water and the muscles of his great hairless arms, bare almost to the shoulders, played a music of their own beneath his smooth brown skin.

But at midday, while they ate their lunch, on a small island before a fire near a spring, he touched her hand, caught it and held it for a moment; and though she did not draw it away, but let it lie dead in his grasp, he sensed a change in the atmosphere about them and he saw the thing in her eyes that he dreaded. His mind registered the word "hunchback" and a morbidly exaggerated picture of himself stood awfully in the center of his consciousness.

In the afternoon he fished soberly and hopelessly in a sunken tree-top, with unexpected luck, while Bessie slept, or seemed to sleep, curled up against the back rest of the rear seat, the tiny waves of the lake slapping softly against the side of the boat. She opened her eyes occasionally to ask a question, and Dave saw that now again they were free of fear. But it came back again that night; and every night throughout the winter, no matter how bright and eager she was during the day, her joyousness went away with the sun.

Dave got from a Chicago mail-order house six new mirrors. One he fixed on his side of the door between their rooms, on the pretense that it gave him the best light to shave by; and the others he placed about in the kitchen, dining-room and hall, to liven things up, he said. But whenever he passed one, if she wasn't near, he stopped, turned himself sidewise and looked at himself disgustedly, saying, "Hunchback, hunchback, that's what you are."

And he did not know, and could not know, that while his image under his treatment became more repulsive to him, in her eyes time and repetition and an unconsciously growing desire to see him at his best were weaving a coat of invisibility for his round shoulders and emphasizing the shapeliness of his big round head, the attractiveness of his frank, open face, the appeal of his poignant, wistful smile and the allurement of his enormous strength that he tried to conceal with the vague idea that somehow it might add to her fear.

WINTER gets down even as far as Louisiana in January; and it was a situation of numberless exquisite satisfactions to Dave when night came with a rainy gale, roaring in the trees outside, dashing great sloshing torrents of water against the stanch little house, while in Bessie's room under the yellow light of the coal-oil lamp she sat by the red fire sewing and humming and he sat on the opposite side of the hearth turning the countless pages of a mail-order catalogue to see what else he could buy for her.

And by the time February had come the joy in her shining gray eyes never died out with the day, but lived on into the night; and Dave, deep in himself, without words and without consciousness of the quality of his deed, registered a vow that never again should fear go into her eyes from him.

But in his sleep he was off his guard, and down in his mind pictures were drawn and scenes dramatized and impulses let loose that were beyond his control. One intensely black, still, cold night he rose from his bed, went without noise to the nearest door, opened it slowly and stole into the room. A pink glow spread out from the dying fire and touched the edge of Bessie's bed and rested on an uncovered shoulder and arm. She lay on her back, her lips barely parted in a smile as faint and as sweet as music heard from afar.

"After all she *is* my wife," Dave said to himself over and over again.

He noticed the narrow blue ribbon running around the top of her gown. He saw the curve of a white breast gilded by the firelight. He reached to lay hold of the cover.

Bessie moistened her lips, like a child, turned over on her side and as she voyaged along in her dreams she came upon something very small and very dear and very comical, for that is how her laughter sounded as it drifted down from distances far beyond the night. And then she said, "Oh, Davy! Oh, my little Davy!"

Suddenly at full consciousness, Dave stood up straight and stole out of the room and closed the door; and then, and every night after that, he tied one end of a six-foot length of cotton plow line to his left leg and the other end to the side of the bed springs, so that if he should ever attempt another such atrocity he would be checked and awakened before he could leave the

(*Continued on page 43*)

Edmund Makes Me Worry So!

By HAROLD CARY

TO MAKE the most of your child's mind remember there are many kinds of minds, all of them necessary to the world. Study and see. Do not discourage the slow-but-sure mind because it is too slow!

Suppose your child is really bright, and hence hard to handle. If you make him show off before company you are making him conceited and superficial. He thinks he can "get by" with anything. Yet if you tell him that he is stupid he may believe you. Many a child's difficulties in school are due to being told at home that he is behind his friends in arithmetic, or language, or science. None of us can do our best when we are discouraged, as we will be if we are told that someone else is brighter. Your child is very likely to fail if you say: "He takes after his father. He can't add two and two." He probably wants to be like Father. If you talk about his mind in front of others he will either get conceited or his feelings will be hurt, depending on whether you say he is bright or stupid. The same thing is true if you hold up another child as a model. Encourage your child's good qualities. Don't compare him with others. It isn't fair.

Dr. Thom, director of the Habit Clinics for pre-school children in Boston, says you can help the child's mental development. What you must do:

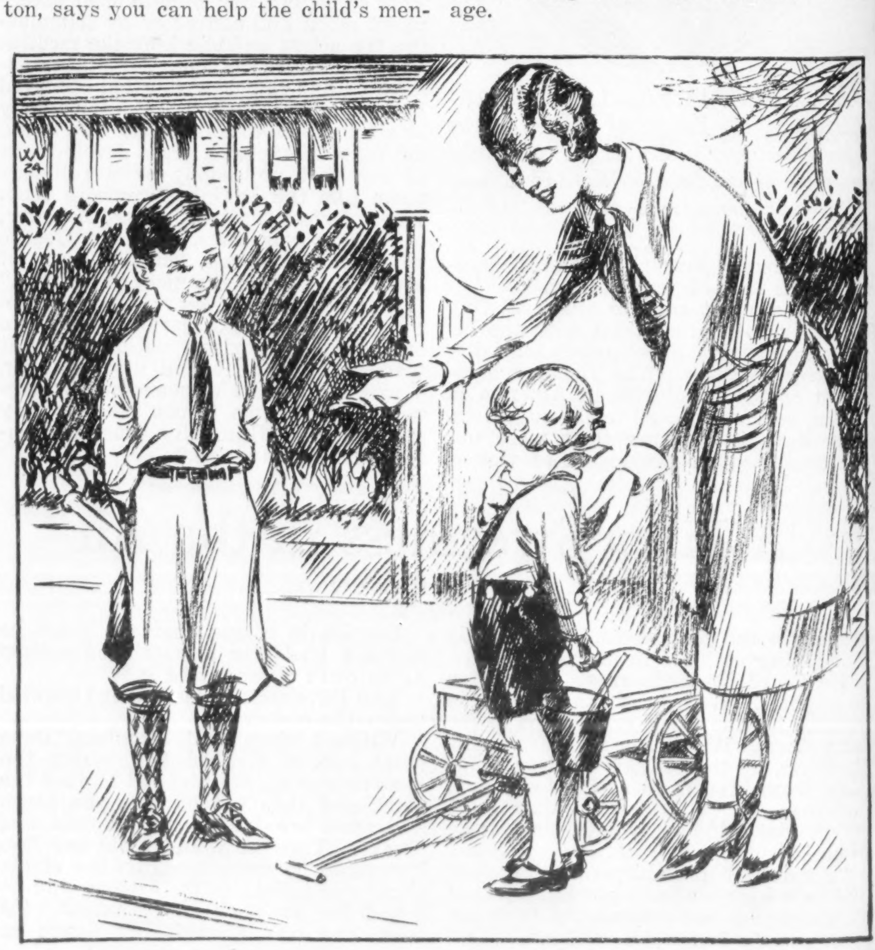
When he asks questions get his attention before you answer and do it quickly before his mind wanders. Useless questioning is a bad habit. But don't let him catch you lying or being indifferent.

Develop a child of all-round ability. Teach him how to use hands and body—not merely his head. Encourage his mechanical projects even if he takes the edge off your favorite chisel or breaks the ice-pick. He must use the tools himself, just as you had to.

Let him play with children his own age. If he is with you and other adults all the time one of two things happens: he is pampered and never stimulated to try; or he is too strictly held and accepts the place of an inferior being.

You can teach him to love to read. First by telling stories. Later by reading to him. Then by showing him, after he learns to read, what wonderful meat for the human are the ideas contained in books.

Last, but perhaps most important of all, is this task. You and yours must teach him both initiative and responsibility. No one is born with a sense of responsibility. Give him tasks and games that require ingenuity and judgment within his reach—none that are too long or too hard for him at his age.



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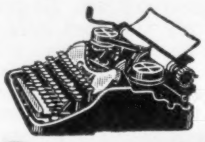

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A Fiery Sweetness in the Air

Continued from page 42

room. He planned to drop the rope in a corner of his clothes closet every morning when he got up, but though he forgot it occasionally after a while and left it hanging to the bed springs Bessie never said anything about it.

When the end of February came the air was full of a fiery sweetness that presently touched the tips of all the fruit trees and blew them into blazes of color.

Dave had already begun plowing, and five acres of upturned sod on the north side of the house lay breathing deeply of the soft rich air.

As the green raced round the lake Dave's little universe ran mad with love-making. One day at noon he told Bessie he had gone stale plowing, and saying he would take his gun and dog and spend the afternoon in the woods he rose from the dinner table and hurried to his room.

After a rather long stay in there he came back and stood behind her chair. Putting his right hand to his lips, he touched his fingers to her hair so lightly that she did not feel them. Tilting back her head, she looked up into his brooding black eyes, suddenly so stern that she was frightened, and quickly she said, "Don't kill anything, please, to-day."

"Oh, this time the quail an' the squirrels an' all the rest are safe from me. Would you care to come along?"

"No, not to-day."

Bessie went to a window and watched him until he was out of sight. Then she rushed suddenly into action. Having washed the dishes, she pulled off the everyday cotton tablecloth and put on the great white linen one that hung almost to the floor. She set some bread dough for hot rolls, slid a ham into the stove to bake, made an apple pie with a fine brown crust, brought from the smokehouse in the back yard jellies and pickles that Aunt Nicey had made and a bottle of pale green scuppernong wine. She polished the silver and set out two glasses with curving bowls and long slender stems.

She whirled into Dave's room. She had already done it. Now she gave it an extra tidying.

HER own room she went over carefully, and when it was garnished almost to her satisfaction she turned upon herself. Setting the deep wooden washtub in the middle of the kitchen floor, she took a long warm bath; and then she brushed and did up her dark brown hair in a new way, parting it saucily on the left side and smoothing and fluffing it away from its everyday habit of convenient knobs and tight masses. From the bottom of her leather trunk came the only pair of white silk stockings she had ever possessed, and the shiny satin slippers that she had never worn, and new corsets, and various beribboned foamy fine undergarments that had long lain asleep with the sachet bags in the little leather trunk. From the back of her closet she took the sleek white dress that no other eyes this side of Evesham had looked upon and, easing it from its holder, draped it gently across her bed with the other treasures.

It was five o'clock and the sun was still above the tree tops. She stood a moment patting at her lips while she thought; then, shaking her head impatiently as if to silence some dull counselor, Bessie pulled off her prosaic clothes and robed herself in the white poetry there on the bed.

She stole into Dave's room and drifted around it, touching his hairbrush as if somehow that gave her keen pleasure, and his string of neckties by the dresser, and the pillow on his bed.

Catching sight of his alarm clock that ticked mightily on the mantelpiece, Bessie breathed, "Oh, mercy me!" and hurried into her room, where she replaced the dress and the slippers with blue gingham and black shoes. Then she dashed into the kitchen.

Having attended to the final items of the supper, she sat by a window waiting for him. The sun was touching the tops of the distant trees; he ought to be at home now. Going to the back door, she blew her hunting horn, and listened while the sound spread echoing across the lake and through the woods. She heard no answering call from his horn saying that he was coming in. According to all precedent, three long trailing notes should have come floating home to her.

She sat down again, but almost instantly was out of the house running down the hill to the lake. The blue rowboat was rocking in its place, the waves lazily lapping at its sides. When he was afoot Dave usually came home along the firm broad path that ran around the lake under its fringe of trees. Getting out on the little boat landing, she saw, a quarter of a mile around the shore, a small steady light.

Dave was *such* a boy, anyhow, she said. When he stopped in the woods he always wanted to build a fire and sit watching the gray smoke curl and the red flames leap up. Oh, she would give him such a talking to. Why hadn't he answered her horn?

THE sun had dropped below the tree tops and there was a color of chill in the air. Bessie shivered. She stopped several times to pick purple violets until she had a handful of long waxy stems and a regal bouquet of fine faint perfume.

Presently she came within sight of the fire through the trees. It occurred to her that it might be someone else's fire, so she went forward cautiously; and then when she could see Dave sitting on a fallen tree trunk in the red glare, his head in his hands, she crept up within ten feet of him and watched him from behind a huge-bodied cypress. Bless his heart, he was having too good a time with his fire baby to be disturbed too quickly. Little old boy! She was smiling and her eyes were shining.

Dave rose after a minute, picked up his double-barreled shotgun from its position against a stump, took out the two shells in it, and put in two others. Then, without raising the hammers, he put his mouth to the muzzle and reached his hand along the barrels until his fingers touched the triggers. He straightened up, faced toward the house on the hill and moved his lips; and Bessie saw him cock both hammers of the gun and set the butt back down against the ground.

Her hand holding the great bunch of violets had gone to her breast; now it unclosed and the little flowers streamed clingingly down the front of her dress. She suddenly kicked about in the underbrush to make as much noise as possible, and leaping out into the path ran into the circle of firelight.

"Oh, I'm out of breath," she panted, patting at her mouth. "I've been running. And it's chilly here to-night."

Dave had picked up the gun, and now he let down the hammers. And, Bessie, leaning against a tree, looked out across the lake, her face turned away from Dave.

"Supper's ready," she said after a while. "Come on." She started back along the path.

He fell in behind her, and so they walked a dozen yards. Then she said, "Take the shells out of that gun and give it to me. Now walk in front of me, sir; you're my prisoner."

He obeyed, not looking at her; and after they had gone on silently for a while, and she had got her breath back, and her heart had begun beating normally again, she said: "You're a silly little boy, just sitting there watching the smoke go up while I am waiting to have supper. We've got apple pie and whipped cream for it, but I've a great mind not to give you *any* of it. March along there! Faster, faster, faster!"

"Why, she's talking to me as if she was a mother!" Dave turned over the thought in wonder. The sun was low now, the lake was gold, the wind of the

(*Continued on page 44*)

A signal of trouble—tender and bleeding gums

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan. D.D.S.
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation *does* prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firmed tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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A Fiery Sweetness in the Air

Continued from page 43

dusk felt the new softness in the trees.

At the house Bessie stopped him on the back porch. "Now I want you to shave, put on your black suit and your fancy yellow necktie and—well, dress up generally. Oh, don't look at me like that, sir. It's quite all right."

He came to the table smiling indulgently; then his face blurred with puzzlement. Bessie was in the kitchen. He stood staring at the ceremonial tablecloth, the wine glasses, the gleaming silver; and when she danced in he opened his eyes wide. She wore her shiny white dress, her satin slippers twinkling from beneath its hem, her hair was a miracle to Dave, a radiant flush was over all her face, and where she was were memories of many roses that had lain in the little leather trunk with her wedding things.

"Well?" he breathed.

"Well yourself! You sit down. I hope you've got an appetite."

"Why, this is—why, I never saw anything like it."

"Well, can't we have a little special supper some time, sir? Answer me that. Call it a feast of sowing time if you like. Father said they used to have them in England long, long ago."

After the too silent supper they sat in her room before a fire freshly made at her request. "Now you can look at the flames and the smoke as much as you like, you little old boy. Shame on you for holding up supper and inconveniencing your—your helping guest."

The reference sobered and silenced Dave. He turned a piercing look upon her, but he could see only the side of her face. Her eyes were upon a crêpe myrtle bough, all covered with new pink blossoms, that was softly swishing against a window pane, as if it were signaling someone inside.

Through the open window came ecstatic dim cries of wild ducks again in flight, now driving north.

"They're going back where they came from," said Bessie. "But me, I'm stopping on."

"Do you mind?"

"I'm glad to."

After a while Dave announced, tentatively, "Well, I reckon I'd better be getting to bed.' She made no answer, and saying "Good night" he entered his room and closed the door behind him. To-night he thought first of the rope with which he tied his leg to the bed, and he had taken it out of the closet when he heard Bessie calling as if she were hurt. He threw open the door and ran in, holding the rope in his hand. She was standing in the middle of the floor looking at him.

"Drop that rope in the fire." She was using that laughing voice again as if he were a little boy and she a mother. "Now come here, sir, and stand in front of me." She put her hands on his broad shoulders. "Why didn't you say something about my dress and my slippers and everything to-night?" The laughter was gone from her voice. Her eyes were dark with standing tears. Dave looked down, and the blood rose in his face.

"I wanted to more than you can ever know, but I thought I oughtn't to say anything."

"Why?"

"I knew it must be your wedding dress; but you said you'd do it over so as to make use of the goods in it. So I thought maybe you had, and if I said anything it would make you remember—and hurt you."

"How dare you say I would hack up my wedding dress? I never touched it. I saved it—saved everything. Look! Here are my satin slippers, but you never saw them to-night. Look! Here are my white silk stockings and—oh, I saved everything just as it was, just as it was, waiting, waiting, waiting. What did you think it would hurt me to remember?"

"That you are my wife."

"Dave! Dave!"

Her hands trailing clingingly along his strong body, she slipped down to her knees, hugging her arms around his legs. Raising her face, she looked up into his eyes. Then she hid her face against his knees. "It *is* my wedding dress, yes, and this is my wedding night. I saved it for this. I'm a deceitful hussy, and I knew all the time what you meant and why you didn't say anything. Pick me up and hurt me, Dave; oh, hurt me till I cry. I want you to. Dave, Dave, all my shame is going away. Won't you let me save a little of it. Take me—"

The pink crêpe myrtle tapped impatiently against the windowpane, the voices of the wild ducks fainted slowly away as they drove deeper into the night, and the wind leaned sighing against the softened boughs of tree and bush flaming with the colors of a new time.

The 7.58 Loses a Passenger

Continued from page 11

WHEN PASS THE BEAUTEOUS SCOWS

Within the crowded local a worn commuter sat,
Just west of fair Kohokus where lay the meadows flat;
He'd been there just one hour; the train had long been dead—
And when he asked the reason, the kind conductor said:

The draw is open, stranger, so scows quite full of waste
Can pass without delay, sir; the refuse is in haste.
I pray don't be impatient to get to work to-day,
For over you all ashes must have the right of way!

When coming back that evening that train was stopped again;
Once more the poor commuter was torn with mental pain;
Again he asked a reason why there should be delay,
And quickly the conductor into his ear did say:

The bridge is open, stranger, the scows are passing through
With ashes from Manhattan and other places too;
You're traveling in steerage while rubbish rides first class;
You have no rights whatever when ashes have to pass.

While on this subject of delays will some operating official explain why, when there is a perfectly unavoidable tie-up, causing thousands to be held up in the station for an hour or more, no announcement is made under any circumstances that might give the commuters some inkling of what the trouble is and some idea whether service may be resumed in ten minutes or ten hours? It is never done. I'd make a small bet that in such an emergency the chief summons his assistants around him and speaks along this line:

"Now lissen, boys. We got eight thousand poor boobs packed into that main station waiting to get home. They've had a hard day at the office, and they're hungry and they have company home for dinner too. This wreck will tie up traffic for three hours, but we got these fish just where we want 'em.

"If anybody was to tell 'em the situation some of 'em would manage to reach home inside of the next coupla hours. This is sumpin' that would never do. So if any man connected with this road dares to let any word reach 'em he's fired on the spot."

Sure, I've got a Commuter's Grouch! I admit it.

Testing Our Gibraltar

Continued from page 6

of the Army of the United States.

This is quite a sizable job for a force as small as the Regular Army. Only the absolute minimum can be provided for any one of these activities. It is under these circumstances that the size of the peace garrison of Oahu has been fixed.

In addition to the questions to be answered by the maneuvers about the defense of Oahu, and through it of the Pacific Coast, there are several other important advantages to be gained from the Joint Exercises. One will be the discovery of just how well prepared the Army and Navy are and just what their weaknesses are, in the matter of actual readiness to go into action promptly. Another will have to do with aviation. Not only will the Army have a chance to prove the claims some officers have made that it can easily destroy a fleet, but the Navy itself will have interesting experiments. In addition to the airplane carrier which will be tried, and the attempts to use in action planes carried and launched from battleships, there will be used what may be called "airplane transports," which will carry a large number of planes, but have no facilities for launching them, except to swing them over the side into the water.

Teamwork Essential

THE conduct of the defense, also, will be a valuable means of training in that teamwork which is so essential to joint operations.

Joint Exercises have become an established and important factor in the preparation of the Army and Navy for defense. The protection of any country with a long coast line, or with isolated localities of great strategic importance, such as the Panama Canal and the Hawaiian Islands, requires them.

Military history shows that many joint operations have failed because of lack of coöperation between the Army and Navy forces engaged, and that as a rule the failure to coördinate has been due to a lack of understanding in each service of the powers, limitations and methods of the other. An example was Gallipoli.

The obvious remedy is joint training, designed primarily to insure good teamwork as distinguished from individual skill. Just as eleven all-star football players would require practice on team play before they could hope to defeat an opponent naturally mediocre but well teamed, so the units of the Army and Navy must be trained as a team.

Unfortunately, lack of funds has made impossible the use of Army troops as a part of the attacking forces, with the result that Army troops will have no opportunity to gain experience in landing operations and other matters involved in combined operations with the fleet. Experience of this kind will come only to the Marine Expeditionary Force. This lack of Army troops is the only important point in which the maneuvers fall short of actual war conditions.

One other point: Oahu has an importance in naval strategy that is very great, in addition to that of the actual defense of our coast. To understand this, it is necessary to consider certain fundamental strategical principles. Nothing is of major importance in war except as it influences events and conditions on land. Consequently, naval and air strategy are directed toward and find their reward in land successes. The true—dual—object of naval strategy is the destruction of the enemy's sea communications and the maintenance of our own; fleet combat and the destruction of the enemy's fleet are a means to this end rather than the ultimate object of naval strategy. Destruction of the enemy's sea communications would afford complete protection to our own country and seriously affect the enemy's economic life; conversely, maintenance of our own communications protects our own economic life.

Sea communications are world wide in extent; hence, to accomplish its mission the Navy must have stategic freedom of movement, which depends largely upon adequate coast defenses at home and suitably located fortified bases. It is the function of the Army to make these naval bases secure. The radius of naval action is limited, but if there exist well-defended harbors in distant waters, where fleets may harbor, make repairs and take fuel and stores, this radius may be increased. Well-protected harbors in distant waters are essential for naval strategic freedom.

Modern industry and modern war are dependent upon the supply of many materials that can only reach our shores by sea. Many of these essential materials come from lands bordering the Pacific. Chief among these may be named nitrates, vegetable oils, vegetable fibers, hides and wool. In order that industry may provide funds for war, as well as produce war materials, an uninterrupted supply of these must be maintained. Sea communication must be kept open to us and as far as possible denied to the enemy. The radius of action from a given base for naval craft is ordinarily considered 3,000 miles and that of aircraft 200 miles; that is, they can operate to this distance and be able surely to return without resupply.

The accompanying diagram shows approximately the area over which our fleet, based on Hawaii, can control communications. The only way in which an enemy can defeat this control is to come into that area and vanquish our naval forces. Our air forces can cover the smaller areas indicated. On exercising control of sea routes naval vessels exercise the right of visit, search and sometimes seizure. Over the smaller area the air forces can observe and if the craft is obviously hostile they can destroy it, but they cannot visit or seize.

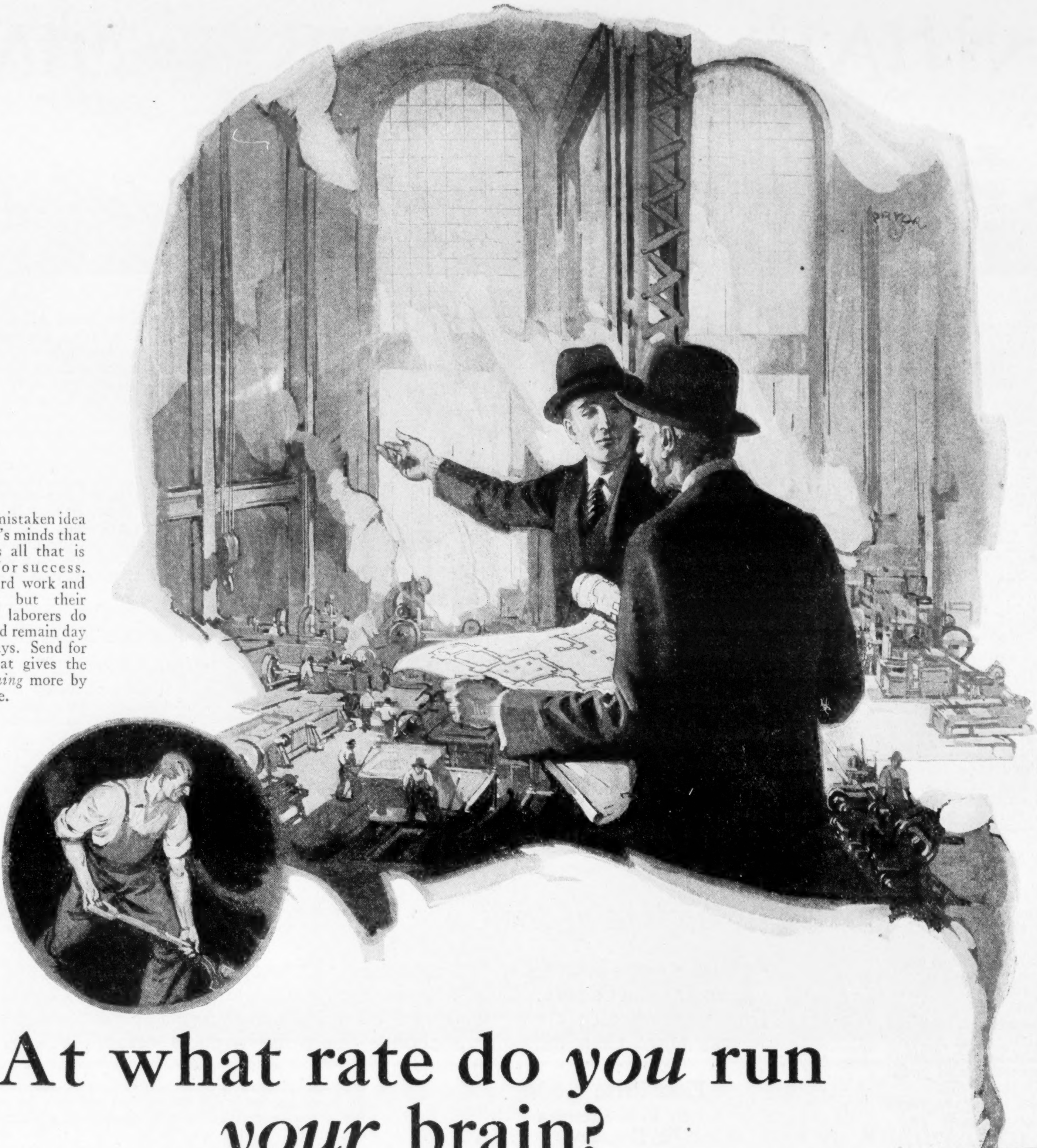
Thus fortifications add strength to the Navy—actual strength in actual ships—because in naval strategy it is not ships that count so much as ships that are in the right place at the right time, adequately fueled and supplied. Battleships cannot maintain their efficiency without occasional use of shore repair and docking facilities. If such facilities are near, ships can be kept at sea a greater proportion of the time, and consequently at any given time and place the number of ships ready for action will be increased.

Defense and Trade Control

THE diagram also gives a clear idea of the protection given our coast. Only small numbers of swift enemy craft could hope to cross this area—no major attack could be made with the area under our control. And swift, frail boats that could cross would be met off our coast by aircraft and gunfire. It is safe to say that the prospects of such a raid being successful are too small to make it worth the risk.

This is the real meaning of the phrase "Gibraltar of the Pacific." To the military mind it does not mean an impregnable fortress, but a point where there is a strong naval base from which a most important trade route can be controlled, and which is, by nature and fortification, rendered so secure that it cannot be captured by surprise or by any minor military operation. Oahu is such a place for us. It is as important to us as Gibraltar itself is to Great Britain; more important, because it gives us both defense and trade control. Gibraltar has been immensely strengthened by artificial construction. Millions have already been spent on the forts of Oahu, but there must be much more done before it will be fully qualified to perform its maximum function.

The necessary appropriations must be made with a full realization that if the defense is made adequate, it is likely that no hostile shot will ever be fired from the great guns. Immunity from attack is the aim which it is desired to achieve.



There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is necessary for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Send for the book that gives the secret of *earning* more by *learning* more.

At what rate do *you* run *your* brain?

Do you realize how much more *you* could *do* and *earn* if you gave yourself a real chance—if, for instance, you knew the secret of fifteen minutes a day?

Which of these men is most like you? The laborer, shoveling coal all his days? Or the skilled man, working hard for eight hours but making no real progress? Or the factory superintendent, who has a little more leisure and hope? Or the really big man, whose earning capacity has *no* limit, and who gets more interesting play and recreation into his life than all the others put together?

Said Emerson: "Any man with an ordinary common brain can make good if he has the willingness to run that brain up to 80 per cent of its highest efficiency."

The secret of running your brain up to 80 per cent or more of its true capacity is no longer a secret, in the true sense of the word. For over 400,000 ambitious people have learned it, and put it to work for themselves.

You can learn the secret as they did, from a wonderful little book which is offered on this page. This book is free; it gives the plan, scope, and purpose of the most famous library in the world—

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—and the wonderful part it can play in your mental life.

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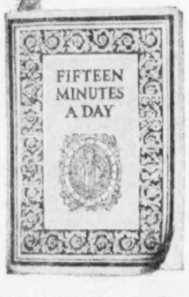

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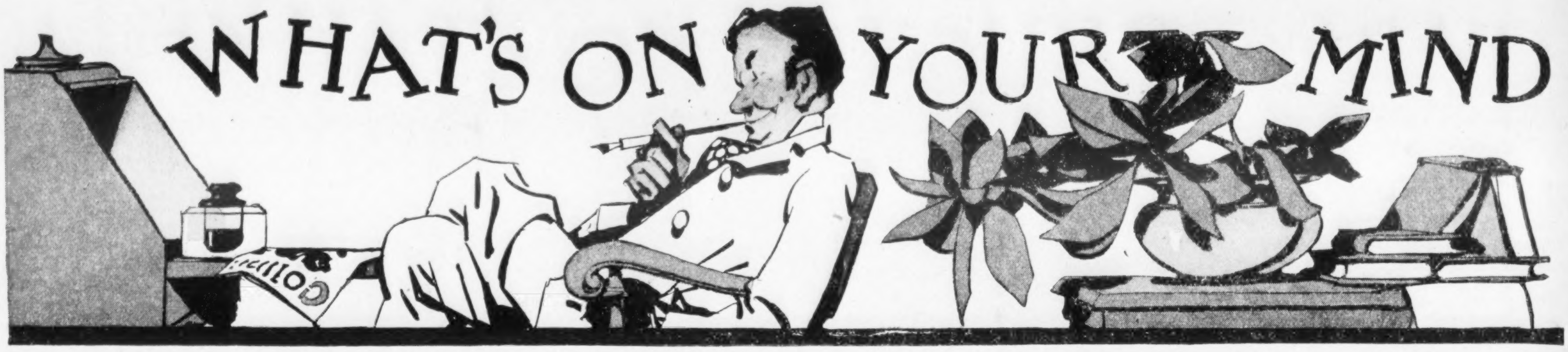
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND



A Golden Age for Ignorance

To the Editor of Collier's:

THE "question-minded schoolboy" analyzes 100% dollar-chaser. For that type the three R's are sufficient, though not always required. Any merely ornamental knowledge would be as out of place as hand carving on an auto jack. Checkers *would* be better for him than algebra; but I fear chess might impose too great a strain on his intellect.

I can speak about algebra with all the venom of a new convert to temperance discoursing on booze. It (algebra, of course) has ruined my life. I cannot muster the moral courage to throw off its yoke. I am eking out an existence teaching higher mathematics, whereas, but for algebra, I might now be a member of some such lucrative profession as oil-stock selling or bootlegging.

By all means let us cut out this nefarious time-waster of senseless x and y, and in its stead teach checkers, pinochle, poker or something else pleasant, easy and useful in after life.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR,
Davenport, Iowa.

What *Is* the Answer?

To the Editor of Collier's:

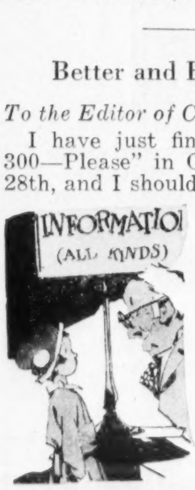
When I ordered breakfast this morning at Parkersburg the waiter asked solicitously: "An' does yuh want youah aigs straight up, suh?" With that question, I knew I had traipsed out of the zone of the Ritziness and got among real home folks again. Whenever you get fed up with the New York idea and want to hear something that assures you that you're again among friends "listen in" for that question and you'll get the same big thrill that I did.

Only the chosen few know the right answer. C. P. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Better and Busier Libraries

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just finished reading "Main 300—Please" in Collier's for February 28th, and I should like to say it puzzles me why the work undertaken and successfully performed by the owner of the Seattle "Times" to furnish the people of that city with everyday information should not be provided by the public library.



Don't you think that if our public libraries were functioning as they ought everybody would naturally and instinctively turn to them for that sort of information?

I have for years insisted that to-day the principal purpose of this institution should be that of a clearing house of information, and not merely a warehouse of books for home circulation.

When the public library supplies the industries and the business men of a city or community with whatever information they may need from day to day as efficiently and as generously as it circulates books among those who don't work, all the money needed to maintain the institution will be voted cheerfully enough by those in authority to do so.

JAMES C. MOFFET,
Louisville, Ky.

Thank You, Mr. McMillan

To the Editor of Collier's:

In an article entitled "thank you" you state that no savage tribe has any word in its vocabulary to represent "thank you."

The Spokane Indians have a word in their language pronounced tam lume which has this meaning. Not long ago I had occasion to hand an Indian squaw a butcher knife and she politely replied "tam lume."

This tribe may be an exception but I do know this word is used among them in place of thank you.

JAMES G. M. MCMILLAN, Ford, Wash.

The Club's the Thing

To the Editor of Collier's:

You have been discussing the question of what to do for our boys and young men in the cities.

When the American flag was first firmly established in Manila, there followed a heavy influx of young Americans to fill positions in the civil service and in various commercial firms. Then came the need of keeping these young men out of trouble in their leisure hours.

The Protestant Episcopal Church took up the problem. I don't know what was done in collecting the necessary funds, but about 1904 the doors of the Columbia Club were thrown open.

What has been the result? On one of the most beautiful of Manila's shady streets to-day there stands the home of this club, an oasis of clean Americanism in what is otherwise a desert of loneliness, with vice and degradation not far away in the offing.

It isn't a "goody-good" club in any sense of the word. While the church exercises the necessary control over it, the members are in the main what might be called a hard-riding lot. Athletics form the main part of the activities of the club. We had a football team for a few years, coached by an ex-Harvard All-American end—"Pete" Bowditch. We have had basketball teams composed of men who had been stars in college: Kinne of Syracuse, Schradieck of Colgate and a host of others. We have had bowlers who frequently approached world's records.

It is absolutely and completely a nonsectarian organization. Catholic, Jew, Protestant and Gentile mingle daily in good fellowship. The active officers are elected by the membership from amongst themselves. Dues and initiation fees are kept low and whether a man has money or not makes no difference in his relations within the club.

R. E. PATRIATE, San Francisco, Cal.

Are Distributors Responsible?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Managers of movie theatres tell me that there is a rule among distributors that requires the theatre to take bad pictures to get the good ones. One manager said he had to take *forty*, many of them objectionable, to get *one* of the greatest. Usually the theatre loses money when showing objectionable films.

ROYAL A. SIMMONS,
Berkeley, Cal.

What Section of the United States Do You Like Best?

THIS contest brought 1,451 letters from all parts of the United States, and some from Canada. There were so many good ones—due to the fact that they were written about home and therefore came from the heart—that it was more than difficult to choose the prize winners printed below.

First Prize $50

By R. E. Sherman

El Paso, Texas

In the words of Paul of Tarsus, "I am a citizen of no mean city",—the Workshop of the New Southwest, America's front door to a proud and friendly neighbor, located on the only river that is wet on one side and dry on the other. The New Southwest, once so barren that the conquering army of Cortez could not subsist upon it, has blossomed under irrigation. Sections, like individuals, build character. We are not ruled by the sordid aims of commerce or the sodden power of gold but by those warmer impulses that cause men to extend hospitality to the stranger and the friendless. We who live here love it for the golden glory of its days and for the silvery splendor of its nights, when stars shine down from lustrous skies and the moon sheds its radiance over hill and dale and plain. We love it for its jagged peaks and drama, for its newness and its freshness, for its hopes and for its faith. We love it for its proof that the blood of the pioneers has not run out, that the spirit of the pioneers still lives as a potent factor in our country's life and promise.

Second Prize—$30

By Clifford Howard

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Pacific coast, California, southern California, Los Angeles. Thus from the general to the particular we focus upon the City of the Angels as the best that this planet has to offer as an abiding place for civilized man—best, because, by reason of its climate, its surroundings, its opportunities, it answers with unequaled plenitude and diversity the human creature's craving for happiness, for health and comfort and play, for variety of life, for self-expression and for equality of association with others.

Were this but an individual opinion it would count for nothing. But when a million fellows chorus an enthusiastic amen it is not an opinion but a verity.

Truly, where can you find outside of Los Angeles any community of over a million souls ninety per cent of whom within the past twenty years, for the mere love of the place, have moved their homes there from other parts of a prosperous, enlightened land and whom nothing can induce to budge from their adopted habitation?

Either these eleven hundred thousand Angels are flighty or they really have discovered the best place in the world to live. Anyhow, I'm one of them.

Third Prize—$20

By M. B. Andrews

Ruffin, N. C.

With body, heart and soul, I like North Carolina better than I do any other place in America—and I know why.

I have traveled in thirty-seven states—from New York to Texas, from Illinois to Georgia, and from North Carolina to California. After seeing much, I came back to stay, because:

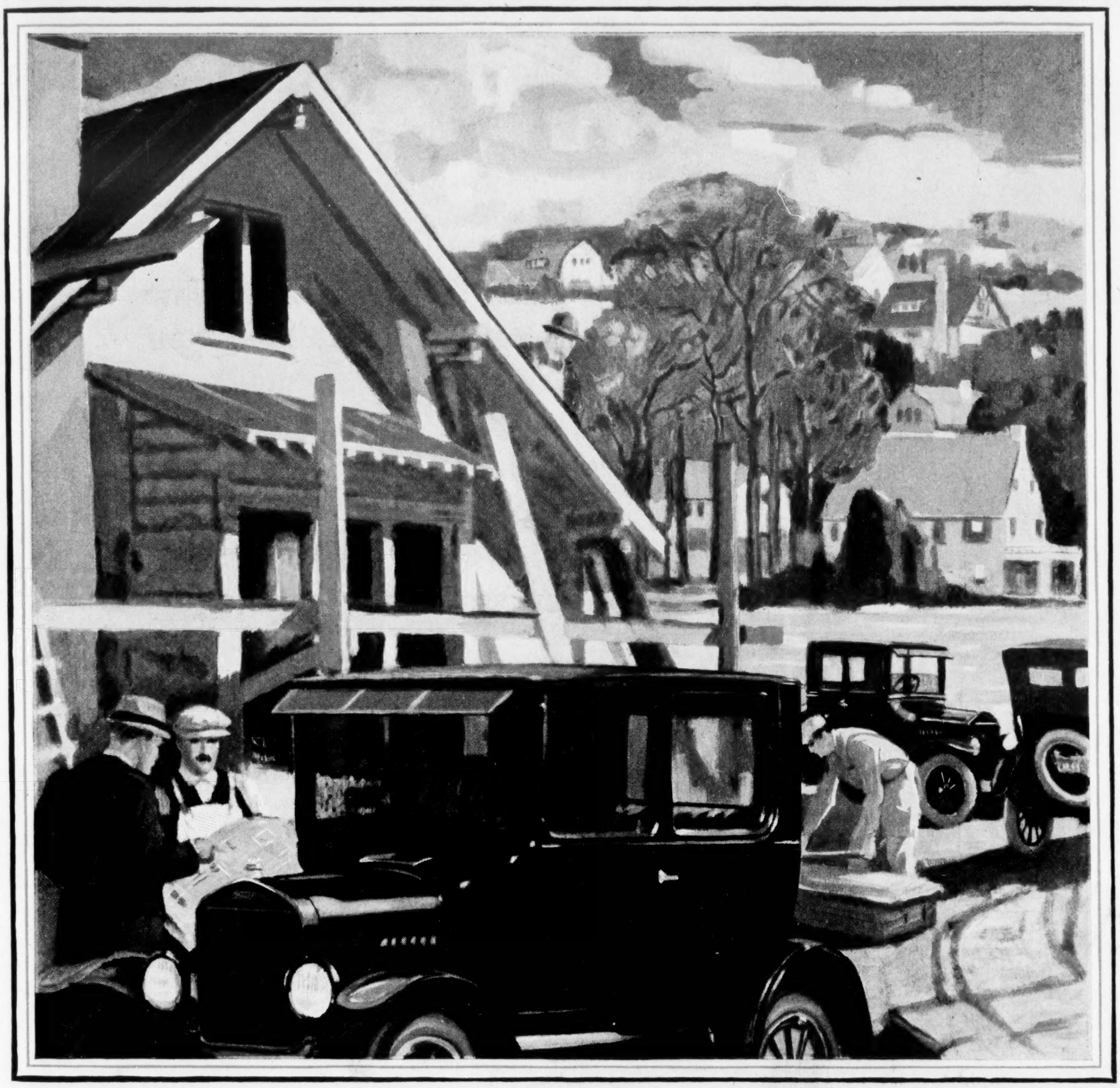
I like North Carolina scenery, which equals Mount Vernon, Sleepy Hollow, Great Lakes region, Pike's Peak, the Royal Gorge and the Golden Gate.

North Carolina has well-nigh ideal climate. Extremes of heat and cold are unknown here. Enough snow in winter for sleighing and enough heat in summer for an abundance of fruits and vegetables; in short, a climate one loves to touch.

North Carolina has superior government; equal educational opportunity for all is in the making, from kindergarten to university; concrete and sand-clay roads that make travel a joy unbounded; and a system of law enforcement that makes life safe and justice obtainable.

I love the people here—kind, friendly, neighborly—because I feel at home among them. In the words of a North Carolina toast:

I'm a Tar Heel born and Tar Heel bred;
And when I die I'll be a Tar Heel dead.



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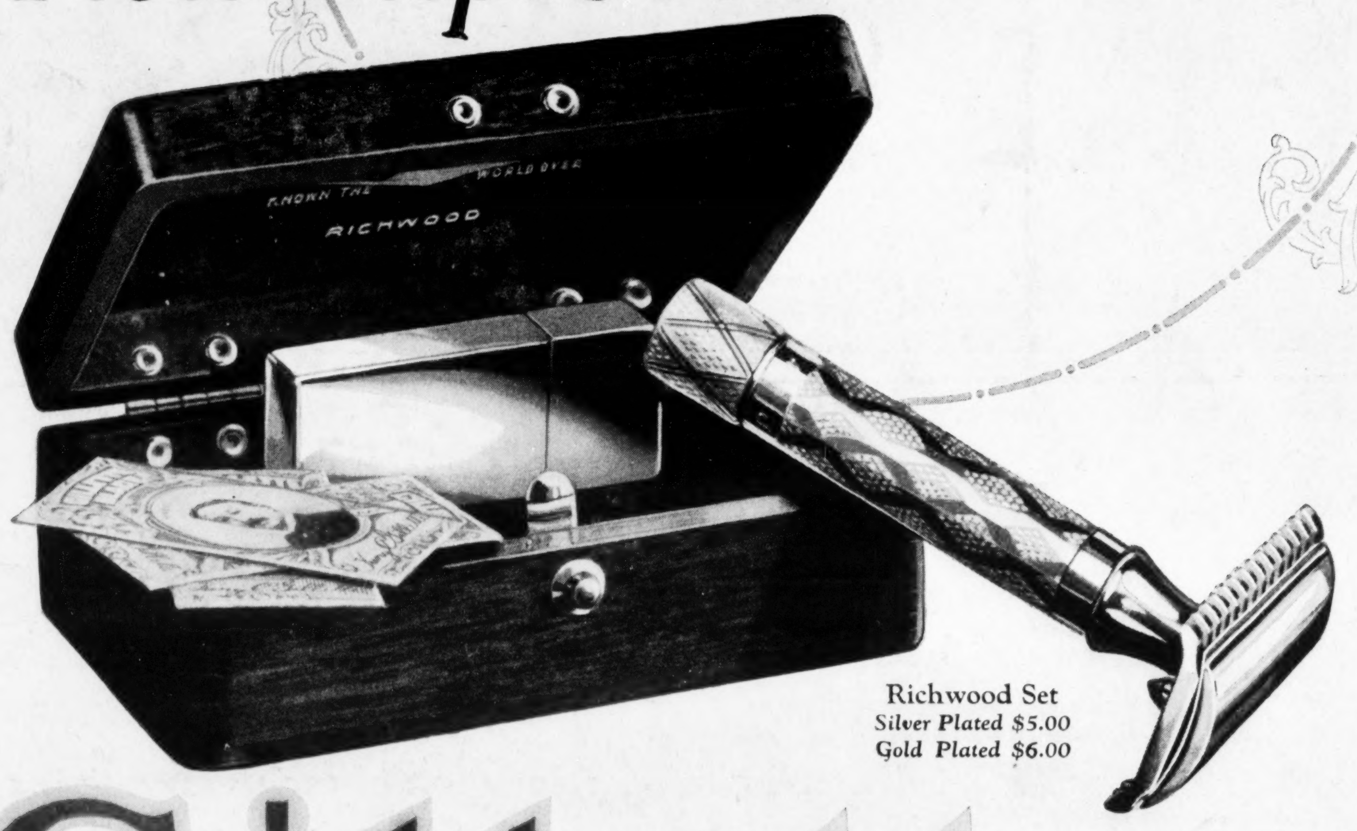

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